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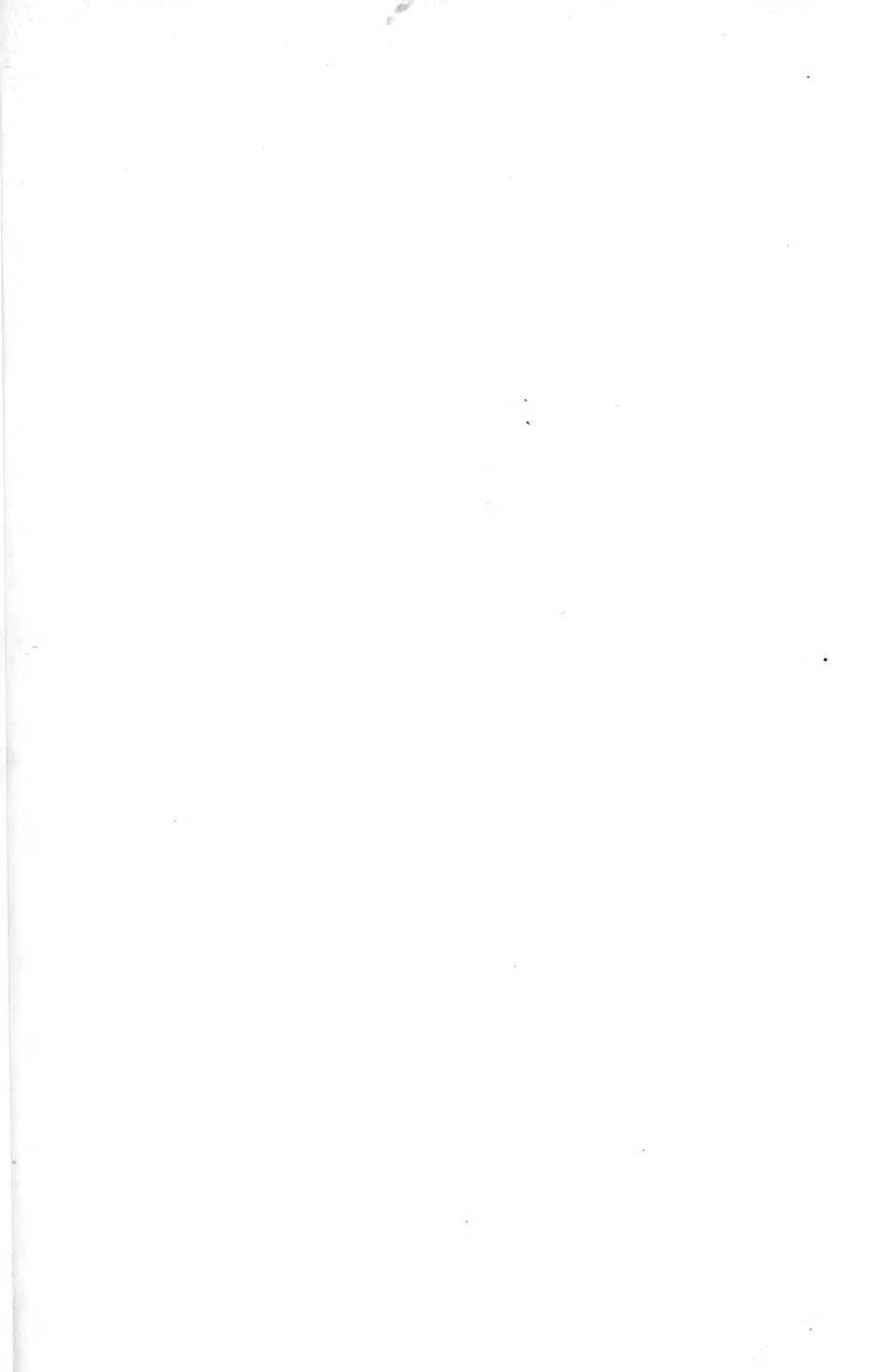
Captive royal children

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Captive Royal Children



“The Princess went on with the game bravely, and
laughed with Henry.”

—Page 40.

Captive Royal Children

By

G. I. Whitham

Author of "Basil the Page," "His Majesty's Glove,"
"The Red Knight," etc.

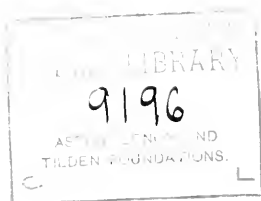


Illustrations from drawings by A. G. Walker, Sculptor

London

Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd.

Paternoster Buildings



To the Children

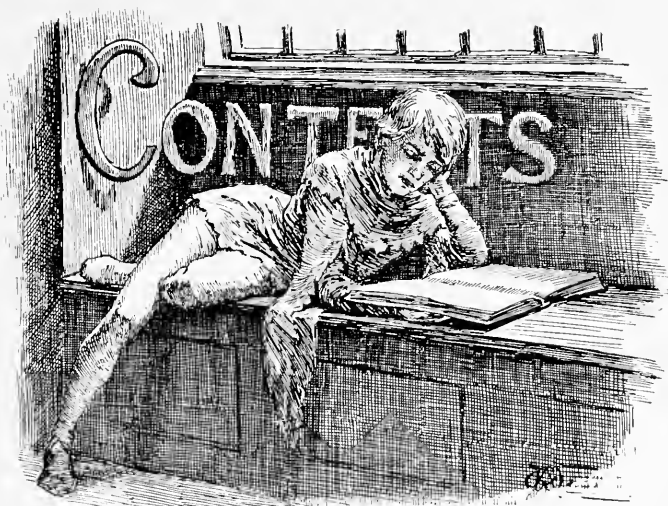
CHILDREN of the Past, I see your wistful faces
Behind the bars, through intervening years;
I see the suffering only Death erases;
I hear faint laughter—sadder than your tears;

Princes, whose coronets were crowns of sorrow,
Dying in shame, by axe, or secret knife;
Queens of a day—upon a stern to-morrow
Called to lay down the pomp and pride of life.

* * * * *

Children of To-day, for whom I tell these stories,
Know that, though wronged, their innocence
beguiled,
These entered surely a Kingdom to whose glories
Even a King comes only as a child.

G. I. W.



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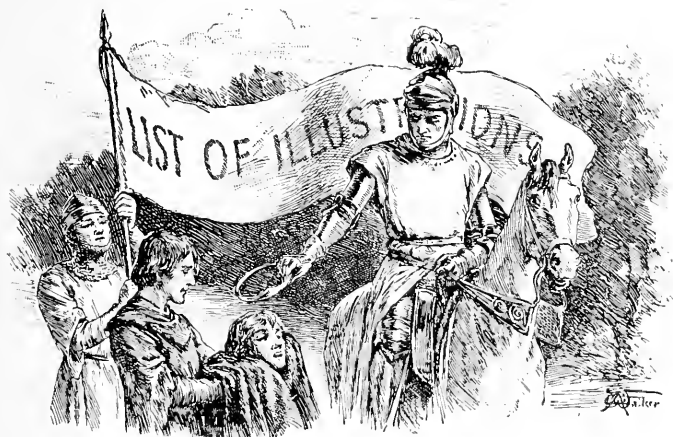
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The Duke's Promise

The Prisoners of Sion House



There were three prisoners. They played in the galleries of Sion House, and had games in the gardens, servants waited on them, and tutors gave them lessons. They were treated well, and spoken to courteously—Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of York, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester. They were children of Charles I., King of England—a boy of fourteen, a girl of twelve, and a boy of seven—but they were prisoners. Their father was a prisoner, too, though not with them. Their mother and eldest brother had fled to France.

Prince James, the Duke of York, was galled by restrictions the others scarcely felt, by insults they did not seem to mark. They had always been in the care of governors, and saw no difference between former ones and their present ones, the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, who treated them very well. But James knew they were appointed by his father's

The Duke's Promise

enemies, not by his parents' will. He played and laughed and kept his temper, trying to be patient, but he raged inwardly at the guards, who sometimes saluted him and sometimes coolly ignored his presence. He felt all the difference made between the son of a King on his throne, and the son of a King conquered and imprisoned. He longed to get away, oversea, to his brother, and help him to raise a rescuing army to save his father and the English crown.

One day the children heard that their father had asked to see them, and that they might go to him. They did not know how many times before he had asked to see them. They had not seen him for a very long time, and had then only been with him two days. They had had letters from him, at long intervals, conveyed secretly.

The King was at Hampton Court Palace, and they were driven there in a coach, with Lord and Lady Northumberland, an escort and their own servants.

Of the three, the King seemed most anxious to talk with James. Henry did not understand what was going on, but played contentedly with the King's dogs. The Princess listened, however, for she was very intelligent and observant, and could see by her father's face that he would have her brother mark and remember all he said. She wanted to be able to help James to do so, afterwards.

"Can you tell me what position I am in?" asked the King.

"In the hands of our enemies, Sire," James answered fiercely.

"Yes, in the hands of the Army, which has beaten



“Do they make you good puddens, Sire?”

The Prisoners of Sion House

me and killed my friends. Here they let me see you. They talk of peace. They treat me well."

Henry, staggering forward with a spaniel in his arms, desired leave to speak.

"Well?" his father inquired.

"Do they make you good puddens, Sire? We had a creamy one to-day—a very good one, Sire."

The King laughed.

"May you always get good puddings, Master Sweet-tooth. We are talking of things less satisfying."

The dog kicked itself free and Henry sprang after it.

"Soon," the King went on to James, "these conquerors of mine will treat me worse. We have no time for many words, Jamie. Son"—he drew James nearer—"you must be a man and try to understand me. Soon they will make an end of me."

"No, Sire! God forbid! Charles and I will prevent that."

The King dropped his voice still lower.

"A chance may come for you to go to your brother. Hush! We are watched, remember. When the chance comes, you shall know. Be always ready. Obey instantly as the word reaches you, and have no fear. It is my will that you go to Holland, to your sister, the Princess of Orange."

"Oh," the Prince said huskily. "Is it true? Will the word soon come?"

"Very soon, I trust. Be ready. And now promise me this—when you are out of this country you will obey your brother in all things and give him the love and duty you would have to me."

The Duke's Promise

The Duke of York gave his solemn promise.

"But, Sire, we shall come with a great host to your aid."

The King kissed him.

"That is my good-bye to you, my son. God keep you, if we never meet again."

For the last half of the visit the King played with the Duke of Gloucester.

"I thought," said the child, as they drove away, "that our father was in a prison?"

The Duke of York kicked him.

"Well, he was at home in his own house, and right gay, and all his people were right civil, and there were crowds of them to bow to him when he came with us to the door."

"Ay," said James sharply, "and crowds more to shoot him if he went beyond the door."

"Oh, for shame of you!" cried Henry, his eyes as big as saucers, and he looked from one to another, unbelievably.

James turned his shoulder on him. Lord and Lady Northumberland looked out of the windows. The Princess Elizabeth was crying.

"Pooh!" said Henry, tossing his head, "I think you are both very silly."

Hide-and-Seek at St. James's

Not very long after the visit to Hampton Court the prisoners were removed to St. James's Palace. The Duke of York knew this house well, knew the

Hide-and-Seek at St. James's

passages and stairs, the garden paths and the various doors of the Park. He had played here with his elder brother and their friends. He was always thinking how he should escape from his kind but watchful keepers. He had his father's orders to do it, but wondered how it could be done. Leaning from the windows after dark, he pictured rope-ladders, or a mere cord to slide down, or, perhaps, a knotted sheet. He thought he would not care for cut hands or a few bruises, if only he could get away in time to save the King with Charles.

Then came little letters from the King, a few words of warning to be ready, hurriedly written, delivered in secret, hurriedly read and destroyed, lest someone else saw them and found out the plot. Many people came to see the captives, mostly persons of quality with their children, who were allowed to play with the Princes and Princess. One day a gentleman brought a note from the King. He was a Colonel Bamfield, an officer in the King's army, but never suspected of being very enthusiastic in his cause. However, the King bade James put his trust in Colonel Bamfield. The Prince looked hard at the stranger, who saluted him respectfully, and assured him he was ready to be of service to him. A day or two later the Colonel came again, bringing a boy with him, who was sent to play with the children. Presently this boy suggested that they should play hide-and-seek. Hide-and-seek through the gardens of St. James's proved an excellent and exciting game ; indeed, the Duke of Gloucester hid himself so long and so well

The Duke's Promise

that no one could find him, and he forgot the way out. Colonel Bamfield offered to help in the search for him, and the Duke of York went with him.

"This is a good game," said the Duke.

"An excellent game, sir. It should please Your Royal Highness to play it many times for——"

"For what, sir?"

"The oftener you play and the longer one is missing the less anxiety would be felt, and the less soon would search be made were one missing altogether," was the answer.

The Duke understood. His face flushed.

"We will play it every day," he said.

They found Prince Henry in a hollow yew hedge, almost crying at being lost so long. James told the Princess what Colonel Bamfield had said, and she understood his idea so well, and lay hid so secretly next day, that everyone gave her up in despair, and she came home laughing at them when the stars were out and the dew falling. Lady Northumberland scolded her for running into danger of cold and ague. But no suspicion was aroused. The children vied with each other in hiding so that no one could find them. It became the custom when all were going indoors for some forgotten and exultant youngster to appear, mocking: "Ha! ha! ladies and gentlemen, you never found *me*."

One day they were obliged to stay indoors, but Colonel Bamfield's boy insisted that they could hide just as well in the Palace.

"Hide well," he whispered to the Duke of York,

Hide-and-Seek at St. James's

as they all agreed and separated, and pressed a note into his hand. "There is a coach waiting for you at the park door by those stairs."

He pointed to a little flight of stairs that led into the garden from the room where they stood.

James sprang down the stairs, out into the rain, and dived under a bush. It was evening, and almost dark. He could scarcely see to read the note. It only held a line in his father's writing, a good-bye and a blessing. James did not destroy this. He put it in an inner pocket. He had been ready and waiting for months. The Colonel's words had warned him that in one of these games the chance would come for escape. It had come. There was a coach at the park door, and the children and household hunting in the Palace would never dream that he was out here in the drenching rain. He could not say good-bye to the others. He had neither cloak nor hat. But the word had come. He was to go overseas to his brother, and had his father's blessing and commands.

He ran swiftly to the door in the wall, and there, sure enough, was a coach and Colonel Bamfield. They spoke no word, but jumped in and drove off slowly.

"Faster! faster!" panted James.

"Nay, sir, we should be suspected. Let it be, I pray you. We shall not be long."

"I am wet through." James shivered.

"My Prince, I have fresh clothes awaiting you," said the other, laughing.

James laughed, too, when he heard they were girl's clothes that had been provided. He put them on

The Duke's Promise

willingly, when the coach had left them at a private house near the river. He knew the disguise would make him safer. The Colonel presently conducted a tall young girl in hood and muffler down to the landing, where they got into a boat, and at the Colonel's direction were rowed out to a certain ship. This young lady went up the ship's side with remarkable agility and courage, but no one seemed to observe it. She passed safely over to Holland, and no one on board, not even the skipper, knew who she was whom they carried.

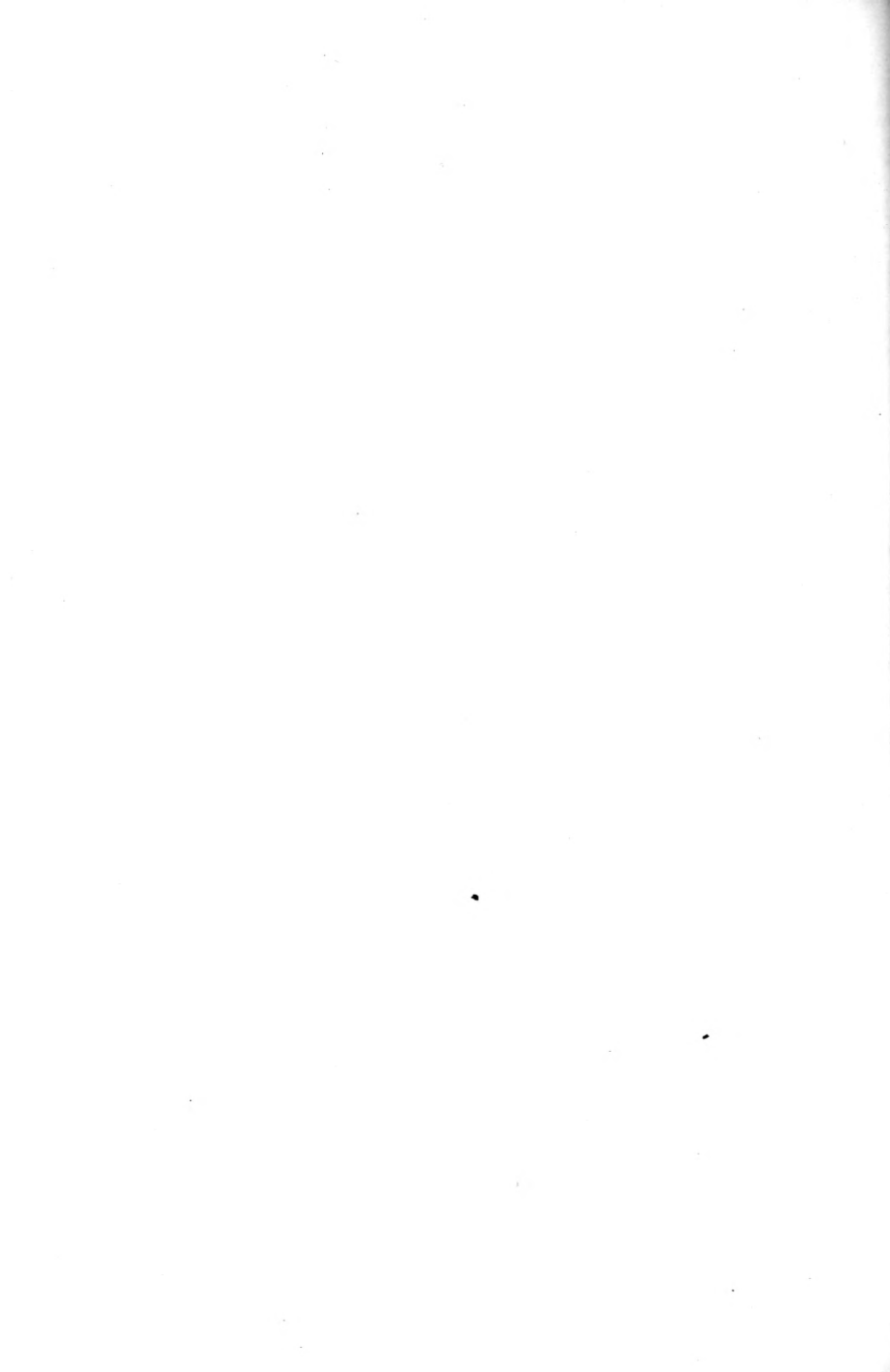
There was no Duke of York at St. James's Palace that night, though everyone searched and hunted through house and gardens. The Princess did not say she knew anything of her brother's plans, but Lord Northumberland got into trouble, and hide-and-seek was strictly forbidden to the Royal prisoners after that.

The Duke's Promise

After their brother James had made his escape the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess were taken out of Lord Northumberland's care, and were given into that of the Countess of Leicester. An allowance was made for their expenses in clothes and education, and they lived as before in a manner suitable to their rank. They were still Their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess; their kind governess and her people knelt to them and kissed their hands in greeting. Their loyalty was touched with pity, for they knew



"They got into a boat."



The Duke's Promise

in what danger the King stood, and they wondered what would become of these two children after his death.

Lady Leicester was allowed to take them on a last visit to the King on the Sunday before his execution. She had tried to explain to them both that he was about to die, but the Duke of Gloucester could not see how that could be.

When they were alone together the King drew the Princess to him.

"I want you to remember a message for your brother James," said he, knowing that her loyal heart would brace itself to hear his last orders, and so be helped to bear the grief of parting better. "Whenever you see him, tell him it was his father's last desire that he should no more look on Charles as his elder brother only, but be obedient to him as his Sovereign ; and tell them both to love one another and to forgive my enemies. Sweetheart, you'll forget that ? "

"No," she answered, struggling with her sobs. "I shall never forget it whilst I live."

"How can you be sure ? "

"I will write it down," she whispered.

"You must not grieve and torment yourself like that," he said, holding her to him. "Yes, I am going to die, but the death I die will be a glorious one for the laws and liberties of England, and for maintaining our religion and our Church. Now I have another message for you to bear in mind. Can you heed it, and remember ? "

"Yes," she promised him passionately.

The Duke's Promise

"Tell your mother that my thoughts have never strayed from her, and my love will be the same unto the very last." He hid his face a moment in her hair. "One more word, child," he said next : " my blessing to your two brothers and your sisters, and commend me to any friends of mine you meet."

She said she would remember everything.

Then he took the Duke of Gloucester on his knee.

"Sweetheart," said he to Henry, " they are going to cut off thy father's head."

Henry gazed at him steadfastly, too much astonished to speak.

"Mark, child, what I say ; they will cut off thy father's head, and perhaps make thee a King, but mark what I say : you must not be a King so long as your brothers Charles and James do live. They will cut off your brothers' heads if they can catch them, and would cut off thy head, too, at last. Therefore I charge you, do not be made a King by them."

The Duke heaved a great sigh. "I would be torn in pieces first," he said.

"Good ! Well spoken, little one," said the King, and kissed him for his good answer. "Also, I command you on my blessing that you are never to be persuaded or threatened out of the religion of the Church. I bid you remember that you have my authority to refuse. Hold up your hand and promise me these things : Never to be a King whilst your brothers live ; never to leave the Church into which you were baptized ; always to obey the King—whom may God preserve !"

Temptations

The Duke held up his small hand and promised these three things.

It was then time for them to part, and the King stood up. The children knelt to him, and he blessed them. Then, as they flung themselves into his arms, crying bitterly, he suddenly turned away, walking rapidly to the window. But, in a moment, he came back and kissed them again and again.

“Take them away, Herbert,” he said huskily to his attendant ; “I can bear no more !”

Temptations

One thing that had puzzled the little Prince more than anything else was that his father should think their enemies likely to want him to be a King. He was so young ; what good could he possibly do anyone as King ? But that was just why they would have chosen him—because he was so young. Men would think he could easily be swayed, changed and brought up in the beliefs and ideas of those in power. Since the English people looked upon a King with reverence, and persisted in loving a kingship better than any other form of government, it did occur to those men to patch up a kind of kingship, with a person on the throne taught to obey their every wish, a puppet to be ruled, and not, by any means, to be a ruler.

Henry was a pretty, engaging child, with an intelligence beyond his age, and he was of the old Royal stock, one of the family the English people in the main still

The Duke's Promise

clung to loyally. Men whom he did not know came to see him after the King's death, and talked earnestly to him. They treated him with a surprising amount of consideration and civility, seeing that they wore the cropped hair and dark clothes he had come to associate with the King's enemies. They expressed themselves as pleased with his readiness and knowledge. They ignored the Princess, though Henry told them she was much cleverer than he.

"It is Your Highness I come to see," said one grave soldier.

"Well, I am pleased to see you, for my part," said the Duke, smiling. "Ladies are very well, but"—he ran his fingers down the gentleman's long sword—"men, you know, are better to talk to, sir."

The soldier laughed.

"God bless you, sir!" he said gently, and made as though to leave.

At the door he hesitated, looked out, listened, and came back. To the Duke's surprise, he did what none of these Puritan gentlemen had done before, knelt down and kissed his hand.

"Very odd that," thought Henry; "and he doesn't do it often, for I heard his knees crack, pop—like a nut."

A little time after this, one evening when the Duke was alone, a man slipped into the room unannounced, wrapped in a long cloak. He tossed the garment into a corner swiftly, and knelt down. The candles lighted him up now, and Henry nodded. He did not know this particular man, but he knew the kind of man.

Temptations

He had known many a one who wore his hair long and curling over a lace collar and silken coat. Hands fine and white like this man's had caressed him many a time. He knew the gallant sort of figure he made, the smile in his eyes, even—the smile of good-comradeship, of a gay, loyal heart. Here, kneeling in the candle-light, was some gentleman of Whitehall, some soldier of Naseby or Marston—for there was a scar on the cheek, a cut on the brow. Here, kneeling to him, was an old friend, though he had never seen him in his life before, an old friend and a young cavalier.

Henry ran forward and gave him both hands, which the gentleman passionately kissed.

“My King!” he whispered. “My King!”

“No,” Henry corrected him innocently. “That is Charles. He is away—abroad. I am only Henry of Gloucester; but,” he added, “don't go away at once. Stay and talk with me a little, sir. I have not seen such a pretty coat for a year. Get up and come and sit by me and talk.”

“As Your Majesty pleases,” said the gentleman willingly.

“No, no, not that! I tell you——”

“Oh, Sir,” the other interposed, “do you not know that you are to be our King? These pestilent rogues are all at loggerheads amongst themselves. This, at least, is clear—we are to have a King, and nothing else will do——”

“Well,” cried Henry, puckering his brow, “you've got my brother Charles.”

“Nay, pardon! That we have not. No one here

The Duke's Promise

knows where he is. He may be here, he may be there. Who can say where he'll be to-morrow ? And now's the time, you see, to save the kingship from this rabble by making you our King. The laws of England——”

The young gentleman went forward to expound his views on the laws and ancient constitution of England to the child beside him, who never took his bright eyes off the speaker's face.

“ I do not know about all that,” said Henry, at the end ; “ but I will never be a King.”

“ Ho, faintheart ! You are afraid of what they may do.”

Henry's head drooped.

“ You are not a coward, are you, Sir ? ” questioned the gentleman.

“ I don't know. I promised my father I would never be a King.”

“ Your father ? How could His Majesty foresee you would be asked ? ”

“ He knew, of course. He knew everything.” Henry's lip quivered, and had to be bitten very hard. “ You are a wicked traitor, sir ! ” The tears ran down his cheeks, but his eyes flashed through them. “ He made me say I never would—*never* ; and I promised. I said I would be torn in pieces first. And so I would—I'll never be a King.”

The astonished gentleman got up.

“ Good-bye, then, Sir,” said he.

“ No, you shall not have my hand,” said the Duke, whisking both behind him. “ You are a traitor—like those who cut off my father's head.”



Walker

"Henry ran up and gave him both hands as before."

Temptations

“Nay, God forbid!” exclaimed the other.

“Yes, you are. You know quite well my brothers must be Kings before me: Charles first, then James. It is bad and wicked to come talking like this to me. I am very angry—very. Go right away at once.”

The gentleman stood tapping his leg with his sheathed sword hesitatingly. He looked at the door and back at the severe young personage.

“Then must I tell my friends, who are ready to die for you, that you will not be their King?”

Henry nodded, frowning at him.

“Must I tell them you will be torn in pieces first?”

Henry nodded again, sternly.

“Then God save King Charles, I suppose,” and, drawing his sword, the gentleman saluted.

Henry’s face broke into a broad, approving smile. He ran up and gave him both hands as before.

Henry told his sister all about it, but they thought this plan of making him a King was only known to very few people, because they all seemed to make a secret of it. Unfortunately, more was known of it than he or they imagined. Puritan and cavalier visitors were alike under suspicion. It formed no part of General Cromwell’s schemes to have even a puppet for a King. Those who loved the Royal blood in such a way as to be satisfied with the nearest representative at hand, and those who merely desired to please the King-loving people and provide some sort of King were disappointed. An order was issued for the Royal children

The Duke's Promise

to be removed into the country, where visitors could not reach them easily, or the common people be attracted by them as they were in London.

Penshurst

They were left still in Lady Leicester's care, but taken down to her home at Penshurst Place. She was commanded to treat them as her own children, giving them no Royal titles. She was told to see to it most strictly that no strangers were admitted to them, and that there was no kissing of hands in future. She tried to obey these instructions for fear they should be taken from her, and she found for them a tutor, a Mr. Lovel, who had taught her own children, a Royalist and a Churchman.

"Henry," said Mr. Lovel, "you must forgive me for calling you out of your titles in public. If I did it I should be sent away, and you and your sister would have no lessons."

"Well, sir," answered the Duke promptly, "I should not care so much for that. It is you yourself we should think it a pity to lose."

"You do me proud," Mr. Lovel responded, bowing. "Then, for the sake of my society and conversation, oblige me by a promise to forgive me and not hang me when"—he sank his voice—"when the King comes to his own."

So this Mr. Lovel instructed the Duke to fear God and honour the King—a difficult task, for many

Penshurst

reasons, as he found. But he did it with so much zeal, honesty, and discretion that the Prince was fortified in his determination to keep the promises to his father, and understand what it was that he had promised, so that he grew up with a love of true religion and a great sense of duty to his brother. Indeed, Henry came to look upon Charles as a hero, and a very sacred one at that. His sister had a miniature of Charles painted when he was fourteen, showing a pretty, dark-eyed, merry face. Henry never quite dared to say so, but he thought that Charles might some day come over with a great army, for the purpose of rescuing his crown, of course, but, also, his little brother and sister.

On the whole, he had a very happy time at Penshurst with Mr. Lovel. He did not care that there were no gentlemen and ladies to attend on him. He would much rather get dressed quickly, and so be out early, than go through a tedious, formal toilet with people coming in all the time to kiss his hands and stroke his hair. But he was afraid his sister missed the old friends and observances, she was always so quiet nowadays. He knew she grieved constantly for their father's death. He supposed her silence was a girl's way of bearing sorrow. His obliged him to run out, to keep constantly occupied and moving. When, sometimes, on Sundays, she would sit and talk with him of that last Sunday, he felt as if his heart would break.

Buried in the country as they were, Penshurst Place was known all over England. When earnest inquirers learned at last that the place where Charles Stuart's children were was Lady Leicester's home,

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they knew at once just where to find them. Loyal hearts turned to these two children, alone in the midst of enemies, all the rest of their family abroad. In spite of restrictions, precautions, orders from the Council and terrors of the law, or what passed for law just then, visitors did come to Penshurst ; great ladies in big family coaches ; tactful gentlemen who called to see Madam herself, presenting respects from their ladies, who found opportunity to bow to the little girl in black at the Countess's side, or to find, and bend the knee to, the small pupil of Mr. Lovel in his study. Scarred, maimed soldiers of the late King found their way to Penshurst to bring a poor present, some trinket treasured, saved from the general ruin, sent by wife or daughter for Madam Elizabeth ; or they came merely to see the little boy with the late King's smile, and make a protestation of loyalty to his brother. Lady Leicester had not the heart to send these last away, to deny their wish to speak with the two children. What harm could these poor broken soldiers do ? She always meant to refuse, and always put off the refusal till another time. She dreaded to let the children be taken from her, to be sent amongst strangers, but yet could not summon up enough sternness to shut her door and bid these poor loyal souls begone.

She had spies about her, as she guessed, even amongst her own servants. These, eventually, carried their tales to the Council, and, in spite of prayers and promises to be strict and hard as adamant in future the children were taken away.

“ Pierre ”

“ Pierre ”



THE Princess Elizabeth and her brothers heard that a little sister had been born at Exeter, just before the siege there. They were in the Duke of Newcastle's care then, and they wondered if this little sister would be sent to join them. But she never came, and the Princess Elizabeth never saw her.

The baby was born in danger, and lived in peril for months. The Queen had decided to leave England and get help from her relations in France, the Queen-Regent and her Minister. She did not fly from England because she feared death or imprisonment. The people disliked her because she was a Papist. The King's best friends thought her foolish, and her ways of treating the people were not English. They thought she did more harm than good with her French scheming, but she schemed for their—and her—King. She was abused and threatened on every side, but you cannot think that the daughter of Henry the Great ever knew personal fear. It was not courage she lacked, but understanding ; wisdom, not loyalty.

Exeter was surrounded by the enemy, and when the little Princess was born, the inhabitants were hourly expecting operations to begin. Just at the moment came a great present of money from the French Queen.

“ Ah, now, Madam,” said one of her ladies, “ you

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can travel safely to some better place, Your Majesty and the little Princess, and lie there, and take your ease. It were well to get away swiftly out of this coming tumult."

There were no comforts—bare necessities only in Exeter.

The Queen did not answer, but sent off the greater part of the moneys to the King. Her friends sent to the General in command before Exeter asking for a safe-conduct for the Queen and her household, that she might go and rest at Bath before her voyage into France. The answer returned was that the General intended to take Her Majesty to London to answer for her share in making this war in England, and a reward was offered to anyone giving news of her if she should escape.

"I will escape him, nevertheless," said she, when she heard it.

She disguised herself, and, taking two of her people, left Exeter in the night, and lay hid for two whole days behind some rubbish in a hut in a wood on the way to Plymouth. When she ventured out she saw on the window-shutter in white chalk the reward offered for her capture, fifty thousand crowns. They had set a price on her head.

Her ladies and gentlemen managed to join her in various disguises, first one and then another, and they all got safely over to France—all but the baby. That was no journey for a little child. A cry from it would have betrayed her; the cold and exposure would have killed it.

“ Pierre ”

The news of the Queen's danger at Exeter had reached the King. Leaving everything else, with a small force he fought his way through the enemy, hoping to help her. He raised the siege and entered Exeter, but the Queen was gone. There, for the first and last time, he saw the little Princess. She had been left in the care of Lady Morton, one of the Queen's most faithful friends. He had her christened “ Henrietta,” after her mother. But he could not take the little child with him. Like the Queen, he could only leave her to the kindness and loyalty of Lady Morton. She obtained the permission of Parliament to take her little charge to the King's own house of Oatlands, where the Royal children had often been sent for change of air, and there they stayed until news was brought her that they intended to remove the Princess and give her into some other keeping. Now, Lady Morton had promised the Queen that she would never part with the child except to its parents, that it should never be in anyone's care but her own. Rumours came to her that now the King was in danger of his life, and she feared that all his children would suffer, perhaps imprisonment, perhaps hardship and neglect.

Lady Morton determined to escape out of the country, as her mistress had done, and take the little Princess with her, somehow. She was as clever as she was brave and faithful. She sold her jewels, laid aside her silken gowns and fine linen, and disguised herself as a French servant, as poor as she could be. She was tall and very beautiful and graceful, so that it

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was difficult to make herself look otherwise. But she made a hump with a bundle of things for the journey, got a stick to lean on, and painted her face, staining her fair skin dark, and hiding her hair under a cap and wide, flapping hat. She made herself unhandsome that she might do handsomely.

As for the Princess Henrietta of England, to Her Royal Highness's extreme disgust, she was converted into a little boy—not a nice little boy, with long curls and a pretty suit, but a dirty, ragged, wretched little French beggar-boy, whom this queer woman called “Pierre.”

“Me *not* Pierre,” she promptly replied. “Me Pin'ess ; and you—ugly—dirty—go 'way !”

Lady Morton had to take off her cap and hat and show her beautiful hair, take off her hump and curtsy to Madam the Princess, and put herself together again patiently three times before the child could recognise her and understand. But even then she did not approve. She plucked at her rags disgustedly, muttering :

“Me not Pierre—dirty boy ! Me Pin'ess.”

They set out, the lady carrying the indignant infant, who would try to inform each passer-by that she was not really a horrid dirty beggar, and, as fast as her halting tongue would go, disclaimed any relationship with that dirty little Pierre of France.

The poor lady was terrified. Threats of dark dungeons and cruel soldiers were of no avail. With a baby's obstinacy and disregard for future or imaginary griefs, absorbed only in the present one, this Royal

“ Pierre ”

personage bewailed her cruel fate from Oatlands to Dover, except in the blissful moments when she slept.

Luckily, no one understood, and few heeded her. They only saw a miserable little boy carried by a forbidding-looking, humpbacked woman. There were tramping women and ragged boys on every road in England, doubtless. And that just shows how very wise Lady Morton had been to choose this most uncomfortable but safe disguise. She walked all the way to Dover, this great lady, daughter of the proud race of Villiers, who was accustomed to ride in her coach, and have servants running to save her an unnecessary step. She crossed from Dover to Calais in the ordinary boat that ordinary passengers went in, and no one had the least suspicion of the humpbacked woman and her dirty little child. From Calais she made her way to Paris. The Queen received her baby with delight, and the Princess emerged from Pierre's rags.

She grew up, the Princess Henrietta, at the Court of St. Germain's, sharing all her mother's troubles, sometimes starved, neglected, and insulted, and sometimes fêted and made much of. When she was taken for the first time to see the young French King, Louis XV., he refused to dance with her, on the grounds that she was ugly and only a little girl. She felt his rudeness deeply, for she thought it was because she was an exile and poor ; he danced with other little girls plainer than herself. But a few years later the King quarrelled with his brother about her—the Duke of Orleans, whom she married. If she ever looked

The Duke's Promise

ugly, she must soon have outgrown it, for the young Duchess of Orleans was counted the most lovely Princess of her age, and was beloved by all. There was one person who loved her devotedly, and that was her eldest brother Charles, who would write letters to her even when he was most occupied with his own affairs, even when he was so tired that, as he said, he had been "faste asleepe," with his head on the Council-board.

But there was no brave lady at hand to rescue the Princess Elizabeth.

"Master Harry"

If it had not been that Mr. Lovel was allowed to go with them, the Duke of Gloucester would very soon have been without a friend in the world. He and his sister were taken to Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight—a prison indeed. They were forbidden to go beyond the walls; they were made to wait on themselves entirely, and to eat and sleep and live with the Constable's family. No visitors came here. The Duke was called "Master Harry" by the soldiers and servants, the Princess "Mistress Elizabeth"; together they were spoken of and written about as "the little Stuarts." Mr. Lovel was given the very fullest rules for his and their guidance and behaviour. He bowed, shrugged his shoulders in private, and proceeded with their instruction as before.

Again Master Harry was not the one who felt the



Raker

"Harry was drilled, and taught to carry arms."

“ Master Harry ”

change most keenly. He learnt to play contentedly in the court, and to get a great deal of amusement out of the soldiers of the guard. He would be torn in pieces sooner than be made a King by the rebels, but he came to reign in a good many rebel hearts. Men who had cursed and denied loyalty to the King carried his son on their shoulders—very obedient chargers, only kicking enough to give a proper thrill to the rider. Harry was drilled and taught to carry arms and use a musket by these men—arms that had all been used against the King. His sister turned away in horror. She would have besought her brother to think of these things and keep away from the men.

“ Madam, permit him to be amused,” said Mr. Lovel, when she confided her trouble to him.

“ But, sir ”—she shuddered—“ when our father was shut up here these very men——”

“ I know,” he answered gently. “ But think, he is only a child ; and these, who rebelled against the father, are growing loyal to the son. There is not one would harm a hair of his head did Oliver himself command them to it.”

“ But their hands are stained with blood—his blood ! It is not Henry’s safety that I fear for. It is that he should wish—that he can bear to go near them, to——”

Her voice broke.

“ Madam, he is a boy, and is learning of his enemies to be a man ; and his enemies are learning to love him. Upon my word ! What sums up my meaning is that

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boys *will* be boys—an ancient aphorism, honourable, I suppose, because quite incontestable.”

The Princess, however, could not bear the sight of Master Harry doing his steps, being made to wheel, told off by the right, and form square to receive cavalry.

He loved his sister perfectly, but, as he had said before, men were better to talk to, on the whole.

Prisoners and Captives



was Mr. Lovel's custom to read the Church Service to his charges on Sundays, whenever it was possible to do so. The Governor had a service in the hall in the evenings for the officers and the household, with a minister to conduct it, assisted by such of his people as were preachers, and many of the Puritan officers were that. The "little Stuarts" were generally excused from attending these services, but once or twice they were compelled to go. If it pleased the Governor to insist, how could they refuse? They were only members of his family, and obliged to obey him.

One August Sunday evening, whilst that service

Prisoners and Captives

was going on in the hall, Mr. Lovel brought his Prayer-Book and stood at a desk in the window of the children's room. The Princess sat before him in a big chair, and Henry on a stool by her side. They knelt for the prayers and made the responses, their two little voices sounding clear and sweet, and, to Mr. Lovel, pathetic in their loneliness. The warm glow of the setting sun lay over the walls and towers outside, and, touching their casement, cast the reflection of the bars and mullions on the walls and floor. Henry watched it, and saw it flame over his sister's hair, gold, like a glory.

Suddenly the door opened, and their peace was broken by the noisy entrance of an officer, unannounced.

"The Governor sends me to inquire what teaching or occupation these children have upon this Sabbath eve," he said.

"We are about to read the one hundred and ninth Psalm," Mr. Lovel answered quietly.

The officer came to the desk, and frowned down at the Prayer-Book lying there. Its use had been forbidden; the children's had been taken from them long ago.

"Ah!" he said. "But," he added, "the words are fitting ones for Charles Stuart's children to hear. Let them see how the judgments of God pursue the wicked, and the curses that fall on the unrighteous man. 'Let his children be fatherless: and his wife a widow. Let his children be vagabonds, and beg their bread; let them seek it also out of desolate places.

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Let there be no man to pity him, nor have compassion upon his fatherless children.' ” He shut the book with smart violence.

The children held each other's hands and gazed at Mr. Lovel, who regarded the officer gravely.

“ So will the Lord of Hosts deal with all His enemies,” said the Puritan, with great gusto.

“ I have no doubt of it,” the tutor said.

“ And now I will take over your task,” the officer continued, “ and say profitable words to these young people, for perchance their hearts may be turned.”

The Princess got up. “ Come, Henry ! ” she whispered. “ You will excuse us, Mr. Lovel. My head aches, and it is time my brother went to bed.”

Mr. Lovel held the door of her bedroom for her, and bowed. The Puritan's face went red. He breathed quickly. To be treated in this way by a young girl annoyed more than it angered him.

“ ‘ No man to have compassion upon his fatherless children,’ ” said Mr. Lovel, polishing his glasses. “ I dare say, sir, you have no children of your own—no little daughter to be broken-hearted if her father were killed——”

“ I have *not*,” said the Puritan tartly. “ These be limbs of an evil tree, children of blood, foredoomed to judgment. To them must come chastenings and afflictions, and they shall see the triumph of the Saints. To them should be addressed words of admonition and correction, their father's evil devices be made plain to them, the sin of their mother not done away.”

Prisoners and Captives

Mr. Lovel lifted his shoulders. "Well, it's a manly job," he said.

The Puritan looked at him, then at the places where the children had been sitting. "Humph!" he grunted, and went off with the Prayer-Book.

Next morning Henry did not go out to the court as soon as lessons were over. He lingered by his sister, with a troubled look on his face. The incident of the day before had distressed her and frightened him. He felt there was something wrong between himself and his friends the soldiers for the first time. The Princess tried to think of something that would cheer and amuse him, and still keep him by her side.

"Shall we have a game of bowls, Henry?" she asked.

"Will you?" His face cleared instantly, and off he ran to get the bowls, she following.

Mr. Lovel was surprised. For one thing he knew she did not like going near the bowling-green, where her father had played during his captivity, for it reminded her too painfully of him; and for another he knew the officer's conduct yesterday had shocked and upset her very much.

The green was a little distance from the court, and the children ran all the way there, Henry dropping bowls and falling over them and shouting, the Princess rather breathless, but laughing, too. They were followed by Lady Mildmay, one of her women, and an officer, for they were never allowed to be out of sight or hearing of some of the household. At the green the Princess sat down to get her breath, and

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the officer in attendance came up and raised his hat. A cloud came over her face. The incident of yesterday made her the less able to contemplate these men with anything but loathing—her father's murderers. The officer, a young man, turned his hat in his hands shyly.

"Madam, there is something in my memory that I think might interest you—just a thing that befell when your father was here."

Henry came up at the moment. "Well, Captain Rowley," he said, and then, rather hurriedly, he drew himself up and saluted, as he had done when parading with the men.

Captain Rowley smiled. Mr. Lovel halted behind the group, fearing some such exhibition of malice as they had met with yesterday.

"When your father was here," Rowley began bluntly, "an old gentleman came to see him, bringing his son, a young man of eighteen or so. The gentleman had done some service for the King, on condition that his boy should be made a knight, and since then had come over to us—the King's enemies—yet was he very set that his son should be a knight. I was on guard that day in the King's rooms, and this is what I saw :—The old gentleman was brought in, and the King greeted him. 'Sir,' said he, 'here is my son whom you promised to make a knight. You have not kept us that promise, and now you are fallen, and you and I know where this strife will end.' 'It will end at the block for me,' said the King. 'I know it will,' said the other."

Prisoners and Captives

The Princess exclaimed.

Mr. Lovel said: "Consideration for the feelings of prisoners and captives is not our enemies' strong point."

Captain Rowley swung his hat and went on. " 'Then,' the old gentleman said, 'my son will never be a knight, and your promise will be broken.' Then the King laughed shortly, and got up. He walked up and down the room two or three times, engaging the gentleman's attention by talking of different things, and I, scarcely noticing anything, stood there, sword in hand. Three times he all but touched me—he came so near the door. The fourth time, he still talking, and I gazing at nothing, I found my sword was gone. 'Kneel down,' said he to the young man, and, watching open-mouthed, I saw him knight the fellow. A minute later he handed my sword back, thanked me, and sat down. The old and young gentleman went away, looking—not so pleased as you'd think, rather red and—hang-dog." Captain Rowley broke off, and bowed to the Princess. "Methought the thing might interest you," he said.

He walked away. Mr. Lovel followed quickly.

"The Princess thanks you," he said, taking the young man's arm.

Henry danced in front of them. "I told her you were not all like that man who came to us yesterday. She liked well to hear that tale."

"I told it that she might know just that," said Captain Rowley. "For my part, I would have cut my tongue out sooner than have spoken such words as those said to her yesterday."

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He nodded, and went off. From a distance he and Lady Mildmay watched the children play. It was very hot, with a heavy, sultry sky, and they saw that the Princess flagged, and grew tired. But she went on with the game bravely, and laughed with Henry.

"She is turning very white," said Lady Mildmay suddenly. "There's something wrong with the child." She called to the tutor. "Mr. Lovel, what is the matter with Elizabeth?"

"Madam, she had a shock to her feelings yesterday. She is very weary, but wants to play with her brother, and keep him near her."

"I will play with him," said Captain Rowley. "Let her rest here on the bench and see that I teach him no harm."

They persuaded the Princess to sit down, and she confessed to having a very bad pain in her side, and that her head ached. Lady Mildmay said the thundery weather accounted for it, and she must not run about any more. In about ten minutes there came a flash of lightning, a peal of thunder, and then the rain came down in torrents. Captain Rowley caught hold of Henry and made him run to the Castle. Mr. Lovel gave his hand to the Princess. She could not hurry for the pain, and before they got indoors she was wet through.

Angels

Angels



NEXT morning Henry was told that his sister had taken a chill, and would not be able to play with him, so, after lessons, he went down to the court and amused himself mounting guard with the men.

The Princess stayed indoors all that day, and for the next few days she was in bed ; but Henry did not suppose there was anything wrong. She had always been delicate, and Lady Mildmay did not make as much fuss over this thorough wetting as Lady Leicester would have made over a pair of damp shoes. Henry did not like Lady Mildmay ; she was so very hard-looking, so severe, and cold. He was sorry his sister had to obey her stern orders, lie in bed, and drink nasty medicine, and he ran in to see her now and then, to tell his adventures and cheer her up. At the end of three or four days the Princess seemed better, and she asked to be carried into the garden ; but she could not talk much or play, and, after seeing her settled on the seat, Henry went off to his own affairs. Doctors had been fetched from Newport to see his sister, and she went on taking their medicine, and doing everything that Lady Mildmay told her. Henry thought she looked very pale, and was grieved that she could not run about or play with him.

Then there came a day when she did not go out, when the doctors were sent for again, and in the

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evening of that day she asked Henry, when he came to see her, to give her love to their brothers and sisters and their mother, when he saw them.

"You will be with me," he said, gazing in surprise.

"Good-night!" she whispered, and kissed him.

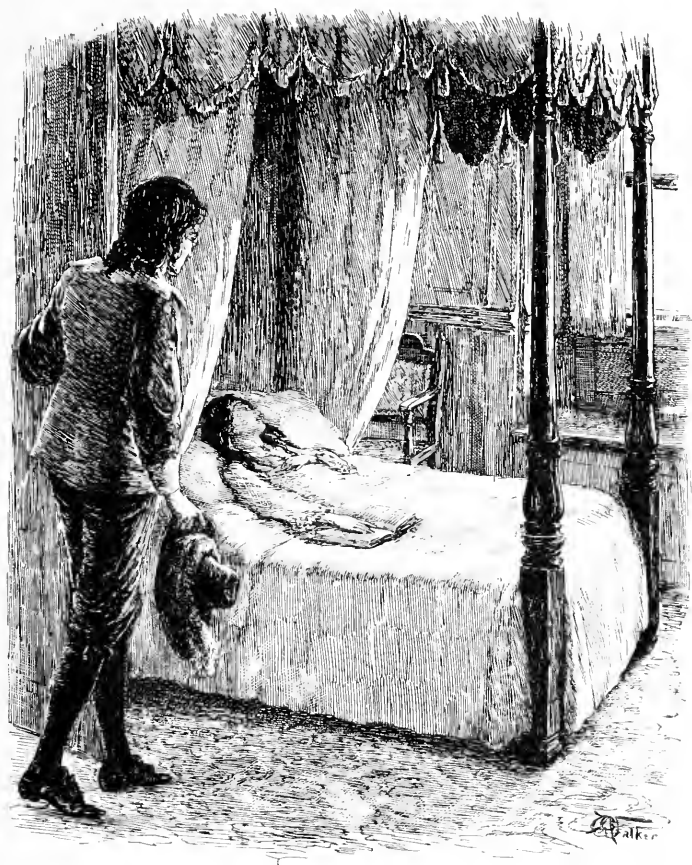
"It is not bed-time," said Henry, laughing.

"But I am tired," she said. "I had other messages for them. I wrote them down. Mr. Lovel will give them to you. Good-night, Hal dear."

He stole away, for she seemed to fall asleep. But he did not realise that his sister was much worse. Mr. Lovel looked very sad and anxious, but Henry thought it was because he was their only friend there, and perhaps felt the responsibility too much. Captain Rowley was being very kind to him, and all the men seemed anxious to oblige him. They let him handle their arms, and played with him all day long, for Mr. Lovel had given him a holiday, being occupied with thought for the Princess. Henry noticed that there were more sympathetic faces about him, that everyone spoke softly, but he did not know why everyone was so thoughtful and so ready to give him pleasure. The Puritan who had interrupted their Sunday service, even, looked at him less sourly.

"My sister will feel better now everybody is so gentle," he said to himself.

Lady Mildmay's harshness melted at the sight of the little girl's patience and courage. She took the medicines as long as she could, weary as she was, and hard as it was to swallow them. Without mother or old friend near her, she kept brave and gentle to the



"Out of the Shadows into the Light."



Angels

last. Only Mr. Lovel marked how her eyes wandered round the room, looked eagerly at every opening of the door, as though there was always one person whom she especially missed, or one whom, in her half-consciousness she expected to come to her any moment.

“Is it your brother you want?” Mr. Lovel asked.

She shook her head.

“Would you like him to come? Would you like to see Henry?”

Again she shook her head.

Then who was it, Mr. Lovel wondered, for whom her tired eyes were looking?

It was considered wise to keep Henry away from her, for fear he caught her fever. She did not suffer much now, but she grew weaker and weaker. One afternoon, about three o'clock, Mr. Lovel opened her door softly and went in. Her bed was in the shadow of the wall, but a shaft of sunlight lay across the floor, and one ray touched her hair. She was lying very still, an open Bible on the bed by her. Her eyes were closed. Even as Mr. Lovel looked at her, she turned her thin little cheek and laid it on the Book, smiled, and lay so. He moved quickly forward, but something stopped him. Where the bright sun made a bar upon the floor he stood, arrested as by a visible hand. It seemed to him, standing in the shadow, that in the light beyond were Angels coming and going—those who “do ever behold the face of the Father in Heaven.” The lonely little prisoner had been taken out of the Shadows into the Eternal Light.

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A woman who had been watching there came to his side.

"About five minutes since she spoke distinctly, sir, and now she's gone!"

"What did she say?"

"She held out her hands and said, 'Father!' gladly. That was it."

Mr. Lovel bent his head. "It was he for whom she looked," he murmured, and went to find Henry. "The Angels have taken her," he said, as the boy flung himself sobbing into his arms.

"Is she safe?" Henry cried—"Where she won't be frightened, or alone?"

"Quite safe for always—nevermore alone; gone to your father. The Angels have taken her, my dear."

Alone

Master Harry neglected his drill, and his friends the troopers, after his sister died. He knew he had grieved her by liking them, and now blamed himself bitterly for going against her wishes and wounding her. He felt he had neglected her and thought only of himself, and what pleasure he could get out of their dreary life. Mr. Lovel found it hard to console or comfort him for his carelessness.

"She must have been so lonely," Henry said. "Now I know what that is like—living so lonely. If I had been more with her, and pleased her better, she would not have died."

Alone

“My dear,” said Mr. Lovel, polishing his glasses, “neither you nor I could have prevented that. The blame be on the right heads.” His voice grew fierce, but very husky. “When they killed the King they killed your sister. It broke her heart, her little loyal heart. She loved him better than herself. She had no strength to bear it. She has followed him.”

“Then why am I such a beast as to live and go on and laugh? I loved him, too, and yet I couldn’t help——”

“Of course you could not, sir. You are a man, with a man’s work to do. Have you not your duty to your brother—your messages to bear to him and your mother? What has a man to do with a broken heart? Only to forget it and go on to his work in the world.”

He scolded away poor Henry’s sense of guilt in having got a little happiness out of life, but he could not comfort him for his great loss. Henry realised, now that she was gone, what a cold, hard world this was that he was all alone in; and the feeling grew worse as the days and weeks went by. He lost his cheerfulness, and drooped, and grew thin and silent. He looked often at his brother’s miniature, but he did not think now that Charles would come to his rescue. He was older now, and Mr. Lovel had told him that there was no hope of the King’s coming with an army to win back his crown. He had tried and had failed, and almost been caught and killed.

“Why, Harry,” said Colonel Mildmay, the Governor, one day, finding his young prisoner moping in

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the court. "You won't learn soldiering any more, I hear?"

"Not at present — not any more, sir," Henry answered.

"There is talk of binding you out to learn a trade. What do you think of that?"

Henry started, and gazed at him in surprise. King's sons surely did not go out as apprentices!

"You would earn an honest living that way," Colonel Mildmay went on, "though I would have made a good trooper of you if you'd been left to me. That would not do, however. Your brother will never come back, you know, and why should you be kept in idleness?"

Mr. Lovel had joined them, and Henry appealed to him.

"Is it true?" he asked.

"I dare say," said Mr. Lovel quietly.

"Some would have him shipped abroad to his brothers," the Colonel said. "Better they should have the keep of him than us."

"Oh, if only they would!" cried Henry, his face alight. "Couldn't you ask them, sir? Entreat them to let me go to the—to Charles."

Colonel Mildmay looked down at him thoughtfully.

"Do you love your brother so well?"

Henry nodded, not trusting himself to speak for eagerness.

"Do you know what he is like?"

Here Mr. Lovel took a step forward, as if to inter-

Alone

pose something. The Colonel waved him back and repeated his question.

“Do you know what he is like?”

“Yes.” Henry held up the miniature.

“Ah,” said the Colonel, shaking his head, “that was taken a good many years ago.”

“I know. But he will be the same.”

Henry looked at Mr. Lovel for support, but again the Colonel motioned to the tutor to keep off.

“Charles Stuart is far from having that innocent, pretty face. He is old in some things, sinful, careless, not likely to do you any good, or take much heed of you. What do you say, sir?”

“You say that because he is the King, and you hate him,” said Henry boldly.

“Not I. I don’t care that for him!” The Colonel snapped his fingers.

“Very well; I do. He is the King, whom may God preserve.”

The words were out before the Colonel could remonstrate, and Henry, with head up defiantly, had walked away.

Release

Mr. Lovel went away a few days later to London on business, and when he came back he said he had great news for the Prince.

“Your wish has been granted,” said he. “You are to go oversea to your brother—that is, you are to go first to your sister in Holland. When you are come there the King will say where you are to live.”

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Of course, Henry wanted to know a great deal more than that. He did not remember his sister, the Princess of Orange, and he would have liked better to go straight to Paris, for he understood that his eldest brother was there with the Queen, their mother. Henry had been parted from her when he was a year old, so that he scarcely realised that he had a mother. Mr. Lovel told him that he had very good friends in London still, who had persuaded the Parliament to let the Prince be taken abroad by Mr. Lovel himself.

There were reasons why it would be safer for them to go first to Holland, where the Princess would receive them kindly. He had brought with him an order from Colonel Mildmay to allow the Prince to leave. They were to go straight from Carisbrooke, so that the brother of the King should not set foot in the King's England.

"They're afraid of a rising in your favour," said Mr. Lovel. "There are plenty who would have you for King."

"Never!" Henry thought.

"They have also given me moneys from the Treasury for the journey, but I fear you must go with the poor clothes you have. There are no tailors here that can properly dress you. Your garments have a terrible Puritan cut. Her Majesty, your mother, if she sees them, will deplore your state, I fear."

"Never mind clothes," said Harry; "we shan't care for them."

Mr. Lovel did not seem quite so sure that no one would; indeed, there was a little air of discouragement

Release

about Mr. Lovel all through the otherwise joyous business of getting ready for the journey. Henry would hold up his brother's picture and nod to it, as though to say confidently: "I'm coming, brother."

Mr. Lovel, looking over the boy's shoulder at the painted face, would say:

"He's a man now, sir—a very gay young man, grown out of all that prettiness."

"You're like Colonel Mildmay, sir," said Henry once, in a vexed tone.

Mr. Lovel was puzzled how to explain to him, without disloyalty or hurting his feelings, that Charles, the King, was a careless, indifferent man, not affectionately disposed, perhaps, to this eager and hopeful young brother.

Then Henry would talk about his mother, who had been obliged to fly from their enemies to France when he was a baby, and wonder if she could love him at all. He spoke of the Duke of York and some of the gentlemen and ladies of the Court, whose names he knew, some of whom he remembered.

Mr. Lovel, polishing his glasses, told him that the Queen might be too fully engaged in high business of State to have any time to spare to see him, and that the Duke of York had changed his religion and become a Romanist.

"James has?" Henry cried. "Our father forbade us to."

It was the first he had heard of this.

"It was Her Majesty's wish as well as the Duke's, sir"

As for the Court, there was little of a Court at

The Duke's Promise

St. Germain's, the palace placed by the French King's Minister at his relation's disposal. They were so poor there that the Queen had had no fire in her room in the depths of winter, and the sheets on her bed were rags. The courtiers, poor souls ! holding shadows of great offices, with no splendour and little pay, except in promises, were as badly off as she. Henry must understand there was nothing but anxiety over there, bitter envy and quarrelling, tempered by a great deal of good-nature and loyalty.

In the few days spent in getting a ship and arranging their affairs Henry heard some strange things from his tutor—things that cooled the ardour of his hopes. Of course, as Mr. Lovel insisted, he was only a boy, and could not understand all the reasons for people's actions, why they should change their forms of worship, why they should set worldly well-being before all else, and certainly he must not presume to judge them. He wondered, and was disquieted, but set his mouth ; he would not change in anything for anyone, for any reason. He had promised to the King, his father. What troubled him the most was the way in which Mr. Lovel spoke, or forbore to speak, of Charles.

“ If anyone bids me turn Catholic I will go to my brother, and he will stop it, sir.”

Mr. Lovel looked out to sea, for this was when they were crossing.

“ I don't suppose he wished James to change. When he hears the promise I made he will understand. He would be very angry if I broke my word, wouldn't he, Mr. Lovel ? ”



“‘He would be very angry if I broke my word.’”



Release

Mr. Lovel did not shrug his shoulders, he only very nearly did, and he said, "No doubt, sir!" hurriedly.

"Oh, I wish we were going straight to Paris," Henry cried when they left the ship at The Hague, and he was met by his sister's people. "I do not care for anything beside."

"Perhaps Your Highness will, after all, be happier here. I trust—indeed, I think so," Mr. Lovel said.

"Now, why?" thought Henry.

Why should any boy be happier with a sister than with a brother—any Prince be happier away from his King?

However, Mr. Lovel was wrong in one of his predictions. They had not been at his sister's house one day before there came a letter from the Queen and an order from the King for Henry to go immediately to Paris.

"There, now!" cried Henry triumphantly.

He left his sister with a light heart. She was very kind and affectionate, but Henry's thoughts had all gone to Paris and the King. The order being for immediate departure, the distressed tutor had no time to change Henry's clothes for anything better. The Princess of Orange shared his feelings. She said their mother would be greatly dismayed, as shocked as she had been at Charles's appearance after his escape out of England, after Worcester fight. Henry expressed indifference to fripperies, and set off in good spirits, looking, in his black broadcloth and plain band, as his sister remarked, very like a little Puritan preacher.

It was very exciting to travel by coach and on horse-

The Duke's Promise

back through foreign countries, lodging in strange towns, seeing queer sights so constantly after the long quiet days at Carisbrooke Castle. He had the heart-ache badly sometimes, because his sister Elizabeth had not lived to be with him and share all this. Moreover, in spite of his ignorance of the true meaning of things, he had come to have some idea from Mr. Lovel that there were dangers awaiting him in that queer little Court of St. Germain's, where the air seemed, from what he could hear, to be full of intriguing and double-dealing. There might be something to fear from the Queen, who had different wishes from the late King, his father ; something—not to fear, exactly, from his brother, but something that seemed to promise a check to his confidence and affection.

St. Germain's

Mr. Lovel was a man of great tenacity of purpose, forethought, and resource. For the Prince's sake, for his own credit's sake, he was determined that the Queen should not receive her son in this sad guise. Before permitting their party—they had servants with them now, some sent by the Queen, others lent by the Princess of Orange—to go forward to the Palace, he halted them for a day and a night in Paris, privately, at his own risk, and had a proper velvet suit made for the Prince, with all the appointments. He had to take all the responsibility, and soothe Henry's impatience at the delay, nor did he lose his reward, when



"Mr. Lovel delivered up his charge to the Queen."

St. Germain's

he led his charge through the antechambers to the Queen's room at St. Germain's, and heard the murmurs of delight and admiration that followed them. He delivered up his charge to the Queen with a satisfied bow.

The Queen took Henry in her arms and kissed him. Then, as he knelt beside her, she praised his appearance—"beau comme le jour," she called him—to the tutor, asking about his habits, nature, health, and studies. Held by her arm, but not called upon for answers, Henry now observed an extraordinary spectacle—a young gentleman sleeping in a big chair, a black-browed, handsomely dressed gentleman, with a jewelled George, and very fine laces, sleeping, though, actually *sleeping* in the presence of the Queen. Henry stared, amazed; glanced at Her Majesty. She was indifferent, engaged upon himself and his peculiarities, seemingly. He rolled inquiring eyes at Mr. Lovel, half thought to interrupt, and bid him observe this insolence and mend it. Such behaviour was never brooked in King's houses, surely. Mr. Lovel had bred him in better manners, little as he had seen of Courts lately. Why, no child dare slumber, lounging thus in the presence of a parent, no servant, no clerk before his mistress, no gentleman before a lady; and yet, here, in the room of the Queen of England—nay, so close, the sleeper's drooping hand all but touched the Queen's laces—here, and thus, slept a young person!

Henry turned to look all the horror he felt at the shocking sight, to find the sleeper's eyes open, meeting

The Duke's Promise

his. The boy's grave, reproachful, frowning glance seemed to wake the young man thoroughly. He noiselessly lifted himself, glanced at the Queen, regarded the tutor, then Henry himself. This caused him to take in what was happening. He sank back and rolled his eyes with an exaggeration of the boy's shocked stare. They were the blackest, most lively, and yet, somehow, the sombrest eyes that Henry had ever seen. He continued to look into them, thoughtfully, wonderingly, till the gentleman made a face at him and shook his head. Henry looked at the Queen. She talked on in French, just giving him a pat and smile of approval. Mr. Lovel he caught just rising from a bent knee, and got round to the surprising young gentleman in time to see him acknowledging the tutor's reverence with a good-natured nod. Then light began to dawn on Henry. This disgraceful lounge, this slumberer in the presence of Royalty, was the most Royal of all, His Most Excellent Majesty the King.

The start and flush with which Henry realised the fact made the young gentleman laugh. He got up. The Queen stopped talking, and Mr. Lovel drew back respectfully.

"Madam," said the King, "I had your permission to go to sleep. I hope you will tell this child so, for he is much shocked at me."

Henry gasped, and knelt to his brother.

The Queen said :

"Charles was tired ; he is always tired when I would talk of affairs to him."

The King clicked his tongue, and said :

St. Germain's

"He's a sad, weary dog," as though they were speaking of someone else. "And now, Madam, with your leave, I will take my brother away and question him on his loyalty and principles. Then his tutor can speak freely to you of his habits and you to him of your hopes for him, which I trust, indeed, may always be the same as mine."

The Queen gave them her hand silently. The King kissed it first, and then Henry, and they went away together.

In his own room, the King took Henry on his knee, laughing at him. They were quite alone, and the King seemed highly amused at his brother's searching and rather troubled regard.

"Well?" said he questioningly.

Henry looked down.

"I have heard it said," the King remarked, "that they wanted to take you out of prison and make you King over there. Did you know of it?"

"Oh yes, Sir, I knew."

"Are you aggrieved that they haven't succeeded? Would you have liked to be a King?"

Henry shook his head.

"It would have been a poor pretence of kingship—old Oliver pulling the strings and you dancing. Not poorer, perhaps, than I—enjoy here."

As Henry sat now on his brother's knee, so he had sat on their father's knee on that last Sunday of his life. He remembered it vividly.

"Sir," he said, "I did promise our father never to be King whilst you and James lived."

The Duke's Promise

"You promised our father? Nay, how could he foresee that they would want it?"

"He did, Sir. He said: 'They will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a King, but mark what I say—you must not be a King whilst Charles and James do live. I charge you, do not be made King by them.'"

"When was that?" Charles demanded.

"The—the last time we saw him. They took us to see him." Henry's voice failed.

"You and Elizabeth?"

"Yes, yes; and then they cut off his head."

"Hush!" said the King sharply, gripping the boy in his arms—"hush!" There was a little silence, then he said: "What could you understand? You were only a baby then."

"I was seven. It seemed—it seemed to take everything out of me, everything away. But he knew I understood."

"How?"

"I said I would be torn to pieces first."

The King laughed oddly, and looked down at him.

"What else did he say, child?"

"He sent messages to you and James. Elizabeth wrote them down."

"I have them. They were sent to us. But what else did he say to you? Can you remember any more?"

"Oh, yes. He commanded me on his blessing never to change my religion." Henry felt the King

St. Germain's

give a little start. "He bade me remember I had his word for it that I might refuse—*anyone*. He bade me hold up my hand and promise him three things."

The tears were running down Henry's cheeks now.

"What three things?" the King asked.

"Never to be a King, you know, whilst you and James lived. Never to leave the Church into which I was baptized. Always to obey the King, Sir, whom may God preserve!" Henry looked up into his brother's dark face entreatingly. "And then," he added, sobbing, "he said, 'Well said!' and kissed me."

The King did not say anything, but after a minute he kissed him. Lifting his black head from his brother's fairer one presently, he said:

"And you are going to keep all those promises, are you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You've made them afresh to me, remember."

Henry's face brightened.

"And you will never let them try to make me change my religion, Sir?"

"Nay, brother, they will try. 'Tis you that must not let them. James, you know, has chosen for himself."

"I know. You did not ask him to?"

"No."

"You would not *help* them to change mine?"

"I would be torn in pieces first."

The Duke's Promise

"Well, then," the boy cried, "if I obey you, all will be well. I *knew* that I could trust in you."

The King laughed.

"You may, if you will, my child. It shall be well for you if I can make it so."

Later Henry took his tutor to task.

"Mr. Lovel, you were mistaken if you ever thought His Majesty would do anything but support me in all that's right."

"Oh, sir!" said Mr. Lovel deprecatingly.

"Well, you doubted." Henry did not pursue the matter farther. "I sup with him to-night," he said, "and I sleep in his chamber. I have told him everything about everything."

He looked severely at poor Mr. Lovel, whom he half believed to have a want of proper regard for His Most Excellent Majesty.

Mr. Lovel bowed.

"I am happy, indeed, sir, to see such accord between you and your august brother."

This was not Mr. Lovel's usual way of speaking, but Henry went off to supper very happily, nevertheless.

The tutor looked after him with a profound sigh.

"God guard him in this nest of evil and intrigue!" he prayed.

The Queen's Wish

The Queen's Wish



THE Duke of Gloucester always remained shy of his mother, but he soon quite lost his fear of her desiring him to change his faith. She never alluded to such a subject, but confined herself to the care of his person, the selection of his servants and companions. The greater part of his time was spent with Mr. Lovel and other masters, at lessons, riding or fencing. He had companions amongst the Cavalier noblemen's children, and was taken more than once to see the young King of France, Louis XIV., and his brother. Charles, too, did not forget him, but often sent for him to his own rooms, and, oftener still, turned up in a casual friendly way when the Duke was at his studies or walking out. The Duke of York was not in Paris, so that Henry did not see him at that time.

There were urgent reasons why the King himself must leave Paris presently. Henry heard of all the bickerings and jealousies amongst the courtiers : how Prince Rupert, their cousin, had left in a rage, Lord Herbert had given up his post in a passion, and lesser persons snubbing lesser, and grudging at higher ones. The one great gnawing difficulty for the King was the want of money. Through it all his swarthy face kept

The Duke's Promise

its amused, good-tempered look. He yawned behind his hand when the gentlemen complained, laughed when they frowned, patted them forgivingly on the back, to their increased vexation.

"What are they put out about now?" asked Henry one day, as the King came into his room, shrugging his shoulders ruefully.

Mr. Lovel withdrew.

"Ods fish! They would all go on my travels with me, Harry—with me, who haven't wherewithal to pay for my own man and horse, who have no coach for myself, much less for the Great Seal." He drummed on the window. "I must go where we can be quiet, and take only those who can be quiet, and we shall live on beans and bacon and barley-water."

"We shall not care for that," said Henry.

"But my noble old peers and gentlemen would."

Henry really did not care where they went or what happened, so long as he was with his gay, good-natured big brother, who he knew loved him, and liked to have him near. Mr. Lovel, however, looked upon his pupil's departure with very different feelings. He was not to be of the party. The King's household was to be as small as possible. Mr. Lovel did not think it was at all proper that the Prince should be left without more serious guidance than that of the young King and the King's young courtiers. But it was the King's will that his youngest brother should go with him wherever he went, so Mr. Lovel occupied the few days before their departure in trying to give Henry all the good advice possible to strengthen him in his

The Queen's Wish

resolutions, and put him on his guard against temptation.

But there was a great blow in store for Henry. At the last minute the Queen begged His Majesty, at parting, to leave the Duke with her, and he was persuaded to it against his will. He did not see Henry afterwards, leaving St. Germain's alone and privately, but he sent him a letter of regret through Mr. Lovel. He could not have kept his promise to the Queen if he had seen the boy, for he desired his company more than anyone knew, and hated, of all things, to wound him.

The Duke wept passionately, and nothing would console him. The Queen explained to him that she could not let him go travelling, neglected, and in careless company. There was so much that the Prince must learn at his age, so much that had been omitted in his upbringing in his unfortunate circumstances in England. It was of the greatest importance that he should make powerful friends here in France, and give his time to improving himself and becoming proficient in a gentleman's duties and accomplishments. It would have been absurd, she said, to carry him away to live in Germany, where the King could not support him and educate him in accordance with his rank and requirements. It would have been no kindness to Henry. He would have regretted the lost time all his life, and have blamed his brother afterwards. Henry had a feeling that his brother and King *needed* him, and nothing the Queen could say gave him any comfort. She told him he must command himself,

The Duke's Promise

remember his duty, and give all his attention to his studies.

But after a month or so, Henry found that his studies were not allowed to occupy much of his time. He was constantly being called away from them by the Queen herself, who introduced him to many strangers, and had him to sit with her in her cabinet. There he met a very kind English gentleman, who had become a Romanist and Abbot of a monastery near Paris. He told Henry delightful stories, and lent him books, praising his intelligence and knowledge of Latin and Greek. Henry liked him very much, but he was rather sorry to see less and less of his old friend Mr. Lovel. He went into his room one day to find that gentleman flushed, and evidently in a great state of anger and trouble. He did not explain himself to the Duke at first, but strode up and down, waving his hands and fuming. At last, after repeated inquiries, he turned on the Prince.

"Sir, all this talking—all this taking up of Your Highness's time with talk of this and that——"

"Well?" asked Henry.

"The Abbot Montagu, the Queen's Almoner, he is here to pervert Your Highness."

"Oh no!" cried Henry. "He is a good gentleman who tells me tales of chivalry, and talks with me of most interesting books."

"His books! Yes, I know his books! He is to take you away to his own abbey to-night, and there——"

"No!" Henry shouted.

The Queen's Wish

"It is the truth, sir. For this the Queen begged for your presence here. For this the King left you in her care. For reasons of State, to win the favour of the French King or his Minister, to ensure the support and friendship of Catholic Princes for you, they will make Your Highness Catholic."

"They will not!" Henry retorted. "You err if you think the King planned it. I have his word against that. *What*, sir?" Henry faced his tutor with flashing eyes.

"Oh, talk not to me now of his word, child! You cannot believe how the King must contrive, and promise, and vow, and break his vows to win his way—nay, merely to keep existing. Here is proof and to spare. He leaves you in the Queen's hands, and she, foreseeing much, will make you do what she deems best."

Not even Mr. Lovel knew the strange but absolute trust Henry still had in Charles.

"You must excuse me," the tutor went on more quietly, but with dry sarcasm in his tones. "As a Prince you should early learn how much trust to put in Princes."

With eyes still glowing, Henry sat down at the table and took his pen. Turning his back on Mr. Lovel, deaf to further observations, ignoring questions as to what he might be about, he wrote a letter to his brother and King.

"If this is true, my being taken to Mr. Montagu's abbey for this purpose——"

"It is as true as that Your Highness sits there."

The Duke's Promise

"Very well. If it is true, and I am taken there to-night, you, Mr. Lovel, must take this letter to the King. I have told him all, and I have asked him to help me. And he will do so. *Sir!*" Henry brought his fist down on the table with an angry crash. "You shall not even murmur disbelief in him."

"Oh, my Prince!" said Mr. Lovel, kneeling to him, "you have a guileless, innocent heart. It saddens me to see it deceived and wounded. But—the King will not assist you. Had he had the will, he would not have left you to Her Majesty's discretion."

"He is ignorant of this plan," said Henry stiffly. "Get up, sir, if you please. Someone is coming in. It is the Abbot. Take that, and go. The King will surely help me. I bid you go. You will obey me, Mr. Lovel, will you not?"

"Yes, sir, I will go on a fool's errand! Oh, I am the fool! If I could keep Your Highness from learning this hard lesson, I would strive as diligently as ever I did to teach you one. God bless and keep Your Highness!"

The Prince gave him his hand.

"Go quick!" he whispered.

Abbot Montagu had come with the Queen's order that the Duke of Gloucester should accompany him to his abbey at Pontoise, a little way from Paris. There, in the quiet, the Duke could better continue his studies with himself and one or two other learned Fathers for tutors, hear more pleasant tales and interesting discussions, and make friends amongst some



“‘Oh, my Prince,’ said Mr. Lovel, ‘you have a guileless heart.’”

The Queen's Wish

young noblemen who were the good monks' guests and pupils there.

Henry made no vain protests or objections. He knew he must obey the order given by the Queen until such time as it was superseded by one from the King. He did not mention to his new tutor that he had any hope of the King's countermanding the arrangement, partly because he guessed that the Abbot would doubt the King's good-will in the matter, and partly from sheer terror of hearing that the King had himself heard of the order and endorsed it. In spite of the trust in his heart, his loyalty, his brave words, Mr. Lovel's last words had made some impression. The King had gone away and left him, after promising they should not be parted. Henry was frightened and distressed.

"Pupils and guests" the Abbot had called the little noblemen who were being educated at Pontoise. They might be so. Henry was not taken in by the terms as applied to himself. He who had played hide-and-seek at St. James's, whose hand had been kissed behind doors at Penshurst, who had been taught to carry a musket by the guards at Carisbrooke, knew a prison when he saw one, and understood exactly when he became a prisoner. He had companions as at St. James's, was well treated as at Penshurst. There were many things that amused him, and he made friends as at Carisbrooke. But, as in those places, everyone was a gaoler; he was a prisoner now, as then. He was alone amongst people of the religion he had promised never to adopt. He had no Bible or

The Duke's Promise

Prayer-Book, only the books they lent him. He had no place for prayer but the monks' church, and he heard nothing spoken of that did not, somehow, lead to the advisability of his becoming a Catholic.

There were different ways of taking it, as one of his young companions told him. One might take it seriously, as the Duke of York had done, or lightly. It was, in fact, like the measles, and the Duke of Gloucester had far better catch it lightly, and not be so solemn. So said the gay little French boy, who never troubled his head over anything.

"I shall not take it at all, you'll see, my friend," said the Prince.

"Oh, alas ! sir, then," his companion whispered, "they'll never, never let you go out, but—*never*. So I've heard it said."

Henry was really alarmed, but, to keep his own heart up, turned on him angrily.

"The King, my brother, will stop it. He has promised me. If you smile in that sly way, my dear, I'll thrash you !"

"Oh, my Prince ! His Majesty, your brother, has the best reasons in the world for wishing you to change."

Henry denied it fiercely, and they quarrelled, and did not speak for days after.

The King's Command

The King's Command



Mr. Lovel felt extremely foolish when he presented himself in the German town, the King's temporary halting-place, with the Prince's letter. The King's household was so small and so ill-supported that it seemed merely that of a poor and ill-managed

private family. Mr. Lovel was introduced during supper, which the King was taking in the company of three friends and twice three little dogs. Kneeling, the tutor explained his errand, and told how the Duke of Gloucester had been taken by Abbot Montagu to Pontoise, that he might be constrained to become a Romanist.

"As Your Majesty is no doubt already aware." So said Mr. Lovel grimly.

"That would not be such a bad idea, Sire," one of the gentlemen remarked.

The King looked at him, at Mr. Lovel, and then at the Duke's letter. He had meant to bid the tired, dusty tutor get up, but he did not.

"Better cool there," he thought to himself. "The gentleman's got a plaguy sharp tongue."

He read his letter twice.

"My brother did not think me aware of this arrangement, did he?"

The Duke's Promise

"He refused to believe it of Your Majesty."

"That means"—the King shook his finger at the tutor—"that you assured him I was aware of it, sir."

Mr. Lovel made no answer.

"His Highness begs me to help him, is sure as soon as I know of the design I will stop it—a pleasing show of confidence in his big brother, on my word! A pity you did not think well enough of me to support him in it, Mr. Lovel."

He read the letter again, the tutor still kneeling before him, looking even hotter now than the journey and the summer evening quite accounted for.

"And I see"—the King's black eyes were angry when he looked up again—"I see, sir, this letter is twenty days and more old. Near a month's gone by since it was written. How's that, sir? Was yours the first hand to which it was entrusted?"

"It was, Sire. But Her Majesty sent me immediately on business of hers that detained me in Paris, and since, Sire, I went astray in following Your Majesty from place to place."

"Being in no great hurry to find me, perhaps, Mr. Lovel? Thinking yourself on a fool's errand, maybe?"

Mr. Lovel blinked behind his glasses.

"I beg Your Majesty's pardon," he said. "It seemed but too likely that His Highness's letter would but discomfort Your Majesty without furthering his hopes."

The King laughed.

"Get up, Mr. Lovel, pray! You and Henry have



“The King drew up his chair to write.”



The King's Command

a very different man for King. You ought to be quite ashamed, sir, to kneel to yours."

He cleared a space on the table, and called for the ink and pen. He tossed a dog from his knee into Mr. Lovel's not too willing arms, and drew up his chair to write. The tutor, watching him, wondered what he was saying to comfort Henry in his despair, what specious advice, what worldly reasoning, to make the boy break his promise to the King their father. Perhaps he would appeal to the Prince's love for himself, the living King and brother.

But it was no letter the King wrote. It took him only two minutes, and scarcely needed two dippings of the pen. It was signed with a flourish, and the "R." after Charles had a fine regal curl to it and a series of little black dots like bullets. The King shook the sand over it to dry it—and a little over Mr. Lovel, too, presumably by accident, for he did not beg pardon—then he leaned back, regarding the dusty gentleman from under bent black brows.

"On the whole, sir," said he, "you do not commend yourself for the part of King's messenger. Gentlemen who linger by the way, and are tardy in bearing the missives of Princes, are not to be chosen to take the orders of Kings. Tom, have the goodness to summon my Lord Ormonde."

Of the present household the Marquess of Ormonde was the most noble and important personage.

"My lord," said the King when he came, "I have occasion to send into France to Her Majesty my mother, and I will that you undertake the duty."

The Duke's Promise

"At Your Majesty's service always." The Marquess bowed. "Nevertheless, I would beg leave to remind Your Majesty of something."

"And what have I forgotten now, my lord?"

"Sire, I am so unfortunate as not to be a favourite with Her Majesty."

"I don't see how it can matter one way or the other, my lord."

"Only that in France, Sire, you have so few friends, that if it is business of importance——"

"Of the greatest moment. It is to prevent them from perverting the Duke of Gloucester from his faith and promise. He is in the Abbey of Pontoise, and you must go there and bid him keep his word, as I will mine. What's the matter, Mr. Lovel? *As I will mine!* Then you must go to Paris, to the Queen."

"Why, there Your Majesty sees that someone else, surely, would be better for the business—someone who could persuade Her Majesty to change her plan, someone who could better carry out Your Majesty's wish."

"My *command*, my lord."

"Pardon! Your Majesty's command."

The King closed and sealed what he had written.

"Now, my lord, you will be the bearer of this. You will act in my name. You will advise His Highness to return with you, and join me at Cologne. And you will tell Mr. Montagu, and whoever may join with him, that if they venture to defy *me*, they shall have such resentment from me as will suit with my honour and their offence."

The Abbey

Lord Ormonde made no further objections, but took the order, kneeling. He had barely risen before Mr. Lovel was down in his place, the little dog yelping because it was dropped on the floor.

"That is the best action Your Majesty ever did," the tutor said huskily.

"Now, how can you possibly know that, Mr. Lovel?" the King replied, tapping him on the knee with his shoe lightly. "Get up, please, and get some supper." He yawned. "Playing the great King makes me very sleepy. You must remain with us till His Highness comes."

Mr. Lovel thanked him meekly, and withdrew.

The Abbey



IN the meantime Henry had suffered a great deal of suspense and anxiety, and some real discomforts also. His letter to the King had received no answer, and as the weeks went by he began to lose hope of any help from Charles. At first Abbot Montagu treated him with

due deference, merely as a guest, but, at the end of a week, Henry realised that some change had taken place. He was somehow obliged to hear and do things that he had expressed a distaste for. He was

The Duke's Promise

constrained to take part in all the observances of the Romanist religion, and he was never given liberty to plan escape from these things, or to think of any excuse. Under all the respect and kindness Henry detected force being used against him.

Then it was that the boy suddenly asserted himself. In the months he had spent at St. Germain's old customs, old rights, had come back to remembrance. He was a Prince, and Princes had their privileges, which he would now take advantage of. If he had come straight into the Abbot's care from his Puritan prison, and Mr. Lovel's solitary companionship, he might have lacked the courage or forgotten the way to defend himself. Here were learned Fathers, led by a gentleman, kindly so far, but bent upon taming him. They were backed by a Queen's order, and he was, after all, only a boy, alone, entirely in their hands, and unsupported. But he would draw round him the dignities of his birth and rank.

When, one evening, Mr. Montagu came to talk seriously with the Prince, Henry received his instructor standing, and so long as he remained so, the Abbot might not sit. It was the end of a long fatiguing day of observance, fasting, and ritual, and Mr. Montagu turned tired eyes on the easy-chair.

"Have I Your Highness's permission to be seated?" he inquired, when they had talked of indifferent matters for some time.

"Well," answered Henry briskly, "I am weary of sitting all day in church, sir. If you please, we will walk up and down."

The Abbey

With a little sigh, the Abbot joined his pupil in pacing up and down the room. Henry chattered about his lessons, and asked intelligent questions that demanded long and careful answers.

“I think, with Your Highness’s leave, I will retire now,” said Mr. Montagu, completely worn out at the end of half an hour.

He did not realise, however, that Henry had deliberately foiled him until he had had the same experience twice, and three of his monks also. Henry would give none of them leave to sit in his presence, but insisted that they should walk with him, imitating, for their benefit, his eldest brother’s habit when his counsellors wearied him. Charles always kept “sauntering,” as he called it, always walking away from those who would talk to him. If they persisted, they must pant after him. Henry had the pleasure of succeeding in his plan, for the good Fathers could not discuss theology and expound their faith trotting behind him, and his boyish love of mischief made him enjoy their discomfort.

The Abbot, it is true, thought to take his pupil riding, and discourse from the saddle when the horses were going up a hill too steep for galloping. But Henry was, even then, a match for him. No sooner did he see where his companion’s talk was leading than he pulled up, and with a calm air, very royal and polite, said :

“Mr. Montagu, may I ask you to stay a little behind, sir? I would think alone as we go softly.”

The Duke's Promise

There was nothing for it but to obey. Mr. Montagu dropped behind, with a compressed lip and thoughtful eye. At the hill-top Henry set his horse to a canter, and kept the pace till they got home. But Mr. Montagu had no idea of being beaten. When Henry received him standing next time, the Abbot passed him and sat down.

"Sir," he said, "you will some day forgive this seeming rudeness. Her Majesty has sent an order to the effect that, until Your Highness yields to our known wishes, all ceremony due to your birth shall be waived between us. Your Highness is to be treated merely as a young son—not, I trust, any more a rebellious one."

Henry asked to see the order, and the Abbot immediately produced it. As he had said, so the Queen commanded. Moreover, she would have it that, where kindness and persuasion failed, constraint should take their place, with all regard to the Duke's tender age and health.

So after that Henry's royalty stood him in no stead. People entered his rooms when they chose, talked to him as they pleased, but always politely, and he was obliged to obey, because he realised that there was nothing they could not do to enforce his attention and compliance. Restraints were put on his freedom. He was not allowed to play with the other boys. He lived apart, constantly and systematically worked on to change his form of faith—worked on, too, so tactfully and so gently that it seemed quite wrong to be surly and silent, most ungrateful to resent this treat-

The Abbey

ment, which, he was assured, was all meant for his future good and well-being.

Into the middle of this very worst time, when Henry's spirit was flagging, and the loneliness and disapproval were making themselves almost unbearable, came the Marquess of Ormonde, a courtly coloured figure amongst the dark gowns and cassocks of the Abbot and his monks. Henry heard the spurs ring in the stone passage, and saw the sun shine on the scarlet coat, and could have embraced the Marquess for nothing else.

It was not the Abbot's wish to introduce this discordant element into Henry's carefully mapped out day of study and conversation. But Lord Ormonde carried the King's command, and he did not spare him His Majesty's plain words on the matter.

"My King's writ may not run in your abbey, sir, but I think you will do well not to defy him. I am commanded to see the Duke of Gloucester, and——"

"And ?" said Abbot Montagu quietly.

They regarded each other, measuring their strength.

"And you will have the goodness to lead me to His Highness."

"Certainly—with some regret, for your coming will upset his studies."

"I fear—I hope it may," said his lordship lightly. "It is my intention to move him from here presently."

"Have you the Queen's order, my lord ? Without, needless to say, I cannot let him stir."

The Duke's Promise

"I go to St. Germain's to get it," Lord Ormonde said, but with a touch of anxiety that made the Abbot smile.

He led his visitor upstairs to the Duke's room. After all, he was thinking, the King might wish for his brother's removal, but unless the Queen consented, it could not be done. He did not think there was anyone in her household who would argue with His Majesty and help to persuade her, and he knew that Lord Ormonde had no power with her, for she disliked him. He need not worry himself about this circumstance. It might make his charge troublesome again, but time and care would correct the influence my Lord of Ormonde and the King's interference might have on him.

The Duke made his visitor sit down, and Lord Ormonde suggested that they should be left alone. But Mr. Montagu, bowing profoundly, disagreed with him. Henry, with flushed cheeks, explained that he was obliged to be governed by the Abbot's wishes in everything.

"Then he must hear all I have to say to Your Highness."

"I suppose so," said Henry.

"Well, I fear it will hurt his feelings, but we cannot help that. His Majesty the King bid me say to you, sir, that you must on no account, for no reason, change your religion."

"Oh, I will not, my lord."

"Also, he has given his command for your removal presently from this place, and advises Your



"When the King commands, I think no one will be so rash
as to disobey."

The Abbey

Highness to accompany me to Cologne, where you will meet with His Majesty."

"Now?" cried Henry eagerly.

"In a little time, sir."

"Why delay?" Henry demanded.

"Because, sir, I must first see Her Majesty and obtain her consent to this order."

Mr. Montagu smiled and shook his head wisely.

"Will you easily get it?" Henry said anxiously.

Lord Ormonde twisted his moustache, looking fixedly at the Abbot.

"When His Majesty expresses his royal wishes, it is wise for all men to fall in with them, sir; but when he *commands*, I think no one will be so rash as to disobey him."

Again the Abbot smiled.

When Lord Ormonde had gone on his way to St. Germain's, Henry addressed a grave rebuke to his instructor.

"My first duty, sir, is to the King, my brother. You have heard what his will is. I refuse to hear any words that go contrary to that. You may take me to your services. Understand, sir, that I am deaf; that nothing you can say or do can make any impression on me."

"Time," said Mr. Montagu—"time makes impression at last, my Prince."

"There will be no time," said Henry stoutly.

But he quaked, for all that. Would the Queen obey?

The Duke's Promise

After All

The day after the coming of the Marquess Henry was in good spirits, and kept his temper under control, though it was much tried by the insinuations of his tutors, the monks, who were one and all of opinion that the Queen would maintain her decision to keep him at Pontoise for his own good. On the second day he was fairly cheerful in public, but when alone gave himself up to some natural foreboding. Why did not the Marquess come back? Was it because the Queen was unmoved, unshaken? The King's command sounded impressive and unavoidable, but she might send back to urge some fresh reason on her eldest son, give him some absolutely excellent cause for changing his mind and withholding his help from Henry. It was not very far to St. Germain's; one would think that Lord Ormonde could go and return in a day. If the Queen were going to give in, she would give in immediately. One did not wait for persuasion when one met a King's command. She would either obey or withstand it. If she had obeyed, Lord Ormonde would have been back by this time. If she withstood, what could the King do more?

On the third day, towards evening, despair swamped all Henry's courage. Lord Ormonde had not come. He was no favourite of the Queen's. Perhaps she had simply denied him audience and he had had to go away again, unseen, with the command in his pocket. But, on the whole, Henry leaned to

After All

the opinion that his mother, persuaded that she was right, had ventured to set aside her son's order and maintain her own authority. He went to bed that night as miserable as ever he had been in his life. For how could he hope to hold out against all this subtlety and power, and keep his honour and his word, alone here, without a friend to counsel him? He did not mean to give in, but, if even Charles were not strong enough to help him, he would never get out of this place, and it was dismal indeed to think of all his life spent here, at war with the people about him—a fact which troubled Henry, who liked to make friends and be loved by everybody.

He felt, on the fourth day, as if he must break out and do something desperate. His manner warned his attendants that the Duke's troubles were getting unbearable.

“In the reaction,” he heard one of the Fathers say to another, “he will come to us. When he finds Her Majesty remains firm, and that Lord Ormonde does not come, despair will succeed, and then he will turn to us for comfort.”

Henry turned on them swiftly where they whispered in his doorway.

“You are wrong. He will not. He will jump out of the window and break his neck first.”

“God forbid, sir!” said a voice from the stairway, and Henry, darting out, rushed into Lord Ormonde's arms.

“Ha!” cried he, whisking round to enjoy the monks' dismay.

The Duke's Promise

But they had disappeared discreetly, and the Marquess and he were alone.

"Well, well?" Henry demanded.

"All well, sir. Mr. Montagu is digesting Her Majesty's order below, and my man here will pack Your Highness's things, so that we may be off immediately to Paris."

"To Cologne. To my brother," corrected Henry.

"Eventually, sir. But, alas! There is a little difficulty."

"Oh no, my lord! I can't bear one."

Lord Ormonde laughed a little.

"But this is such a common one that Your Highness will, I fear, soon get used to it; we have no money to make the journey with."

Henry did not seem to think that this was so serious a matter as it might have been.

Lord Ormonde said they must go to Lord Hatton's house in Paris, and there remain until he could borrow money for their expenses.

"Well, I trust Her Majesty will not change her mind," said Henry. "Is there no danger of that?"

"None, I think, sir. It was a very delicate business to assure Her Majesty of the necessity of yielding to the King and Your Highness. But once done, it is done. It took time, and was difficult. But rest easy, sir. You need fear no change from that quarter."

Henry was greatly relieved, and managed to get through the days in Paris very happily. The change to the town was pleasant, and there was a great weight off his mind. The constant supervision, the never-



"Henry, darting out, rushed into Lord Ormonde's arms."

After All

ceasing efforts to change his mind, had exhausted and harassed him more than he had realised. He was glad to say good-bye to Mr. Montagu, and left the abbey with a shudder of horror. How long could he have withstood that stealthy, unwearying influence, that atmosphere that seemed to surround him and weigh on his spirit—that subtle compelling force? He had been in prison there for a month, and it had been as dangerous and wretched as any prison his enemies could have sent him to. Hitherto it had been his body that his foes had under lock and key. His friends had striven to warp and constrain his very soul.

Free once more, he travelled gaily into Germany, amusing the Lord Ormonde with his pleasant, friendly ways. At Cologne he was taken straight to the King's lodgings, and, without waiting to be announced, as sure of a welcome as any mere private gentleman's brother would have been, he flew up to Charles's supper-room and was received with delight.

There were gentlemen and ladies present, who marvelled at the King's joy. There was no mistaking it. He had supper put in his cabinet for Henry, excused himself to the guests, and withdrew there with him. Later on, he sent for Mr. Lovel, and Henry greeted him affectionately. The tutor looked rather gravely at the brothers, Henry perched on the King's chair-arm, his legs swinging comfortably.

"Mr. Lovel, you will resume your care of His Highness," said the King. "You will see to it that he studies hard, and I hold you responsible for his well-being and good deportment. You are in

The Duke's Promise

supreme authority. You will admit no one to his society whom you do not think suitable and desirable—except myself.”

Henry laughed. Mr. Lovel spread his hands and smiled dryly.

“You will never let him out of your sight unless I am with him. You will accompany him wherever he goes. Tie him fast to your apron-string, sir, and advise him so that he may avoid, in every particular, the very bad example set him by—someone not very far away.”

“His Highness, then, is to remain in Your Majesty's Court ?”

“He is. Do you think it is a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire, Mr. Lovel ?”

“I had ventured to hope, Sire——”

“Yes,” said the King encouragingly, “it is a trick that clings to one, this venturing to hope. What, sir ?”

“I did trust and hope, Sire, that some quiet spot might be fixed where His Highness could be privately bred, away from all disturbance and——”

“Bad examples—yes, Mr. Lovel. But you must see that what isn't enough for one has to be enough for two. I have no means to support my brother apart from myself. Come, I have given you all authority ; you must make the best of it. Henry, obey your tutor always.”

“Yes, Sir. And you, Charles.”

“Ah ! that is where the shoe pinches—eh, Mr. Lovel ? Your tutor thinks our two rules will clash. You do your duty, Mr. Lovel. And I——”

After All

Mr. Lovel knelt down.

“ And Your Majesty ? ” he said earnestly.

The King turned over the few coins in his pockets and looked down at him whimsically.

“ Oh, I make no promises, Mr. Lovel. I heard of someone saying mine were very brittle. I make no promises. Get up, my dear sir, and find my little brother a bed, for he’s tired.”

Drawing Henry’s head down, he kissed him, laughed at Mr. Lovel’s solemn face, and sauntered away as usual.

But Mr. Lovel came to think that the King kept his unmade promises better than his others. Whatever evil the King followed, he did not drag Henry into it. Loose and careless and indifferent as the world found him, changeable and reckless as Mr. Lovel knew him to be, to Henry he never changed, nor did he ever let him suffer. Mr. Lovel learned that there was one great love in the King’s life, and it was for Henry, for the child who had trusted him, for the one fearless and innocent person who had had perfect confidence in him. Through all his wanderings Henry was never neglected. Good-fortune came, and the King was called to reign. As he rode into London on the Twenty-Ninth of May, his hand was in his youngest brother’s. It was Henry who knew his inmost hopes, who saw rare bursts of deep feeling, who knew the heart of the Merry Monarch—that sad, wayward, perverse, and foolish heart.

The King came to his own again, and the Duke of Gloucester, handsome, accomplished and beloved,

The Duke's Promise

was to be given some high office, for he wanted to work for Charles, as James, the Admiral, would do. Mr. Lovel, retired from his post of tutor, watched events, and waited to see the long, good, useful life of the young Duke.

Instead, came news of his death from smallpox, and the hopes were all cut short. Mr. Lovel was told that the King heard of his brother's death with a passion of grief and tenderness that astonished even those who knew of his love for him. Mr. Lovel was not astonished. He understood, as nearly as any human being could understand, the grief of Charles. He knew, also, that in Henry he had lost not only the dearest person to him, but the one whose good opinion and whose confidence he strove always to keep. For whom would he make any attempts now? No one would ever take Henry's place to him. He would never meet again that simple trust in himself or be touched again, as he had been touched, by the boy's determination to keep his promise to their father, his loyalty to his brother, or "to be torn in pieces first."

Mr. Lovel, polishing his glasses, would often say, as he heard of the King's doings in the years that followed: "It was his better self, his good genius, who died."

Arthur of Brittany

The Beginning



Duchess of Brittany was going on a journey. Her horses were saddled, her spearmen armed, and her women had packed hurriedly all that was needed for her, her daughter, and her twelve-year-old son. Barons and pages were waiting in the courtyard for them to start. She, in riding-hood and mantle, was explaining the suddenness of their going to her children.

“The King is dead—your uncle, the Lion Heart.”

“Then I am King!” Prince Arthur cried, his face flushing.

“You should be so. He said of old you were his heir. He has said it so often that we looked on it as truth, yet, dying suddenly of poison, he has willed his crown to John, his brother, and forgotten thee. But, no! You need not weep. We go to Philip of France. He is on our borders. We will seek his aid. We fly to him now.”

Arthur of Brittany

"I am Duke of Normandy and Brittany, and Count of Anjou, and King of England," Prince Arthur insisted to his sister as they rode in their mother's company. "Am I not?"

"By right. But, oh, sweetheart! They have thought you over-small."

"But that does not alter it. I am the King. Our father was older than John Lackland, whose father left him nothing—not even a County, he thought so little of him. I am the King."

"God bless the King, then, Sire!" she said, bowing to him.

King Philip of France hated King John of England, so he promised to take up Prince Arthur's cause. He sent him to Paris with his own son Prince Louis, that they might be educated together.

"I would rather be fighting," Prince Arthur complained.

"I will fight for you when I am a man," Prince Louis assured him.

The Duchess and her daughter went back to their friends in Brittany, and the Princes made friends and studied together. But always the high-spirited Arthur rebelled at being kept there. He wanted to be a knight, to win his crown. He fretted at the delay, the discipline. He wished the King of France to attend instantly to his affairs. But the King of France had plans of his own that occupied his thoughts. He had the Duke of Brittany in his hands, and he intended to have his Dukedom, also.

One night the Prince was wakened by his servant.

The Beginning

One of his mother's most trusted friends was below, he was told, and he must get up and ride with him, and keep his going a secret from all. He dressed silently, and went from the King's house and his friend's side as a prisoner escapes from his prison. And a prisoner he had been, in fact, as his mother's people explained to him. The French King was trying to get his lands away from him, so the Duchess had realised. There was nothing for it but to appeal for protection to King John.

"To him? Are you taking me to him?" the boy exclaimed.

"It must be so, my Prince," his mother's friend said gravely. "Brittany is held of the English King, and the English King will protect it from the French King. If King Philip gets it, you will not be its Duke, but a puppet. You are safer with the English King at this time."

"I am the English King!"

"You may be some day, Sir, if you are wise now, and will be ruled by Madam your mother, and those who are her friends."

Prince Arthur knew that he must obey, but, though he was well treated in his uncle's house, he hated him.

"Oh, sister," he would say, "when shall I be a man? Louis, the French King's son, said he would aid me if he were a man. His father promised, but he does not keep his word."

"Patience!" his sister counselled. "John Lackland cannot keep anything for long at a time—not

Arthur of Brittany

even his temper. He will quarrel with his Barons in Normandy and Anjou, and then they will bethink them of you, and bid you be King in his room. Then the French King and Prince Louis will bethink them of you, and back you against your uncle. Only wait and keep still. The Normans and the English love a man to rule over them. They will be glad of you soon, when they see you are a man."

The Princess was right. She had been watchful and shrewd in her young brother's interests. King John affronted the nobles of his provinces, and they rebelled against him, and appealed to the King of France. Then, the Duchess, wise and watchful, too, made another of her sudden journeys, carrying off her children in the night-time, to meet the French King's host. King Philip welcomed them, and promised that this time he would fight the English King to the last, and win Prince Arthur his crown. Full of hope and pride, the boy did homage for his Duchies and Counties, and swore to be the French King's man. In the tent where the King heard Mass his sister saw him knighted, and armed, and given sword and banner for the war. In her mind she saw him already crowned as King and conqueror. All men hated John Lackland for his meanness and cruelty. Then, who, she thought, could help loving Arthur, generous, brave, and handsome ?

"I shall ride with you in the wars," she whispered, kissing him after the ceremonies.

"And you shall stand by me when I am crowned," he answered.

The End

“Sir,” said one of the French King’s knights, “my lord the King bids you to his Council.”

The boy’s eyes glowed. He looked at his sister proudly.

“Come,” said Prince Louis, taking his hand. “We be men and comrades. They are waiting to hear your desires. What will you say?”

“You shall hear what I have to say.”

And they went together to the Council.

The End

“Arthur of Brittany I am, and Arthur of Britain I will be, King, lord of great Knights and a Round Table as he was of whom the minstrels tell. Richard the King is dead. Great deeds he did to live in men’s minds. Arthur of Brittany shall live in men’s minds, too.”

“Well said, Cousin,” said the French King to the boy before him. “Duke of Brittany you are. Count of Anjou, Duke of Normandy, you shall win to be, and King of England they shall crown you.—Sirs,” said the King to his knights, “here is my Cousin, the King of England.”

Prince Arthur’s grip tightened on the King’s hand.

“He is our vassal for his Dukedoms and Counties, and we will help him to win his crown. Is he not grandson of the old King? Was not his father older than John of Mortain, who now steals it? Greet him, then, King of England and Duke of Normandy.”

Rising, the princes and knights saluted the flushed

Arthur of Brittany

and happy Prince. All that he desired seemed quite close to him, for how could John Lackland withstand the French King when the Barons of England had refused to come to his aid, and the Dukedom was in rebellion against him ?

But whatever else John lacked, it was not courage or ability. He scattered the rebels and the French host, and made Prince Arthur and his brave sister prisoners. He took the boy by the hand, just as the French King had done.

“Child,” said he, “you are my nephew and nearest relation. Forsake the French King’s friendship ; it will bring you nought. Lean on me, who am thy natural uncle, and I will do well by thee and make thee rich.”

“Nay !” cried Arthur, plucking his hand away. “Give me the realms of England and Normandy. Restore what King Richard had in his hands at his death. Then, sir, come thou to me for favours.”

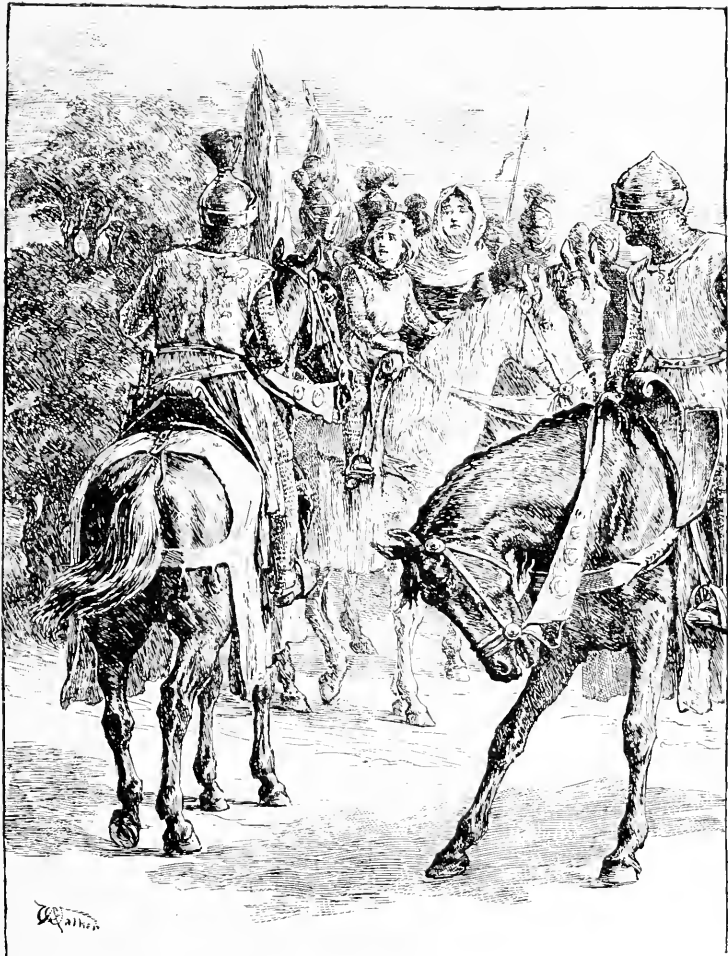
“How ? I to thee ? ”

“Yes. For I, in my father’s place, am King of England.”

“Leave such foolish talk, boy, and trust to me. Be sure, if you are quiet, I will see to you.”

“Never will I be quiet till I have my own.”

At those haughty words John’s face changed. He ordered the Prince to be shut up closely in the Castle at Falaise, and he took his sister to England and shut her up in Corfe Castle. On his return, the French King and his own nobles sent him a petition to let the young Prince go free. He refused, and all Normandy,



"King John made Prince Arthur and his brave sister
prisoners."

The End

Brittany, and Anjou broke out in war. The King dared not free Prince Arthur, for, whereas he was hated, the boy was loved. So long as he could reign the people would cry out for him, and the French King lend him aid. Short of killing him outright, there was only one thing that would make him unfit to reign—if he were blinded. In those days a king's eyes must be over his people in fact. They must be clear to see that his judges administered his laws; they must be trained to lead his men in battle on land or sea; keen to know true men from false. From his throne they must search and try offenders and supplicants; from the saddle they must be everywhere, calling with a glance, kindling with a look. A blind king was a king robbed of the power to rule.

As Prince Arthur slept at midnight in his lonely room high up in the tower, someone caught him and dragged him out of bed. He struggled, and called for help, striking fiercely. To his call came Sir Hubert de Burgh, Captain of the Castle. He saw a brazier of lighted coals, a man holding an iron to heat in them, and another dragging the young Prince across the room.

"See! see!" cried Arthur, clutching at Sir Hubert wildly. "They would murder me."

"Nay," said one man grimly, "we would but have put out thine eyes."

Arthur flung himself at the Captain's feet, begging him to save him.

"By whose orders are you here?" the knight demanded.

Arthur of Brittany

"By our Lord King's," the men answered.

Then Sir Hubert sent the men away and preserved the Prince from that danger, for he thought the King had ordered this thing in a fit of passion, and would afterwards repent and wish it undone, in horror, or fear of what honest men would think. He made the Prince lie down again, and sat by him all the night.

Next day the news was all about that the captive Prince had been blinded by ruffians, and had died of the pain and grief. In his tower Arthur heard the church bells tolling for his death.

At the report of young Prince Arthur's death there was such a blaze of war and rebellion as King John had not foreseen. All Brittany rose to revenge the death of its Duke. Cities and castles burned, and the French King sent his armies pillaging and sacking through Normandy. When his terror was at its height, came Sir Hubert de Burgh to the King and told him Prince Arthur was well, neither dead nor blind. He thanked De Burgh for saving him with all his heart, and proclaimed far and wide that Arthur lived.

"You would have found no captains for your castles in future had that thing been done," Sir Hubert said. "Your Highness would have had to employ butchers instead."

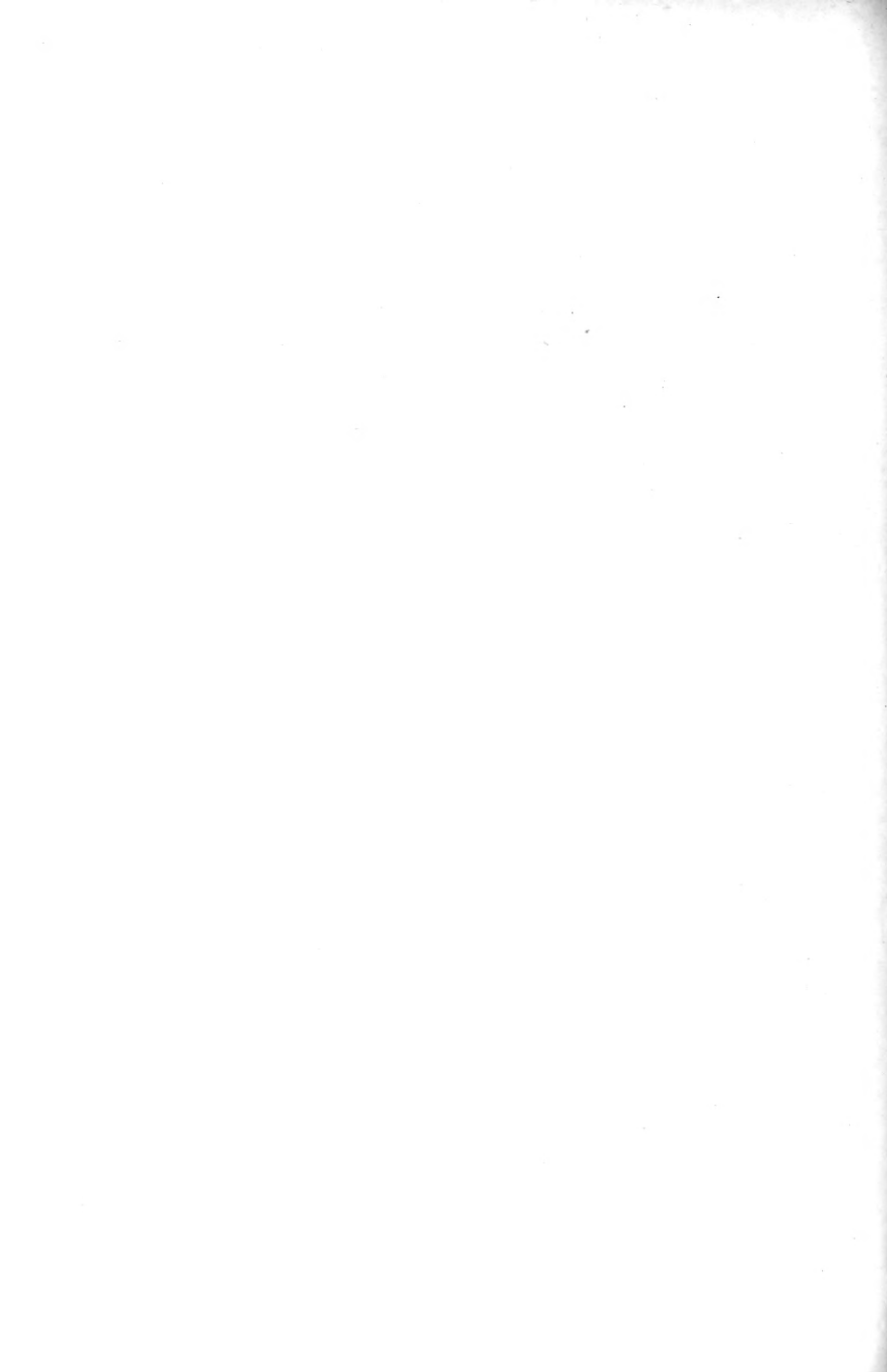
The King flinched under the knight's stern look.

"De Burgh," said he, "I was in a fury of wrath."

"Lord King, whose eyes had been safe if we had fallen into the Frenchman's hands? We had all been blind men, for that."



“Prince Arthur struggled and called for help.”



The End

The King blinked.

No one believed that the Prince's life had been spared, in spite of the proclamations ; and King John was advised to take the boy out and let all men see he was alive. So he sent for his nephew, and made him ride out in his company. They rode as far as Rouen, the Prince being greeted on the way with cries of joy, and eager questions as to whether it were really Arthur of Brittany. Many men saw him go into the Castle of Rouen, but none of them saw him come out again. He never reached the armies—was never seen by his friends.

He was spent with the unusual exercise and the fresh wind, the knights were told, and had been left behind to rest.

When, a year later, Sir Hubert de Burgh came to Rouen and asked for news of him, one told him the tired captive had pined away and died. He asked another, who pointed, silently, to the river washing by the Castle foot. He went to the King and put his question straight.

“Sire, I would know what has become of Arthur of Brittany ?”

At first the King made no answer. Then, sighing, said :

“Alas, Hubert, young blood is impatient ! He tried to escape from his prison, and fell and broke his neck.”

“When was that, Sire ?”

“On the third of April, last year.”

“And where does he lie buried ?”

Arthur of Brittany

“In the Monastery Church of St. Andrew, near by.”

Sir Hubert went straight to the monks and asked them to show him the place. One of them took him into the choir and showed him a flat stone in the floor.

“Did you see that fair boy laid there ? ” the knight asked.

“My son,” the old monk whispered, “they say you were the young Prince’s friend. In your soul do you *think* that he lies there ? ”

“The King said——”

“Ay, and what said others ? Did not one point to the Seine, so deep there, and strong to carry away a frail young body ? Did not another say he died of weariness in yon tower ? And I say, ask Peter de Maulac, the King’s esquire—ask him sharply, of a sudden.”

And the monk went away quickly.

“De Maulac,” said the great knight, Hubert de Burgh, gripping the squire by his steel coif in the dusk of the hall, “what did you do with the Duke of Brittany ? ”

Then the squire began to shake and babble feebly of a poor captive pining away, of swift black water drowning a child, of a broken neck, or a broken heart ; and added, what should he know more than what other men knew ?

“God knows,” said De Burgh.

The squire wrenched himself free and ran.

It was said, presently, that Peter de Maulac, with

The End

the King standing by, had stabbed the Prince and thrown him into the river. But no one but God and King John ever knew the truth.

He never did such great deeds as Richard of the Lion's Heart, or that other Arthur, but Arthur of Brittany lives in men's minds yet.

The Doom of Llewellyn

The Soldier's Tale and the Harper's Song



the window of the banqueting room of the King's Palace in the Tower of London a little boy, with very yellow hair and very clear blue eyes, was listening to a story told him by a soldier in armour, who nursed his sword as he talked.

The story began in this way :

“Why is the casement barred and rebarred ? Why is it more barred than the other casements, Prince ? Ha ! Because, once on a time, a prisoner got out through there.”

“Was he a Prince, as my father and I are ? ”

“He was a Prince of the Church—Ralph Firebrand, Prince-Bishop of Durham, they called him—a fat man, old, when he got out by that window.”

“How did he get out ? ” the boy wished to know.

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"I will tell thee, child, for the window-bars will keep you from following him. And I shall catch thee, if thou pullest at the bars. That Firebrand had not smouldered out in his prison, though his hair was white as wood-ash. He had four knights to guard him; but he had friends who loved his high, grand spirit, and he had gold enough to spend. He made his guards a supper, and drugged their red wine that they slept. 'Twas winter-time, and the darkness came down early, and, when the window showed a black point in the fire-glow, the Prince-Bishop got up and opened the last jar of wine. The guards were sleeping over the table and down on the floor, and the old Bishop's eyes flashed fire over them, and he laughed. Out of the wine-jar he took a rope. Long, long it was, and coiled like the serpent that tempted Madam Eve. He made it tight to this very mullion." The soldier smote the stone with his flat hand. "He picked up his skirts of vair, tucked his crozier under his arm, and mounted the sill. As he opened the casement the bitter wind bent all the candle-flames and brought the smoke out of the chimney. But the knights slept on. He said, '*Benedicite*, my children,' and then out went the big Firebrand into the dark."

The little Prince with the yellow hair drew in his breath. "Go on," said he peremptorily.

"Why, you have it all. But, no; stay! I have heard the long rope failed of length. Sixty-five feet your window is from the ground. The rope fell only to forty odd, and my lord the Prince-Bishop he fell the rest."

"Was he killed?"

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“ Killed ! He ! Your Firebrand won’t go out all with one knock on the head. His people picked him up—him and his crozier, both—and had him off to France in the morning. ’Tis useless to gaze and sigh, child. There be the bars—put in after he’d gone—as we all do lock the door when the horse is stolen. It will not be by this casement you will go out, Prince-ling. Nor will your father drug his guards, or get a rope, or go out here. Upon his own mountains he may be a great climber, but here, in the King’s house, there is no foothold for the Prince of Aberffraw.”

“ —Of Wales,” the boy corrected.

“ Griffith,” said the soldier, pinching his cheek—
“ Griffith, Prince of Aberffraw, a Welsh chieftain, vassal of the King of England.”

“ Griffith ap Llewellyn ap Jorwerth, Prince of Wales, captive to the blinking little King of London.”
And the boy skipped out of reach.

The soldier laughed good-humouredly, and snapped his fingers at him.

Just then there was a sound of soft, strange music. One of the Prince’s servants, a poet and harper, had begun to sing. The boy stood still, and in a little time his eyes grew dreamy, and he seemed to be looking through his prison-walls to something far away. His father, a great tall man, with gold hair turning grey, turned in his chair and fixed a keen gaze on the harper. The soldier on guard, though he did not know a word of the tongue in which the poet sang, fell dreaming over the sound, forgetting where he was. The little Prince knew the words.

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"I know its fields clothed with tender trefoils. I love its sea-coast, and its mountains——"

But Griffith, the tall Prince, stopped him with his hand and a few words of Welsh. Then the poet started like one waked from sleep, and touched his strings so loudly that the chords echoed from the prison stones. The boy's eyes brightened and his colour rose, for now the words were of his forefathers' valour. The poet sang of the Lord of Snowdon.

"The Eagle of men that loves not to lie nor sleep, towering above men, with his red lance, and his helmet of battle, red with gold and blood."

But again the tall Prince stopped the music, and the light fled from his little son's face. He lay down by the fire, and he heard without heeding the song of the lady who *"was so fair she seemed like the apple-blossom or the ocean-spray. Four white trefoils sprang up wherever she trod."*

When the singing was over, the Prince, his father, sat wearily in his chair, his great arms hanging down, his eyes closed. Then Llewellyn, his little son, kneeled up by his knee, and, in their own tongue, told him of the Firebrand Bishop who escaped by their window. The father laughed, looking down at his huge frame.

"No rope would hold me, son."

"But the Bishop was fat—fat, and big, and old. Sir, you're not old. And he was a Bishop in gowns, and robes, and petticoat-tails, and carried, moreover, his thing—his crozier, or cross."

"And I should have thee," said his father.

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"But I can help myself. I could slide down a rope."

"Doubtless thou couldst, more easily than I, who am grown over-stout with much eating in this place, and no exercise. It remains, however, child, that there are bars to the window, and that there is no rope."

Llewellyn fell back on his heels and looked sorrowful.

"Sir," whispered the harper, "have I leave of thee to speak?"

"Speak, if thou wilt," the Prince said, yawning.

The harper had only lately been admitted to his service in the Tower. He was fresh from Wales, and had the eyes, some said, of one who sees more than other men—a seer who, moreover, could put what he saw into words.

"Lord of Snowdon, there is a breath blowing from the City of Glass, where they laid the King, Arthur Pendragon. It breathes through the leaves and descends in the mists." His hand stole over the strings of his harp, and a low harmony filled the room. "*The bridges are down from the Isle of Avalon, and the great King comes to his own. Armed feet ring on the bridges, and many feet go over the frozen trefoils. Arthur is coming again.*" The strings shivered under his touch. Griffith the Prince leaned forward in his chair. "*Arthur is come again,*" cried the harp and the harper, and Griffith the Prince stood up on his feet.

But the harper's eyes fell to the boy, and rested on his gold hair, dilating and growing strangely red. "I

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see a head above thy head, O Prince. The word that cometh saith : ' Above the head of Griffith ap Jorwerth is the head of Llewellyn ap Griffith, above the King of London's head, above all London, high as this great Tower. And then——' ”

His harp fell with a clash, and the soldier of the guard awoke and called out sharply. The Prince sat down, and the little boy, hugging his knees, sat looking into the fire.

The bridges were down from Island Glastonbury to the world, for Arthur and his knights to pass. Arthur was coming again to break the Saxon and save his father's people, lost on the hills of Wales. In the red coals he saw the knights marching, the big horses in the lowlands, and, up in the hills, the lithe, yellow-haired soldiers, tough as the mountain-ponies, shaggy and wild, whom the Saxon could neither take nor break.

In his sleep that night he dreamed of the City of Glass and the bridge that was down over the water to the world. The feet on the bridge were those of one armed in red-gold arms. Arthur the King had risen from sleep, healed of his wounds.

Llewellyn turned in his bed. Then he dreamed he was Arthur the King. The armed feet on the bridge were his feet, and in his hand was the sword Excalibur.

In the daytime these prisoners in the King's house were allowed to walk in the court or on the flat leads of the turret. As they leaned by the battlements next morning, Prince Llewellyn saw Evan the Harper whispering eagerly to his father, and all day Griffith, Prince of Wales, seemed preoccupied, and the harp

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hung silent at the poet's back. But in the evening he drew it round and sang, unchecked, of Wales and its beautiful mountains and fair women.

Llewellyn had gone to bed, and was almost asleep when his father came to him.

"Son," said he, "our guards are asleep below, though we have not drugged them; and, though I am no firebrand, I can make shift to do as much as a Bishop, I trust."

Llewellyn sat up, wide awake, his yellow hair rumpled, his blue eyes aflame. "Sir! But have we a rope?"

"As for that, child, my bedclothes have made a part; yours and Evan the Harper's shall make the rest, if it pleases you to rise briskly."

Llewellyn shot out of bed and hopped about the floor, his teeth chattering with cold and excitement.

"Dress yourself, my son," said the Prince. And the boy pulled on his hose and vest and doublet, put on his hood, and cape, and shoes.

In the meantime, the Prince and the harper tore up and knotted the bedclothes. Suddenly little Llewellyn stood still, gasping.

"Sir!" said he; "the bars!"

"What of the bars?" asked the Prince, smiling, and groaning as he bent his stout figure over the bed.

"The casement bars, Sir, which are so firm. And the guard will hear us as we go down."

"We will not go down, however, but up," the Prince said. "Come, my little Crozier, I will take you under my arm."



"He went down hand over hand into the blackness."

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He lifted his son with one big hand right off his feet, then set him down softly, and led the way to the turret-stairs. Below, all doors were locked, but the way to the leads was free ; for, without wings or ropes, how should these prisoners fly from the top of the highest turret ?

They reached the roof, and Llewellyn watched them make the rope of bedclothes fast to the battlement, threading it through the slit made for the bowmen, and knotting it fast.

"My lord Prince," said the harper, "I will go down and prove the rope."

"Nay, my man," said his master. "That contrivance may serve you after me, or it may not. But 'tis certain that, after you, it would be less strong for me. A man of my girth must have its first and best."

"When you get to the end of the rope, spring down and outwards, sir," said the harper anxiously ; "and God grant it is not far !"

"After me, send my son. Child, be steady, and, when you leap, these big arms will catch you, never fear. I will call up softly when I'm safe."

He kissed his son, and, taking the rope, climbed upon the stone coping, and, swaying giddily a moment, went down hand over hand into the blackness.

Llewellyn clutched the harper's arm, and they leaned there, listening. In the boy's head the words were ringing—" *The bridges are down from the City of Glass, from the Island of Avalon. Arthur the King is come again—Arthur the King is come.*"

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From the silence came a cry, and the harper stiffened with horror. It was no soft call for his son to follow him that Prince Griffith gave. There was the one cry of mortal fear and mortal pain, and then, no other sound. The harper pulled at the rope, and it swung in his hands, empty and slack. He called softly in the Welsh tongue, and again more loudly, but there was no reply.

“Let me go down,” said Llewellyn.

But the harper held him back.

“Stay you here,” he whispered, trembling. “I will go and see.”

“Go, and I will follow,” said the boy stoutly.

Not daring to tell him what he feared had happened, but certain that the Prince’s son should not share his father’s unknown but terrible fate, the harper entreated him to stay. But the boy raged and stormed, called him traitor and coward, false to his master, and a witless fool.

“If he is hurt, we should be there,” he cried.

“If he is hurt, thou shalt not be hurt also. Unless you swear to abide me here I will not go down. Rather, I will wake the guard and get help for him so.”

Llewellyn implored and entreated, but Evan would not let him go down the rope, to fall and perish, or be maimed for life, to call out into the darkness with his father’s terrible cry. In the end he woke the guards and told of the escape. By the light of

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torches they searched the yard. The rope of bed-clothes had been far too short—shorter than the Bishop's rope. They found Griffith, Prince of Wales, dead. Far above him, almost out of sight, dangled the knotted line. The Bridge had not been down for him from Avalon. He was not that King who should come again as wizards told.

Little Llewellyn, Prince now of mountains and waters and the fields the poets sang of, was locked once more into his prison, weeping bitterly. Even the Harper was sent away, and the only servant allowed him was a stranger. His friend of the guard tried his best to comfort and console him. Moved to sympathetic anger by his tears, he rattled his sword on the stones.

“Why,” said he, “if your singer had had the heart of a man instead of a cricket, he would have got thee down the rope and borne thee off, father or no father. These poets, they can sing of some other man's wit and daring, but for daring and wit a plain soldier may beat them in any tight place.”

It was long enough before even a plain soldier came to Llewellyn in his tight place. A year or two after his father's death a knight of Wales was allowed to come to him, and the guards, who had grown very indulgent for some months past, left them alone together.

“Prince,” said the knight in their own tongue, “have you news in this place?”

“News? I know that the King and his Barons are at war. I know that the Queen, when she tried

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to leave here in her barge, was forced to turn back. People flung stones and mud at her from the bridge, for I saw it. I know the name of Simon de Montfort, for it is always in the mouths of the soldiers——”

“In all men’s mouths,” the knight interrupted. “He is the King’s brother-in-law. He will have the old Charter laws upheld in England, so there is war between him and the King.”

“I care nothing for their wars or laws,” Llewellyn said. “All my days are weary days, and I am sick.”

“This is thy last weary day. Come forth with me. None will say you nay. The Governor here is at war with the King; his officers heed not what happens. Your cage-door has been wide open many a day. I am only the hand that points the way for you.”

Llewellyn could not believe it all at once. He and his father had been prisoners of war, conquered by the King of England’s men. He had thought himself still of importance. It was difficult to believe that he could escape from his enemy’s very Palace unopposed. But his visitor explained that in the chaos of civil war the young Prince’s existence in the Tower had been forgotten by some, and that others might think it just as well to have a Prince in Wales, free and not unfriendly, who might help in time of need, with his wiry, strong, and nimble followers. And Wales had need of him.

“We will go out and mount my horses,” the knight concluded, “and ride for Kenilworth.”

“Nay, home!” the boy cried.

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“Be advised, my Prince. Sir Simon the Righteous, as they call him, will lend you his aid. He rules on your Marches, he knows the state of our land. He is just, even-handed, and foreseeing. With only me for guide and escort, unused as you are to life in the world, and too young for war, someone might do you a wrong. You have kindred ready to rise against you. Amongst your chiefs are those who would betray you, or set you aside because of your ignorance and youth. But if De Montfort backs you and upholds you, all will go well with you, be sure.”

“I want no Saxon to back me and uphold me in my own!”

“He is not a Saxon, but a foreigner. But he is the master of war. England bows to him; the people worship him. He will still your turbulent Princes till you, sir, are a man. I can help you to him, and none other has troubled to do it. He can help you to your own—and I see no other man who can.”

“I will go with you, sir,” the Prince said quickly, “and you shall rule me. We will see what this foreign war-lord can do for us and Wales. At least I love him for so much—that he overcame the little King of London, with his blinking eye.”

“No great task for this De Montfort. He will have to reckon with the King’s young son some day, for he is the better man, they say. Come you to De Montfort, my Prince.”

It was as the knight had said. They left the Tower unchallenged, and it made but little stir in an England torn with strife between the King and his Barons,

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to hear that the young Welsh Prince had escaped. All men were not foreseeing like De Montfort. They got safely from London and through the country to Kenilworth, but they did not find De Montfort, Earl of Leicester, there. He was with the King, whom he dared not leave for long, lest in his absence the laws that should have bound the King should all be broken by him. His lady, the King's sister, received the Prince very kindly, bidding him stay with her till the Earl returned. The knight who had brought him, knowing well the state of Wales and the troubles amongst its Princes, advised him to stay. So the boy submitted, and found many good companions at Kenilworth. The great Earl's household was next to the King's only for splendour. There were noble boys there learning manhood, and he was trained with them in tilting, wrestling, dancing, and all the arts and studies demanded of his rank in that day. He was a favourite with everyone, and his beauty increased with his growth in grace and intelligence.

When the great Earl came next to Kenilworth, his yellow-haired guest was taller than any other of his esquires, and he had eyes that shone like stars sometimes, and at other times were dark and strange, like shadows on his mountain pools. Llewellyn admired the great Earl, but he loved Sir Henry de Montfort, his second son, with all his heart. He supposed that the great kindness he felt for the Lady Eleanor de Montfort was on account of this great love that he had for her brother. The young knight was tall and comely, but near Llewellyn he looked small and plain.

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Sir Simon, the Earl's eldest son, was handsome and well formed, and the Earl himself was counted a very proper man for his age. The hall was thronged with fair and healthy youths, but when the Welsh Prince came amongst them, all dwindled into the commonplace.

"To us," cried Sir Henry, flinging his arm over the boy's shoulder, "you are as a candle-flame to gold and brass. I heard a harper singing by the way that 'Arthur was come again from Avalon.' I think you must be he."

Llewellyn started.

"What was his name?" he asked.

"The harper's? William — Owen — Griffith — Thomas! How should I know? Why, I am told that all the hills of Wales echo to such harping, that every town and fair is blocked with bards outsinging one another—heralding this Arthur back to Wales."

Llewellyn's blue eyes gleamed and flashed.

"Then I must go," he said.

Henry nodded. "And I will go with you, golden brother. My father loves each man to rule his land by law. Let us go and set you over your Princes."

"And," the Earl put in, "return and tell us of your victories, and do worthy homage to the King."

"I would it were you, sir," said the Prince.

The Earl shook his head. "There is a lad in England, tall as you, who will take men's hearts as well as their hands in homage."

Llewellyn thought of Evan's queer prophecy, that his head should be above his father's head, above the

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English King's. He lifted his chin, but did not speak. The giving of his homage was a long way off. When he gave it—if he gave it—it should be a stately business, for his should be a great land, united, happy, and at peace within itself. The immediate future was full of triumph, friendship, and hard work.

The Earl gave him sound advice about his government and, besides his son, lent him one or two of his own captains to go with him. He summoned, also, the Wardens and Deputy Wardens of the Marches to meet the Prince in Council, and then some of the Border lords and princes came and swore fealty to Llewellyn and made him a body-guard. De Montfort knighted him, and gave him his sword. Then, on one grand day, with his Dragon flag before him and his princes following him, he rode out from Kenilworth, amongst the cheers and good wishes of his friends. As the bridge echoed under their horses, he remembered the harper's song, and his face flushed. The bridges were down, and armed feet were upon them—his armed feet and the many feet of his lords.

They went over the Border and into the heart of Wales, and wherever he passed the people cried out on the golden Prince. The hills and valleys rang to the harp and the voice of the minstrel. The very breezes murmured it, and the clouds on the mountains dropped it as dew: Arthur was come again! The Welsh would be one people under one Prince.

There was work and war in the mountains before he won his place—frays on the Border, wrongs to be righted, and, perhaps, some rights set wrong. But



"With his Dragon flag before him, and his princes following him, he rode out from Kenilworth."

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when, in time, a messenger from De Montfort came to call him to do homage to the King of England at Kenilworth, he went as Prince of his united people, their hero. The bards sang now that Arthur had come indeed, and that some day he would rule all England from east to west and north to south.

His guard of honour were a wild, un-English following. The grace he had by nature or the De Montfort training had no rival there. As the King of England watched their entry he laughed.

“Here come wild men, some half-naked, Kernes, Irishry! Pish!”

“See the golden Knight amongst them, Sire?” De Montfort said. “That is Llewellyn, Prince of Wales.”

“My fathers called his, Princes of Aberffraw, Earl. Since when is the title changed? You rule me and my lands; do you make Princes of my enemies, and set them to rule over mountain-tops and clouds?”

“Sire, his fathers called yours Kings of London. He rules all Wales as Your Highness rules all England.”

“*Your* Highness, you mean, Earl.” The King flicked him with his glove.

“Will it please you to sit and receive the Prince?” De Montfort inquired.

“Surely! And sit you, too, or your highness will overshadow me.”

The little King glanced sideways at his companion, and, with a queer little whisk of his royal robe, sat down. The ushers at the door announced the High, Noble, and Powerful Lord, Llewellyn ap Griffith, Prince of Wales.

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“Of Aberffraw!” the King murmured. He fidgeted as the young man approached, and when he stood before him he looked him up and down with extreme displeasure. “Too high! I would dear Ned were here. I have a son, young sir, whose head would tower above yours, as yours and other great men’s tower above mine. Take a reef in thy legs, as the sailors say—is it sailors, De Montfort, or is it tailors? It may be a tuck, I mean. That I’ve heard the sewing-men say. Reef in a tuck in thy legs, sir. Kneel, kneel! You blind me with all your gold.”

He blinked as Llewellyn’s head came lower and nearer. De Montfort marked that the young man’s knee barely touched the floor.

“Lay your hands in mine, and do your homage, Prince, and swear that all those inches of you are every inch my man. I am a very little gentleman, am I not, to own so many inches of manhood, that I yet cannot count on as my own to use?”

“This is a buffoon!” thought the young Prince; but he did his homage, his war-helmet with the Dragon crest beside him on the floor. The King, with the drooping eyelid and sly smile, seemed to him a subject for scorn. When he got up, the King frowned again.

“Too high!” he complained—“too high!”

Just then the ushers cried the name of the King’s son, Edward the Prince.

“Ah!” said the King; “here comes a taller man, Prince of Aberffraw.”

“King,” said Llewellyn gravely, “I have done homage for all Wales.”

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“Well, well! All Wales is mine, then. Son, I have taken homage for all Wales from the Prince of Aber——”

“Wales,” said Llewellyn, and turned to see the taller man.

They stood before the little King, and all there measured them. One was black-haired, bronzed, and high-coloured, the other fair-skinned, with yellow hair, and eyes blue, and clear now, and piercing as light itself. They were of a height, not one above the other.

“Here is a young and stark blade for our bending,” thought Prince Edward.

“Our heads are level to-day,” thought Llewellyn, “yet shall mine be one day higher than his.”

They saluted each other civilly, and sat together at the King’s banquet. After, when the hall was cleared, and the wine-cup went round, a harper of Wales gave offence by singing overlong of its Kings and their deeds of valour, and the reign of Arthur, who was come from the City of Glass. De Montfort would have stopped the song, but Edward the Prince said scornfully: “Nay, let the boasters boast! Doubtless they are brave. They are none the braver for singing of it.”

Then Llewellyn, his face flushed, went down the hall and took the harp from his singer. Sitting in the minstrel’s place, he swept the strings with a master’s hand. Turning to the brilliant figures round the King, he sang of the lady he would win, whose hair was “*brighter than the flower of the broom, and*

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fairer were her hands and fingers than wood anemones amidst the spray of a meadow fountain." She was clothed, he sang, "*in a flame-coloured gown, and wore a golden collar round her throat.*" He had never sung the song before nor cared to hear it sung.

More than one glance strayed to the ladies about the Countess's chair. The Lady Eleanor de Montfort wore a flame-coloured gown and a gold collar set with gems round her throat. De Montfort smiled at his sons. Sir Henry nodded to him.

Edward the Prince went down to the singer.

"Sir," said he, "if singing of brave deeds makes men none the braver, it seems to me such singing of such fairness might make a lady seem more fair."

"Sir," answered Llewellyn, "that were impossible. She could not be more fair."

The Prince followed his glance. "Oh!" he said.

Later, he stood moodily by his father's bedside.

"There is to be an alliance between this Welsh Prince and De Montfort. England will soon be unfit to live in." He sat down on his father's bed and looked sorrowfully at him. "I will not have you treated thus, Sire. He shall not make and marry our Princes and vassals. I will make an end. I will shake off him and his."

"Shake what else you will, son, but shake not my bed. I am *afraid* of De Montfort. I am afraid of that tawny Welsh cat. I am afraid—— Eh, alas, boy, I am afraid of that which is high! Except of thee, Edward! Edward, never turn against thy old

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father ! Never leave me to side with De Montfort, for in your heart you love his ways.”

“His ways—no ! Him—yes ! And I love the laws he would uphold. But I will not have him for my lawgiver. I will set you on the throne, and then I will set my heel on Wales.”

“On Aberffraw,” said the King drowsily. He soon fell asleep, with his hand in the big hand of his ambitious son.

“When Pennies were made Round”

Before Llewellyn left Kenilworth that time, he was betrothed to the Lady Eleanor de Montfort, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and niece of the King. He rode away in triumph to tell his country the great news, to prepare a palace for his bride and a household for her state. But the wedding that was to have taken place almost immediately was put off for sterner things. War broke out again between the King and his Barons, quarrels amongst the Barons themselves. The King would not keep his word and rule by the Charter laws. The Barons who insisted that he should do so were, all the same, offended because those laws struck at their own privileges. Prince Edward, whose motto was *Keep Troth*, was torn between keeping his word to De Montfort and the Barons that the laws should be upheld and his word to his father, promising never to desert him, never to join his foes.

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News came into Wales that there had been a great battle between De Montfort and the King at Lewes, that the King was beaten and in De Montfort's hands again, and that the Prince and his young cousin, Prince Henry, were prisoners.

"Now De Montfort will rule all," Llewellyn said ;
"and I will go to Kenilworth."

He rode towards the Border, and the harpers, to please their Prince, sang of the fair lady whose hair was "yellower than the broom-flower." The soldiers in his train, the nobles in his tent, spoke of a prophecy some of them had heard from a country-woman, a word, she said, that Merlin the Seer had spoken : "When pennies are made round, a Prince of Wales shall soon be crowned in London." Pennies had been made round that year, and Llewellyn sent word through all his lands that the pennies were not to be broken in two or in four, as the custom had been, but were to be kept whole and round, and smaller coins minted for halfpence and less.

Llewellyn himself made the harpers a song of De Montfort's victory at Lewes, and they laughed at Richard, the King's brother, who had hidden in a windmill when the fortune of the day had turned. The singer said perhaps he had mistaken the windmill for the tower from which stones were cast at the foe. Richard was to have had thirty thousand pounds for making peace in England, and he ran into a windmill to get out of the way of war.

When the Prince was quite near the Border, messengers came riding into his camp with evil news.

“When Pennies were made Round”

De Montfort was now the beaten man, and was here in Wales with a small following, bound to fight the King's forces, though deserted by almost all his own.

“I will join him!” cried Llewellyn. Throwing down harp and gold circlet, he called for his war-armour, and bade the trumpets blow.

“Sir,” said one wise Prince, “we are but few here—but a holiday gathering.”

“We have here the best of my peers, and knights, and footmen,” the Prince retorted. “The Welshmen shall show the English something of their worth. Instead of shows and amusements, archery bouts and racing, we will take arrow and blade into the hearts of the English. Arm! Arm!”

He was met with shouts and enthusiasm by his Welshmen. They were going to fight the English, not to play games with them. De Montfort would be with them, Edward the Prince a prisoner. They would quell the little pale man with the drooping lid, and march on London. Pennies were being made round! They forgot to sing of the lady with hair “yellower than the broom-flower.” The strings gave out a prouder strain; Arthur was come again; the bridges were down from the City of Glass.

They came up with De Montfort near Hereford, and Llewellyn was heartily welcomed by his friends. De Montfort was at the end of his resources, a desperate man.

“Yet will I fight it out, though I have only my two sons with me,” he said.

The Doom of Llewellyn

"Three, sir," said Llewellyn.

Sir Henry caught his hand. "Simon is not with us, but is coming to our help quickly with his own force. If we strike soon we may have luck. At least Longshanks is shut up out of it."

"Where?"

"At Hereford. He would not give his word to us not to attempt escaping, for he meant to escape, he said. So we shut him up close, with a wise constable and a guard, and he cannot get out, thank God!"

De Montfort moved towards the Severn, which he hoped to cross. News came, however, that the bridges were all destroyed and the King's host awaiting him. He built a bridge of boats and crossed. An almost dying scout, whose horse fell dead between his knees before he could dismount at the tent-door, told that, as well as the King's, there was another army coming down upon him.

"It is but ten miles away by this," he said.

"It is Simon and his men!" cried Sir Henry.

The scout shook his head, too weak to answer.

"Whose else could it be, since Edward is fast in Hereford? Long as his legs are, they will not overstride the towers and ditch."

The Earl camped at Evesham that morning, for his men were worn and hungry. Also, he hoped to give time for his son Simon to come up, for he believed that he was coming.

"Sons," he said to Henry and Llewellyn, "we will pray to God, and have His blessing, let what will be, be. In His cause, for law and love of the



“‘Prince Edward!’ he cried, hoarsely, pointing to the
advancing spears, ‘Prince Edward!’”

“ When Pennies were made Round ”

people, we are come to this. Wear on your coats His cross, and if we fall to-day, we die His martyrs.”

Llewellyn took the white cross given to him and had it stitched on his blue surcoat ; but he did not mean to die on that day. He was over the bridge into England, and had the prophets prophesied falsely when they said his head should one day be set above all heads, his golden one even above Long Edward’s black one ? They were only a handful of horsemen and Welsh mountaineers on foot, but the words of the seer ran up and down in his mind. He believed himself chosen for a purpose. Pennies were made round.

When they had prayed and dined, the Earl drew them up for battle, for below them lay the King’s hosts arrayed in overpowering strength. As he closed his visor, Prince Llewellyn showed him a smaller force coming briskly over the hill towards them.

“ Simon ! ” said the Earl.

A rider came crashing through his people and pulled up at his side.

“ Prince Edward ! ” he cried hoarsely, pointing to the advancing spears—“ Prince Edward ! ”

Sir Henry threw up his hands.

“ Your constable at Hereford thought the Prince sick for want of air, and gave him leave to ride——”

“ A fool, or a traitor ! ” De Montfort said.

“ The Prince pretended to admire the constable’s horse and say it was perhaps faster than his, and——”

“ And they began racing ? ’Tis enough, man ! Edward’s head is longer than his legs.”

“ It was so, lord. The Prince shot far out of sight,

The Doom of Llewellyn

and his friends had fresh horses and men to meet him every dozen miles, and there he is."

"And by the Arm of St. James! he comes on wisely, for I taught him how!" De Montfort smiled grimly, and struck in his spurs. "Let us commend our souls to God, for our bodies are the foe's."

Within an hour he came on Llewellyn, his son, and his best knights, binding up great wounds, breathing, and changing horses.

"I pray you," he said, laying his hand on Llewellyn's shoulder, "leave the field. I will die here, but not you, my sons, my children! Simon is not come. We shall but be butchered here."

"If you die, we will die with you," they answered.

The battle, or butchery, lasted three hours in all, and De Montfort was the last man to fall.

"It is the grace of God!" he said, dying on the crown of the hill alone.

His son had fallen, and the Welshmen had caught their Prince's horse and forced him out of the battle, his war-helmet more red with blood than gold.

Prince Edward made a funeral for his great foe and kinsman, De Montfort, and followed him to his grave, bareheaded, in black robes. Some said that there they buried Sir Henry, Llewellyn's brother-in-arms, also; but others say that the Welshmen carried him away with their master, and, finding he lived, tended him and nursed him back to life.

Edward the Prince took over the government, and made arrangements for his father's safety and his people's good.

The Queen

“And now,” he said, “there are three other things I would do before I die : fight the Moslems and destroy them, bring Scotland into vassalage, and break the power of Wales.”

“Go to the Moslems first, son,” his father pleaded. “Let them last you awhile. Break Wales, and harry Scotland, but not in my time. Let this land rest, and me rest, too.”

“So be it, Sire. I take the cross.”

“Take it, for it must be taken far away. Here let us have peace.”

So Prince Edward took the cross and went to the Holy Land.

The Queen

When at his father's death Edward the Prince became King Edward I. of England, his first act was to summon his knights for war in Wales. Llewellyn ap Griffith called himself King of all Wales, and some said if Edward had not hurried home to take his crown, a horde of wild Welshmen would have come down on London to take it for their Prince. The King, who had conquered De Montfort and destroyed the Moslems, vowed that the little kingdom of Wales should not stand out against him, for all its forests and mountains.

“Llewellyn the King is a peerless knight,” said one of his lords. “The wizards say he is Arthur risen from his tomb and come again.”

The Doom of Llewellyn

“We will send him back, then, to his cerecloths and grave-spices,” answered the King.

“The harpers have sung to him that a Prince of Wales shall be crowned in London within this century.”

“We will go burn both harp and harper. If there be any Prince of Wales crowned in London in this or any century, it shall be a Prince of my blood,” said the King.

He went to Chester, and from there to Flint Castle, and took it, then to Rhuddlan and took it; and in the meanwhile his ships blocked all the harbours lest the French or Scots should send help to the King of Wales. He drove the Welsh back from their cities and towers, but lost them in their forests and mountains, where his war-horses and heavy siege-trains could not follow.

“We will starve him out like a rat,” said King Edward.

“But he is not a rat,” a gentleman observed. “Have you forgotten him, my Lord King? The youth with the hair of gold and the eyes like stars?”

“No, sir, I have not forgotten him. Otherwise should I be here? He is just of my height—I remember it. There cannot be two such big men in one island.”

He sent heralds into the forests bidding Llewellyn come down and do homage to his overlord. He bade him raise and pay fifty thousand pounds as tribute-money, and yield all his rights from the Marches to the Conway River, and to send hostages for his good

The Queen

faith, and a pledge to pay the English King a thousand marks yearly. The Welsh princes and people were starving in the hills and longing to go to their homes. They listened to the King's words, and some of them came down, amongst them David, a young brother of Llewellyn's. Hoping for favour, the young Prince swore fealty to King Edward, and was retained in his Court. But Llewellyn the King sent no word. He was no rat. He kept silence and did not come down.

Prince David, half hostage and half guest, wearied of the stately Court. The English King gave him no great post and no friendship. His coolness was translated to the youth.

"Our King bids a man yield, but hates him for yielding. He loves the Prince, your brother, though he will presently slay him. You, who have come at his beck, he disdains."

"Then he shall change," said young David. "Our people die like sheep, and Llewellyn dreams of a kingdom in England. He listens to the harpers and wizards. I would have won a peace and let men live. Now, kingdom or no kingdom, life or death, I am one with Llewellyn the King."

They shut him up in Hawardine Castle in Sir Roger de Clifford's care, but one night he got up and dressed and armed softly, and then he went to the knight's room and dragged him out of bed. With his hand over the knight's mouth and his knife at his throat, he forced Sir Rodger out of the door, in hose and shirt, and into the stables. At the point of his blade, the Welsh boy, his eyes all green, like a cat's, drove him

The Doom of Llewellyn

to saddle the two best horses and mount with him. He had a servant of his own, who ran at the knight's stirrup, hold of his leg, and so they went off to Llewellyn in his hills.

"If the English King disdains those who come at his beck, how shall the Welsh King spurn one who comes flying like this at the touch of a boy and a groom?"

When the English King heard of it, he frowned and then laughed.

"Prince David is worthy of our blades," he said, and gave orders for the war to be carried on with more vigour.

He sent for mountaineers from his French provinces to find and chase the mountaineers of Wales. He made his men, his knights and nobles, even, carve him a road through the forests, taking an axe himself, and helping with his great strength. He could not tell how great or how small a host was lurking behind them, what famine, and disease, and discontent were doing there.

But one day news was brought him in his tent that cleared the frown from his brow and made him smile. He gave orders for the work to cease.

"Sirs," he said in Council, "here are great forests before us, high mountains for our tired feet. I have been shown a way to bring out the wolf from the forests and turn it into a lap-dog. I have a snare for the mountain eagle, and will fit him with hood and bells, like a tame falcon, hold him on a glove, toss him off, and whistle him back at my will."

The Queen

They asked him what was this he said.

"A ship is stopped, coming hither from France. It bears neither men nor money for Llewellyn, yet it is a treasure-ship. On board is the Lady Eleanor de Montfort, my father's sister's child, my ward, since all her kin are dead. Sirs, the King of Wales shall come to terms, if he would have his bride."

The Lady Eleanor, who had taken refuge at the French Court after her father's death, had come with her maidens and servants, to keep her troth with Llewellyn, share his perils, and starve with him if he starved. She was brought instead to her cousin, the King of England, her father's conqueror. He gave her a kind and courteous welcome, and entertained her as a lady of royal blood.

"Madam," said he, raising her as she knelt to him, "your wild Prince is shut up in his forests. You and I will bring him down."

"Rather, Sire, I beg leave to go on my way to him unmolested," she said.

"No one shall molest you, Cousin, be assured."

He had a banquet made for her, and afterwards told her of Llewellyn's perils, and how he had given his word to make an end of the Prince or have his submission.

"He shall have Anglesea only for his principedom, Cousin—Anglesea *and* you."

She sat in her chair very straight, her hands "*fair as anemones through the spray of a meadow fountain*," clasped on her knee.

"Sir King, if he has only Anglesea, he shall have

The Doom of Llewellyn

only Anglesea. By my faith, Sir, he shall not have me ! ”

The King's brows went up. “ So proud and grasping a lady, Cousin ? Loving lands and towns better than your yellow-headed lord ? Why, then, I will give him an English barony to add to his principedom here.”

“ He is the King of all Wales,” she said. “ He needs none of your lordships.”

“ We will see what he says, child. I will send him heralds to say you are here and with me in this matter, and that together we bid him come down and surrender. I will take the homage of his lips and you the homage of his heart.”

“ You shall not send that word from me to my lord,” she said proudly. “ I am not with you in it—that he will surely know, or he has lost all memory of me. He would scorn a woman who would make such a bargain and send such shameful words.”

“ Do you say, ‘ you shall not ’ ? ” asked the King, smiling. “ You shall see whether I shall not ! ”

He called the heralds, and in her presence gave them those words to take ; if the Prince wanted his bride, he must submit to England. She curtsied to him when the men were gone.

“ He will send me words of scorn like hail,” she said. “ But I shall bear them, and thank the Lord God for them. Better he should mock me than be himself a mockery.”

“ He will come. He is no fool. And he is in love, fair Madam,” the King said, bowing. “ The

The Queen

harpers are, doubtless, singing to him at this moment of the lady whose hair is yellower than the flower of broom."

"If he comes," she retorted, "he will find the broom all thorns. But he will not come."

"You do not know the force of love, my child,—of love and hunger. I will not say which is the stronger or more fierce. Those two will unlock all doors, ford rivers, fly over mountains, and make men forget duty, ambition, hate, and fear."

The heralds got no farther than the Prince's outposts. The Welshmen carried on the King's letter, and brought back their chief's answer to the English. They returned with it to the camp. The King summoned his cousin to his tent to hear of Llewellyn's submission. He looked up from the letter with a frown.

"He will not come, Cousin."

"No, Sir," she replied, without surprise.

"Of yourself he says: 'The Lady Eleanor sent no such words as these of yours to me. They are of thy making, and by no means hers. For she is a noble lady, as her father was noble, nor would she have any love for a craven. But though she writ with her own hand in her heart's blood to entreat me, I would not yield up my country and fawn at your footstool, King.' He does not love you, Cousin—not as I count love."

She looked at him steadily.

"Would Madam Eleanor, your wife, love you, if you gave homage for England at the French King's word? Would you put your hands in the French-

The Doom of Llewellyn

man's for love of her ? Did you bend your knee to the King of Castile when you took her ? ”

“ No, by my head ! ”

“ No, and by my head,” she answered him, “ I will not have a craven's love, but a King's!—A King's, whose kingdom should be loved more than he loved me.”

Edward sat a moment, and his dark eyes seemed to catch fire from hers. He rose, and his splendid figure, sheathed in glistening silk, caught a flash of sunlight from the door. He took his cousin's hand, and, bending very low, he kissed it.

“ You have a queen's heart, lady, and you shall be a queen. Your King shall come and take you, and go in honour, on my word.”

Then it was for the lady's face and voice to soften, for her to kneel and thank him. She asked no pledges to send Llewellyn, no oaths to assure his safety. *Keep Troth* had been this man's motto from his boyhood. The King's word was his bond. She knew it, and knew that Llewellyn would know it.

He sent to the King of Wales and bade him fetch his bride without conditions, and, with the heralds, an escort of peers to bring him in safety to the camp. So the Prince came down, and the tall dark soldier and the tall fair soldier met once more. There was never a discourteous word or look between them. The marriage was as splendid as the King could make it. Armour was laid aside for silk and gold. Yet Llewellyn remembered, even as he sat at the King's right hand, their heads level, and both crowned, that

The Queen

his head was foredoomed to be set higher some day than the dark head at his side.

“How, then,” he thought, “could I bow mine at his feet?”

If the English King had imagined that his act of grace and generosity would melt the Welsh King’s heart and win his homage, he was wrong. The Welsh King greeted him standing when he came, and parted from him with courteous thanks, hand touching hand as a brother’s, with a high head still level with his own.

“Too high,” said Edward to himself. “Those are unconquerable eyes. That is a back that cannot bend. God grant that man may fall in battle. I would not make him a thrall or captive if I could.”

His own keen eyes were strangely sad as he looked after the King and Queen of all Wales and their few starved-looking knights. He had served them kindly and royally, but his word was given to subdue the Welsh, to bring them under the rule of English law. He had given his word, which had never been broken, which neither great pity nor great love could ever make him break.

The Highest Head in England

The King of England and his foreign mountaineers succeeded so well that they drove the Welsh from the hills, and compelled Llewellyn to come into the Wye Valley, and thither Edward sent his horsemen to meet him. The King himself, with the rear-guard, was

The Doom of Llewellyn

making his way in that direction, hourly expecting to hear of some great battle, which he feared to miss, when he met one day a single knight, who rode alone with one esquire. The esquire carried something in a scarlet cloak hung at his saddle-bow.

“Sir King!” the Knight cried, springing down, “Llewellyn ap Griffith is dead.”

“Dead?” the King repeated. “How dead? for such men do not die lightly. I had hoped to slay him or be slain myself.”

“Sir,” said the knight, “that Prince had but a hundred men, and all were starving, and half were full of disease. And they rode down into the valley near the Wye. Llewellyn ap Griffith rode alone, with his chin on his breast, looking for water for his horse, and I, with a small company, was hidden amongst trees. My company fell upon his men and slew them every one.”

“They being half dead? Truly, I think yours were brave and notable warriors,” said the King, and those who knew him caught the ring of anger under the smooth tones. “Tell of Llewellyn ap Griffith. How many of your paladins did it take to kill him?”

“Sir,” said the knight, unruffled, seeing no menace in the bleak face bent above him, “no hand or point touched him but mine.”

The King’s eyes seemed to measure him. “And I had deemed him worthy of my own!”

“Lord King, he rode slowly, for his horse was lame and his chin was on his breast, and so he passed me, seeing me not.”

The Highest Head in England

“Passed you—passed you, man?”

“Even so, Sire. And I drove my spear into his back, and he fell dead.”

The King's horse reared. His hand flew out, and the mail glove was red with that knight's blood. He had come for a reward and great honour, and met a murderer's fate.

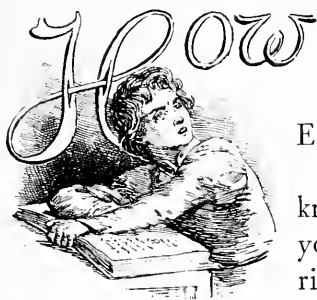
The squire laid at the King's feet the Prince's yellow head on the scarlet cloak. So low had it come, that head the seer had seen set up so high. Taking a silver circlet from his helmet, the King crowned the pale brows in silence.

The war was done. The laws of England, which this King loved, were bound on the Welsh people. Castles were rebuilt and English nobles set to rule the turbulent people. Prince David was caught and killed, the followers of Llewellyn were dispersed, and the King of England wrought so that his very memory ought to have been blotted out. His name was forbidden, his old title given to the King's young son. But, do what he would, wherever he rode the King of England had the sound of the Welsh harps in his ears. The bards were mourning for their King. He heard their wailing through the blare of trumpets, through the songs of his own minstrels, and in the silent nights, the very clouds on the mountains dropped the sad notes like dew. The valleys mourned and the high places echoed the heart-breaking music of the strings. In vain they caught and imprisoned the harpers and burnt their harps. The music stole on through all the ways, and floated down all the waters. The King

The Doom of Llewellyn

was dead—the last King of Wales. The prophets forgot their foretelling, the seers their visions, yet a Prince of Wales was crowned within that century. And as for the word that came to Evan the Harper when he spoke of the head of Llewellyn being set up higher than any head, that doom came true. Crowned with the silver circlet and a wreath of ivy such as the singers wore, high above his father's in his grave within the walls, higher than the English King's feasting in his palace, higher than the Tower itself, above its highest turret, they set, on an iron spike, the head “yellower than the flower of the broom,” like his lady's—the head of Llewellyn ap Griffith, last of the Welsh Princes of Wales.

The Scottish Lion



goes it with the Scottish Lion, brothers ? ”

“ It is no lion, Scottish or English, Harry. It’s a wild cat.”

“ Nay, Tom ; you no more know a cat from a King than you do a house from a hayrick,” put in John, Duke of Bedford.

“ Cats scratch,” shrieked Thomas, Duke of Clarence, “ and *he* scratches.”

“ Lions roar, and *he* roars,” piped little Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester.

“ Geese cackle, and you all cackle,” cried the eldest brother, whom they called Harry. “ Where is the prisoner ? ”

“ Yonder, in his chamber.”

The Duke of Bedford pointed to a door a few feet off in the gallery, where they clamoured round Henry, Prince of Wales, fresh from a journey from the Marches to Windsor. “ He neither roars nor scratches, Hal ; he only glowers and hugs his books.”

The Scottish Lion

"Glowers!" Clarence interrupted. "Why, his eyes go snap! You can all but hear them, and they're *red*, quite red. When I dashed in and said, 'Give you good-day. Fling your books out of window and come and play, Cousin,' he broke out into hisses and spits—Scotch words, maybe—and grabbed his books out of my hands, scratching like a cat. There!" The young Prince held up a bleeding wrist. "'They are mine! My certie! would you rob me of them too?' says he."

"Poor fellow!" said Henry. "Brothers, we must make him happy with us, eh?"

"No time to try, Hal. You come too late. He is to be taken from Somerset's care and handed over to the charge of some other great lord."

"No, Jack; the Scots Prince will stay here at Windsor under Somerset's care for nurture and training, but since he will be a King some day, he will be under a mightier and greater lord's oversight." Henry grinned. "If he *is* a wild Scottish cat, Tom, he's going to have a wild Welsh cat for keeper."

"Who? Who?" the young Princes cried.

"Will this great lord come here?" asked the Duke of Bedford anxiously. "I can stomach our Uncle Somerset, but we want no tyrant, nosing round, tale-bearing to the King."

"Ah, but you are to have a very tyrant, Jackie."

Again the Prince grinned.

"Oh, Welsh cat!" shouted Clarence, flinging himself on his eldest brother. "Mi-ou! mi-ou! It's yourself you mean."

The Scottish Lion

“ You’re a lad of parts, child. Let me go now and tame my prisoner.”

But he had to wait and explain to all that he, the Prince of Wales, who was barely eighteen, was to have charge of the captive Scottish Prince, who was just fourteen. They would be a strange company at Windsor, for King Henry IV.’s sons had another prisoner for playfellow, Edmund, Earl of March, who should have been reigning in their father’s place. Young Edmund was a descendant in the direct line from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III., and had therefore a prior claim to the throne to Henry IV., whose father, John of Gaunt, was younger than Lionel.

“ Well,” said Clarence, “ I wish you joy of him, Hal. He’s not like good fat Mun there ; he’s all red fire and spite. He calls us all manner of names— ‘ daft callants,’ ‘ bloody knaves,’ and ‘ fule-bodies ’—in his barbarous tongue. You he’ll be fit to kill. There won’t be aught left of the two cats in ten minutes but the tips of their tails and some fur.”

“ Let us see,” said Henry gaily, and went off to his prisoner.

Prince James of Scotland was to be sent to France, out of the way of his kinsmen’s hate. They had murdered his elder brother, and, hoping to save the younger, the King, his father, had parted with him, sending him to the care of his ally, the King of France, only to hear in a few days’ time of his capture by English ships off Flamborough Head. James had

The Scottish Lion

been brought to London, and there, all on fire with hate and fear of the English, homesick and wretched, had been placed under the Duke of Somerset to be brought up with the English Princes, and Edmund, the captive Earl of March.

This afternoon he gazed over Windsor Forest, head on hand, sick at heart, resenting the gaiety of the Princes, and having angrily refused their offers of friendship. He had had three visitors and a half that afternoon. The Duke of Bedford came first, with his hawk-like face and sharp but kind manner. James glowered at him silently, and would have none of his overtures. He had gone away shrugging his shoulders. Next came the stout little Earl of March, disinherited King, explaining that he was a prisoner too, and that, good lack ! one couldn't help it, and that the usurper's sons were good companions and his best friends. James condemned him for a weak-spirited "fule-body," who did not know how to hate his enemies properly, and tossed him out with scorn. Then the door had flown open with Clarence's well-meant violence, and the prisoner had burst into a storm of abuse, misunderstanding the boy's rough effort at friendship. The half-visitor had been the head and shoulders of the Duke of Gloucester, who had peeped round the door with big eyes, until his brother Clarence, coming out in a rage, had tripped him up and fallen over him !

Now the door opened again to admit a lady-faced young man, slender and straight as a lance, with eyes clear blue and piercing, and a laughing mouth. He



"Prince Henry listened to the song."

The Scottish Lion

did not introduce himself with any words, but, leaning over the table between them, took and squeezed the prisoner's hands. In a moment more, as it seemed, they were side by side on the window-seat, and Harry was hearing of the voyage, the capture, the imprisonment amongst these strangers, who did not know his tongue. It all came pouring out, neither quite knowing how questions and answers came so easily.

James fancied it was the blue eyes that made him sure a friend was here, who could be trusted to understand. Henry saw in the tawny-brown eyes something that called out his friendship and appealed to his generous heart. They talked on and on, not only of the capture, but of hunting, scrapes, perils, all the happenings of their lives. A harp on the floor called Harry's mind to music. There was a bond between them—both were singers, but James, though younger, excelled Harry ; he was poet as well as player.

"There is a little maiden, fair as a lily, who walks down there in the garden," said James shyly.

"Well, 'tis my cousin Joan. What then ?"

"I have made a song of her. It cheers my loneliness to watch her there."

"Better come down and talk with her," said Henry, laughing.

But he listened to the song.

"What do they call you ?" James asked.

"Madcap Hal."

"What ? The Prince of Wales ? The tyrant's eldest son ?"

The Scottish Lion

“To none so much a tyrant as to me, lad. Nay, never ask me why! I have a stepmother. Let’s lay it all on her. Come down, Jamie, and see my brothers, all waiting to love you, and fat Mun, who should be King if all men had their rights. I’ll be thy friend, if you’ll put your hand in mine and call me brother. See, we will but teach you civil ways in England, then send you back to that savage land of thine to bring it into rule and peace.”

So prisoner and captor swore friendship and brotherhood. The Scottish Prince was educated with the English Princes, learned to tilt, and carve, and dance; learned from them and their tutors what no one could have taught him in Scotland at that time—to be a Christian, a scholar, and a soldier all in one. But he had a priceless gift no one on earth could have given him—the gift of a poet’s heart, which does not mean only a heart for making poetry, but a heart that loves all beauty, all justice, and all that is true. He was a sweet singer, like David the King; harper as well as knight, like Tristram. But more than all else, he was one who loved justice and high ideals. It was Madcap Hal who taught him what justice and chivalry might come to mean in Scotland. James almost worshipped Harry, and they made many plans to win the world to righteousness, and then to get back Jerusalem from the infidels. It was Harry who made James’s long captivity happy to him, and his death was the greatest sorrow of James’s life.

Prince James lived to be released and to make the Lady Joan Beaufort his Queen, and to go home as

The Scottish Lion

King to his poor country, hoping to rid it from traitors and robbers. He tried to make the law a defence for all alike, as he had learned it could be in England. But he was hated in return, for his nobles had no notion of a King who would rule them as well as the poor folk, who would dare to cut off a Duke's head to save a peasant's.

King James's dream was to make "the key keep the castle, and the briar-bush the cow," and his nobles' ambition was to burn every man his enemy's castle and steal his neighbour's cow. The people loved him, but the Princes loathed him, and in the end they cruelly murdered him.

" Alas, for the woeful thing,—
That poet true and friend of man,
In desperate days of bale and ban,
Should needs be born a King."

White and Red Roses

Tewkesbury



HARRY V. was dead, and his son a prisoner in the Tower. No glint of war-light had ever been seen in those dreamy eyes ; no hard usage had waked his father's spirit ; no trumpet roused so much as a valiant word. He had borne much, and done nothing. But the spirit of the great soldier, never seen in the son, had lighted, it seemed, on the son's son, Edward, Prince of Wales. Bandied from camp to Court, flying, hiding, almost starving, this Prince had lived and thriven and grown to be the pride and hope of his brave mother and her friends. What the father had lost the son meant to win. In spite of his girlish face and slender frame, his blue eyes were alight with courage as he rode with the knights to meet the usurper at Tewkesbury. In the heart of the press he was ridden into and overturned by a tall knight, and, before he could rise was disarmed.

Tewkesbury

“Yield, sir!” cried the knight. “Yield to Sir Richard Crofts, and your life is safe.”

A clamour was raised to slay the boy traitor, to scotch the young snake. His friends were out of reach, he was surrounded by sword-points thirsting for his blood, but still he felt for his dagger, struggling to his knees.

“Yield! Yield, child! ’Tis no shame to yield to me. Thus, then, fool.”

And the knight caught him up to the saddle before him, and carried him off the field in spite of his angry foes. In his tent he set guards over him, and rode again into the fight.

Alone, the young Prince waited in anguish hour after hour. Far off the battle rang. How could he tell whether those shouts told of the despair of friends or foes—whether that joyous trumpet declared the victory of Edward of York or Edward of Lancaster? All those hours he paced the narrow strip of ground from the camp-bed to the door-flap, against which showed the outline of a guard with drawn sword. He had not given his word to remain there a prisoner of honour, but one look had been enough to show him resistance or flight were quite impossible. His captor had seen to it that the boy with Henry V.’s blue eyes in his girl’s face was well fenced round with spears.

When at last Sir Richard Crofts came back for his prisoner, something in those eyes sent him down on one knee.

“Sir,” said he, “I come to take you to the King’s tent at his bidding, but your life is safe.”

White and Red Roses

Then Edward knew who was victor that day. He thought of his mother, and turned away.

“Sir,” said the knight again, “your life is safe. I have the King’s word. He made a proclamation that whoso should bring you to him alive or dead should have a hundred pounds a year for his life, and Your Highness be spared. Therefore I deliver you unto His Grace.”

“Welcome to your hundred pounds, sir,” said the Prince, lifting his chin. “It means only a prison for me, and prisons give up their captives sometimes.”

“Ay, and you are young, sir, and life is full of chances and odd turns of fortune. For me, I pray God bless and keep so fair and hopeful a young gentleman.”

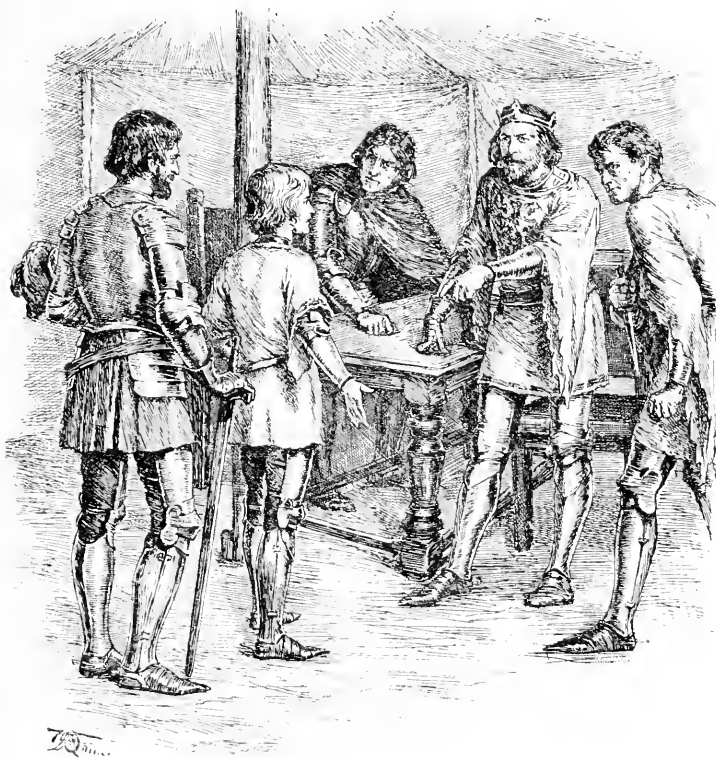
The Prince thanked him, and with head up still, followed to King Edward’s tent.

The Tent

He found the King fully armed, surrounded by his nobles, and with him his two young brothers, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester—not that Duke of Clarence who had called the captive Scottish Prince a cat, or that Gloucester who had peeped round the door at the prisoner, but new bearers of the titles worn by those long dead. These were descendants of that stout little Earl of March, Prince James’s fellow-prisoner, sons of the House of York, as those had been of the House of Lancaster.

The Tent

“Well, sir,” said the King harshly, looking on the pale boy before him, “how did you venture to enter my realm with banner displayed?”



“I came to recover my father’s kingdom.”

“I came,” answered Edward stoutly, “to recover my father’s kingdom, the heritage his father left him, and his grandfather before that. And I do not fear

White and Red Roses

what you may do with me, nor care what prison you put me in. One day I shall be the King. I shall come forth again ; my captivity will not be long."

At those words the King struck him on the mouth with his mailed hand.

"No ; no long imprisonment !" cried the Duke of Gloucester, and stabbed at him fiercely with his dagger.

"Not an hour long, eh ?" said Clarence, stabbing too.

Other lords struck with them, so that the boy fell dead, terribly wounded, and within an hour was buried, amongst the common soldiers who fell in the battle, by the Black Monks of Tewkesbury.

Sir Richard Crofts considered himself dishonoured by this treason. He would not have given his prisoner up to be foully murdered. He had not mistrusted the King's promise, though he had heard that all his life the King had sworn to kill this Prince in revenge for the death of the young Duke of Rutland, his brother, who was killed, unarmed and helpless, as a boy at the Battle of Wakefield. Perhaps, after all, this sudden end in his youth and courage was better than dragging out long years in captivity. The stories tell of all that happened to the children of that King Edward IV. and his brother Clarence. As for Richard, Duke of Gloucester, his fate was worse than theirs, for men said that the children's innocent blood was on his head, and his name became a byword throughout the world.

The Uncle of Kings

The Uncle of Kings

The great Earl Rivers ruled the Marches of Wales, living in great state at Ludlow Castle ; and, under his care, to be trained in manliness, was the Prince of Wales. Lord Rivers was a gallant knight, a lover of learning and very wise, but he was put to it to know how to act when he heard that the King, Edward IV., was dead. He told the Prince, kneeling before him, and kissed the little hand wet with tears.

“ Oh, sir ! ” cried the little King, “ we do greatly dread one thing, now.”

“ Sire, tell me this grief.”

“ It is—it is—that I must go to the care of my Uncle Gloucester, whom I fear—but sorely.”

“ Take comfort, fair Sire. To his keeping you shall never go alone, but surrounded with true men, and Rivers at hand, be sure, to keep thee.”

“ As for that, my Liege,” said one obsequious gentleman, advancing unbidden, “ I do but just bring you news that the good Duke of Gloucester is all for Your Grace. At York he has proclaimed you King. He was first of all to take the oath of allegiance to Your Grace.”

Earl Rivers, standing up, made a gesture of indignation.

“ Sir, who bade you speak in the King’s presence ? ”

“ The Duke of Gloucester my good lord, himself. He sends you a letter, and bids you lead the King to Northampton, to meet him there.”

White and Red Roses

“Ha!” cried the King sharply, “did I not say he would have hold of me?”

“Neither on you nor yours shall he lay finger. Be easy, child. And you, sir, leave us. Your message shall have attention, be you sure.”

Lord Rivers soothed the young King’s grief and terror, telling him he himself would be the boy’s protector, and director of all his affairs until he was a man. Then he made the servants dress the King and get quickly to horse that very night.

“We will outwit the Duke of Gloucester, my King,” he said. “You shall go quick, with all these your own old friends, to your mother in London, and be crowned, whilst I hold Gloucester at Northampton.”

More easily said than done. The King in the midst of his company, with Lord Richard Grey and old Sir Thomas Vaughan, his best friends and officers of his household, travelled post to London—but not half fast enough. At Stony Stratford they were aware of a crowd of men-at-arms following them, and, in front of all, a horseman in purple, spurring hard.

“It is my Lord Rivers!” the King cried joyfully, and drew rein.

“Nay, he would not mourn in purple, Sire. It is——”

“It is my Uncle Gloucester.”

The boy’s voice had fallen low.

It was Richard, Duke of Gloucester, in violet velvet, who bowed at his nephew’s side and kissed his unwilling hand.



“‘There, there, you have servants enough left.’”

The Uncle of Kings

“Where is Lord Rivers ?” the boy asked, looking all about.

“Locked in an inn at Northampton, Sire. No need to tarry for him. I will be escort to London town, and—what ?”

“What are they doing with my servants, sir ? Oh, oh ; there one goes bound—another struck to the earth ! Richard, my Lord Richard !”

“There, there,” Gloucester struck in, hurrying the King’s horse round, “you have servants enough left !”

But, looking backwards, the young King saw Lord Richard Grey borne off struggling, and old Sir Thomas Vaughan held back from following him. He burst into tears, and nothing the Duke could say would comfort him. He was alone, amongst strange faces, in the hands of his Uncle Gloucester, whom, all his life, he and his brother and sisters had been taught to fear.

That was on the last day of April. On May 4 they rode into London, and were met by the Lord Mayor and crowds of citizens, the Duke magnificent in his mourning robes, his horses swathed in housings, and his equerries and footmen running at his side, lances and glittering helmets behind and before, peers and knights to wait on him. Somewhere in the throng, almost forgotten, was the King. The Duke of Gloucester was the great man there.

They made him Protector of the Kingdom. He styled himself : “Uncle of Kings, Defensor, Great Chamberlain, Constable, and Lord High Admiral of England.”

White and Red Roses

Sanctuary

“ Why are we here, sister ? Why have we hidden here ? ” whispered little Richard, son of Edward IV., as he climbed the stair to the little room in Westminster Abbey called The Sanctuary, because there, in the Abbot’s keeping, anyone was safe from his pursuers for a certain time, and could not by right be touched even by the King himself, though he were the greatest traitor in the realm. “ We are not traitors,” the boy went on. “ We are not criminals. Why does our poor mother weep ? And why do we hide ? ”

“ Because we are in peril, and our friends are far away, Dickie. Now our father is dead there are those who would do us harm. When our brother the King comes from Ludlow, with my Lord Rivers, we shall be all safe again. Till then, we are here.”

The Princess knew more than she would tell her little brother. She guessed at the dangers about them, and at the enemies’ traps laid for them. She knew that her mother the Queen had never been much loved by the nobles, except those of her own house, the Greys and the Riverses, and that they were not popular with the people. She had, too, an instinctive dread of her uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, with his deep eyes that seemed to peer into her heart, with his withered arm and crooked shoulder, on which he seemed almost to pride himself, making it look a greater deformity than it was in fact. Her heart beat with fear when



"The Queen put her arms about the Duke of York, bidding him good-bye."

Sanctuary

she heard the Duke's soft voice talking to her mother, one day in the room, whilst she sat with her brother and sisters in the little recess, curtained off beyond. She caught her own name and her brother's name repeated again and yet again. In a while, looking up, she saw him in the parting of the curtains smiling at her. He called her his sweet cousin, his gentle love, and then came up and took the boy's hand, patting it.

"Well, my little namesake Dick, you shall away with me to see——"

"I will go nowhere with thee, sir," gasped the child, for, like his sister, he dreaded the little Duke.

"Ha ! That is treason, sweetheart, for I would take thee to thy King—thy brother. He is here in London, and 'tis meet you should be in waiting on His Highness."

"I will go to my brother, oh yes !" cried the boy, and gave his hand more willingly.

The Duke praised his better sense, and led him towards the door, kissing his finger-tips to the Lady Elizabeth. At the curtains he met the Queen, who, kneeling down, put her arms about the Duke of York and blessed him, bidding him good-bye. The Princess saw her mother's tears fall fast. It did not look the farewell of a proud lady sending her son to wait upon his brother and his King. With a heavy heart the Princess watched him go, and heard the Queen's fervent prayer to the Duke to have a care of him.

When the door was shut she cried out :

"Oh, Madam, why did you send him away ?"

White and Red Roses

“Child, he is taken against my will. Do you not hear more than their steps upon the stairs? He would have been dragged away by force. Richard of Gloucester does not respect even God’s Sanctuary.”

“He is a false man, our uncle. What does he want with Dick but to slay him and his brother both, and——”

“Hush!” whispered the weeping Queen.

“—And make himself the King.”

No prayers nor tears could win them news of the boys’ welfare. The refuge they had sought was turned into a prison for them, and they were kept closely there until the Duke had made his plans and carried out his schemes.

The Tower

In a room in the Tower of London there were two boys a few hours afterwards. The younger one was crying bitterly. That very day he had been taken from his mother to wait upon his brother and Sovereign, he was told. He had supposed he should find his elder brother in his throne-room, with all his Court about him, and his gentlemen and his guards. He had been brought to the Tower—not to Westminster, or Sheen, or Windsor—and he had found his brother alone in this bare room, with no friends, no Court about him. Edward had kissed him and clung to him as an elder brother and a King should hardly kiss and cling at thirteen years.

The Tower

“ Oh, welcome, brother ! ” he whispered. “ I have been alone so long—so long.”

“ How long ? An hour, Sir ? ”

“ Days—weeks. Oh, Richard, why does no one come ? Why am I so alone ? Our Uncle Gloucester put me here, and since then no friend’s face nor voice to cheer me. What are they doing yonder ? They will not let me go and find our Mother or Lord Rivers, or write to them.”

Then it was that the younger boy began to cry, as no Duke of York and Earl Marshal of England should cry at eleven years old.

“ Oh, Edward, they go to crown the King to-morrow ! ”

“ Nay, nay ; they do not leave the King the day before his crowning, Dick.”

“ They will crown a King to-morrow. I heard them say it, and I thought—I thought ’twas thee. Our Mother is in prison, and Lord Rivers dead, and Lord Hastings. He was a great friend to thee.”

“ Dick, I must tell thee—there is no one else. Last night I heard a man’s voice in the anteroom, the Constable of the Tower, and he said—just this : ‘ No, I will never put him to death, to die myself therefor.’ I heard that. And I thought—I thought—— Ah, poor little heart, don’t cry so ! Why was I so cruel as to tell you that ? No one shall hurt *thee*, Richard, while I live.”

“ Oh, and I saw such wicked faces on the stairs ! ” the Duke whispered—“ cruel, bad faces ; and I heard them say, ‘ Two birds in the springe,’ as I went by.

White and Red Roses

What could they mean ? The stairs were dark, and the rooms all mean and cold. I thought thy chamber would have been bright with gold and silk. And it is worse than all. Why are we so alone ? Why does no one come ? I am hungry, Edward—I mean, my Liege.”

“ Hush, Dick ; we be just poor brothers, you and I—poor children. But there, I am big and stout ; no harm shall come to thee. In all the bustle of the crowning they have forgotten us, sweetheart. I am so young to be a King. They make more fuss over the oil and sceptre. To-morrow they’ll remember—nay, to-night—and come ashamed, to take us to fair chambers. We have been silly so to have frightened ourselves and each other with our tales. Hark, I hear them now ! ”

They turned eager faces to the opening door. There only came in the usual servants with supper for the two. There was no hint of a change of rooms, of better fare. They were served, and left alone again.

“ Be of good cheer ; it will be to-morrow. Think now, Dick, the foolish faces of them all, when all is done and everyone in place, and then one says : ‘ Beshrew me, gentlemen, where *is* the King ? ’ ”

The elder boy was trying to throw off a terror that had grown through weeks of loneliness. For his little brother’s sake he tried not to think of the sinister words he had heard in the anteroom. He tried to forget, and be brave and cheerful for them both. This was June 24, and he had been in the Tower since



"No doubt they woke to happier things."

The Tower

May 4. He would not think of it. Indeed, his brother's company made him feel happier, and gave him courage. They slept with their hands clasped, smiling at the thought—one to make grim men laugh—that England, in preparing the crowning, had mislaid its King.

In the morning they waited breathlessly. No one came but the servants with their breakfast.

"When will the crowning be?" asked Edward, fixing his eyes sternly on the waiting-men.

One started.

"Day after to-morrow, Sir," answered another gently.

Again they were left alone, and the Duke of York heaved a deep sigh.

"You heard?" cried Edward, plucking up heart to comfort him. "Day after to-morrow. To-morrow night, I promise you, they'll have to come for us."

"Not to-night, my Lord?"

"To-morrow night, Dick. Till then, we will be Edward and Richard, if you please. I will be your King after to-morrow night."

They found something to chatter about in the long hours between that day and the next. They played cat's-cradle with a bit of silk unravelled from Richard's tunic; they played ball with Edward's cap; they told tales, and laughed as loudly as they liked.

As dusk fell their voices dwindled lower. The gaiety drifted away, and hands sought hands, and eyes turned towards the door. The usual hour

White and Red Roses

brought supper, and strange faces to wait on them at table and to bed. They were not alone till all was dark. Then the younger began to sob :

“ It was not to-night.”

“ Hush, little one ! I think it will be. Our usual servants have gone to tell our uncle to fetch us forth, or to bring some good friends to us. In great haste, in the night, I left Ludlow to come here. In the night—this night—we may be fetched upon another journey. I feel we shall be fetched away by some good friend to-night. You go to sleep, sweetheart, and I will watch and wake thee when he comes.”

“ You won’t leave me, brother ? ”

“ Never. We’ll never part. Sleep, quick. We’ll wake to happier things.”

The brave Edward watched and listened in the darkness for awhile, till he grew drowsy, and, turning his cheek to his brother’s, he slept too.

No doubt they woke to happier things.

All the world outside knew the Duke of Gloucester had stolen the King’s crown next day, and soon it rang with the tale of his stealing the King’s life, too, having him smothered as he slept with his little brother in the Tower.

Sheriff Hutton

With shuddering horror the little daughter of King Edward IV. looked on their uncle, now King Richard, when he came into her presence. Her

Sheriff Hutton

frightened, distracted mother dared not withstand him in anything, and the Lady Elizabeth, alone without a friend, shrinking and timid, knew he had some cruel end in view for her. He had her parted from her mother, and, though he protested love and tenderness for her, she trembled so in his presence that he was offended at her.

“Well, missie,” said he, sourly, “if you cannot love me when you see me, you must learn it without seeing me.”

He had her put into a closed litter drawn by horses, and with a strange woman to wait on her, and strangers to guard her, sent her away into Yorkshire, where the King claimed, as his own, Sheriff Hutton Castle, which had once belonged to her uncle, the Duke of Clarence. There she was shut up in one of the towers, with no society but the old waiting-woman's, with no news of what was going on, and nothing to do but embroider, and listen to the old woman's advice to learn to love and obey and think well of the person she hated most in the world—her uncle, King Richard.

From Sheriff Hutton there was a wide and magnificent view. When the sun shone she could see distant fields flash green and far-off rivers gleam like glass. She could count the stems of trees miles off standing a-row against a sunset sky. But she was young for contemplating the effects of clouds and winds. Half an hour's play in the gloomiest yard would have been worth more than the widest prospect then. She had a window commanding the country-

White and Red Roses

side, and one that looked out into the court and across to the opposite tower.

When no one was by, she amused herself waving to a white face at the window over there, never knowing, till long after, that he who waved back, a captive in his father's house, was her young cousin, the Earl of Warwick. She had nothing to think of but her brothers' disappearance, which, men had said, had been by death. She wondered if it was possible that they had not died, that one at least was spared. It seemed too horrible that both should have been killed so cruelly. She thought and thought, and dreamed and hoped that one was spared. Edward, the elder, had been a bold strong lad. He would have withstood their Uncle Gloucester's will in everything, would have retorted on him, thrown hot words of scorn at him. But little Richard was so gentle and fair, and had such winning ways! Surely no man, however bad and hard, could find it in his heart to kill poor little Richard!

At some time in her long and miserable captivity it flashed on her that yonder white face and waving hand across the court, in the gloomiest of the towers, might be his. She knew it was folly to nurse the hope, but no one would tell her who it was, and though she felt it was improbable, yet she liked to think it might be he.

A Queen

A Queen

The Lady Elizabeth's imprisonment ended in a wonderful way ; kneeling heralds announced to her that Richard the Tyrant was killed in battle, that his conqueror was already crowned King of England, and was that Henry Tudor she knew of as Earl of Richmond, a very distant cousin, and not by any means the direct heir to the Crown. She was told it was her Mother's will that she should marry this great Prince, this mighty victor.

"Henry Tudor is not of our House," said she proudly. "He is of a cadet branch, is Lancastrian, a wearer of the Red Rose."

"Lady, it is his will, and Madam your Mother's, that, by wedding you, he should join the White Rose with the Red."

Much puzzled what to think, she was dressed in gay clothes trimmed with gold and ermine, and a coronet was set round her head-dress of stiffened muslin. She was decked out with jewels, and, escorted by knights and ladies, was carried away from her prison in an open litter, so that everyone might see this White Rose of England. People crowded round her as they went, giving her presents, offering her flowers, cheering her on her way, for Yorkshire loved the daughter of her Dukes, and pitied her for her sorrows and captivity. Farther south she was made to feel that it was not so much the conqueror who would reign in the people's eyes as she herself,

White and Red Roses

his wife, the daughter of the late King, and rightful heir to the Crown after her brothers' deaths. She delighted in the joy and kindness after her long loneliness. The colour came into her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled, as she gave her hands to be kissed by lords and ladies, and she smiled graciously when they said she was a fair little Princess and would make a lovely Queen.

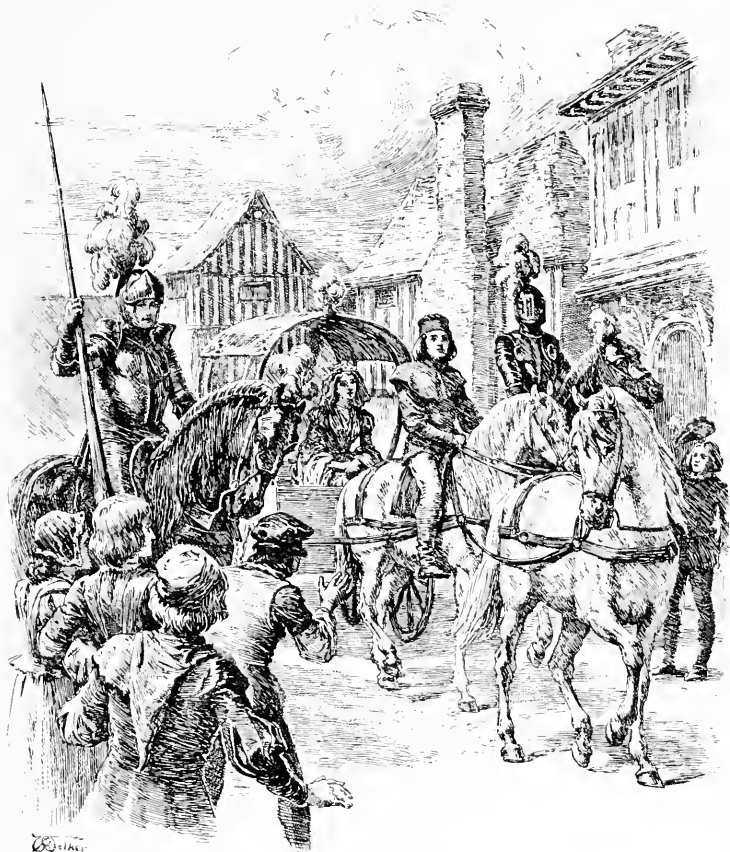
She thought a good deal of the Prince whose coming had freed her from prison to set her on her father's throne. She looked forward eagerly to seeing him, and made many vows to love him well and help to rule their people wisely. Everyone told her, and believed themselves, that she would be Queen in fact, that he would only reign as her husband and consort, through her right.

She found him a grave young man, with the face of a churchman rather than a knight. His hand was cold when he took hers, and he scarcely looked at her. Instead of crowning her, instead of taking her to Westminster, he left her uncrowned at Sheen. When the courtiers knelt before her and the nobles gave her welcome, he listened jealously. In the midst of the speeches, he said :

“That will do, my lords ; the Lady Elizabeth is tired.”

He called her the Lady Elizabeth, not the Queen !

Poor Queen ! Never was the name more empty than for her. He envied her the people's love, her Royal birth, her claim on the throne as her father's rightful heir. She had no power to help or save her



"She was carried away in an open litter."

A Queen

poor half-witted cousin Warwick, once her fellow-prisoner. She never rightly knew whether the youth who called himself Richard, Duke of York, whom men called Perkin Warbeck, was really a pretender, or her own little brother Dick, whom she had so longed to know was spared. His bride, the beautiful Lady Catherine Gordon, cruelly parted from him, was one of her ladies for a time, but they were always watched, and never left alone to talk of him. She never knew, never had the means of learning the truth, never had power to save him or the other boy from shame and death. She had no friends, no power of any kind; she had exchanged the old Yorkshire Castle for a grander prison, and she remained a State prisoner of her husband's till her death.

White Roses

The tower windows looked into the court, and from one of them the captive could see nothing but the stones below the grey walls all round, and men moving there like little dolls.

The captive knelt at the bars with eyes fixed on a little train of spearmen round a litter. They stood at the door of the tower opposite, and from the curtained litter a little lady got down, tiny as a bird, so that the prisoner could only see a dash of purple for her dress, a flash of white, and a wisp of yellow for her hair. High up in the window facing his in the

White and Red Roses

tower opposite, he saw presently a little face pressed close against the bars.

"She is a prisoner, too," he said, and stayed there till dark, gazing across dividing space to that white outline opposite.

He had been a prisoner all his life—ten years—here in Sheriff Hutton Hall, in Yorkshire, the house his father and mother had owned, and his mother's father before that. Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, he called himself, for he was son of that Duke of Clarence who drowned himself in the Malmsey wine, and Isabel Neville, daughter of the King-maker, the great Earl of Warwick. That Duke of Clarence had quarrelled with Edward IV., his brother, and so the prisoner had been shut up here and forgotten. The Duke of Gloucester, who had followed Edward on the throne, had left him here in prison still, for fear the people saw, remembered his rights, and made him King.

Now that Duke of Gloucester had sent a girl prisoner to the other tower—Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., lest the people, remembering her rights since her brothers' deaths, should make her Queen.

Month after month, year after year, those two pale faces looked at each other from their towers across the court. Sometimes they waved their hands in greeting, though neither knew who the other was, only they were both alone and desolate.

Then, one day, a litter came into the court. The face from the casement disappeared. There was a



"The other prisoner was crying."

White Roses

glint of gold on a new head-dress, a whirl of crisp white veil, of gay scarlet silk, and she was gone. From the curtains, as she reached the gate, she waved a hand in a last good-bye. But the other prisoner was crying, and did not see.

"Where is she gone?" he demanded of the man who brought him food.

"Who?" was the surly question. The prisoner was never encouraged to speak. "Do you mean the Lady Elizabeth? She is gone to London, to be made Queen."

Left alone, the prisoner was twice as lonely as he had been before that little unknown lady came to the opposite tower. He wondered about her always, thinking if she were kind she would tell someone in the world to come into the North and set him free. He did not forget her.

He had not forgotten her a year after—prisoners do not forget as soon as other people—when another litter was brought into the court, with a guard of spears. The keeper of the castle came up to the prisoner and bade him come out and follow him.

Come out? Come out after fifteen years!

Scarcely knowing what he did, the prisoner went out. Half-conscious, he was put into the horse-litter. As it started forward, sinking in the dusk of the drawn curtains, his face grew bright.

"She has sent them for me. I go to be a King."

The prisoner reached London, wearied with the long journey, cramped up within the covered litter,

White and Red Roses

unable to see out, not allowed to ride a horse, stiff and ill, but hopeful. But he had only been taken from one prison to another, from the old castle in Yorkshire to the Tower of London, once more to live behind closed doors and iron-barred narrow casements, with strangers to wait on him.

He fell from sickness to sickness, from misery and fitful longing to deep settled melancholy. He knew nothing of the doings in London and the world. He did not know who sat on the throne, nor whether there were any friends of his alive. Into his dull round of prison usage there suddenly came a gorgeous, mysterious break. Gentlemen came to talk with him, examine him, speak of his health. He stared at them, mostly silent, kneeling, scared, beside the window-place. They had him washed and dressed in coloured silks, and took him out, and away in an open litter, through the bright June sunshine, by streets, and then by boat, and through parks and gardens to the Palace of Sheen.

All the way people halted to stare at him, and he stared back in mute amazement, though hats were lifted, one or two knees bent, and some cheers broke the indifference of the greater number. There followed a strange month for the poor boy amongst the courtiers at Sheen.

He saw the King, Henry VII., who looked at him sourly. He sat at fêtes and shows, with ermine on his robes and a coronet on his head. The coming and going of all the brilliant Court, the ceremonies, the eating and drinking, passed like a confused dream. In

White Roses

a chamber, alone with her maids, he saw the Queen—she who had been prisoner with him in Yorkshire—a pale, neglected, frightened little lady, who kissed his cheek and called him cousin. He lived between



"The silent King came on a group who knelt to him."

fear and wonder, and understood nothing he saw, nothing that men said to him. People whispered to him often of thrones and crowns. There was secret kissing of his hand in corners, murmured prayers and blessings.

White and Red Roses

Then, one day, the silent King, with his lean, grave face, came on a group who knelt to him, to whom, being kindly, though so sorely puzzled, he was giving keepsakes of his ribbons or his hair, and stood there grimly stroking his chin, till all arose and trembled.

That night the Earl of Warwick was taken back to the Tower, in the darkness, secretly, so tossed about in mind for the clue to all these things that his young head felt near breaking.

When he awoke in the morning he began to think that brilliant, wonderful, queer month had been a dream, and ever after tried to sleep himself back again into the gardens of Sheen, and spent his daylight hours in a kind of trance, watching himself as he thought he had seen himself with the gold circlet on his head, and the robes of silk and fur.

He did not know what time had passed, whether months or years, when again a break came in the dead unchangeableness of nights and days. He had a visitor. And such a visitor! A youth, tall and slim, with the long straight nose and curling lip, the yellow hair, and flashing, hungry, compelling eyes of Edward IV. He had the beauty and grace of him, and the winning way. He awoke some long-buried memory of father and kinsmen in the prisoner, who, kneeling as usual, frightened, at the window, gazed at him. This kingly youth went up and took his hand.

“Good-day, dear cousin; I am come to bid you have good days in plenty.”

White Roses

The prisoner only stared mutely.

"Are you not thirsting to be free? You are my cousin Warwick, are you not?"

"I am Warwick," the prisoner whispered. "And you, sir?"

"Your King."

The answer rang loud enough, and the young face looked bold and stern.

"Your King," he went on, "who loves to save his cousin Warwick. Men tell me you are a dreamer, too long caged to care for life and freedom. But I say the eagle only wants the sun. Great Warwick's heir wants but to hear the trumpet to awake and rouse his heart."

The younger boy listened to all this visitor could say of rights and wrongs, of usurpers on the throne, of friends arming to put down the wicked and support the proper King.

"But who are you?" he whispered.

"Richard of York, son of King Edward IV., and King of England."

"I know naught."

"But you shall know. I must go now. Shall I come again?"

The prisoner twisted his thin fingers into the other's belt.

"Go not. You are like the people in my dream."

"No dream am I. I go; I must—but to return."

He kissed the prisoner, and was beckoned away by the warder.

White and Red Roses

The stranger came again and again, talking in that sweet, stirring voice, explaining with unwearied patience, repeating facts, awaking, bit by bit, the courage, the love, and the longing—the boy's heart, in fact.

He told how he, Richard, Duke of York, had been saved alive by the ruffians who had smothered his elder brother ; how he had lived overseas till two years back, when he had come to England with friends, had travelled here and there, followed by increasing crowds believing his tale, and calling him the White Rose of England. With low, tender tones, as of one who wondered still at his good luck, he told of the beautiful young wife the Scotch King had found for him, of her love, her faith, her courage.

“ And, oh, cousin ! I have broken that great heart. When the enemy would have met me in the field I fled. How was I so base ! It came upon me sudden as a blow. My heart seemed fallen from me. My soul went blind. I fled—fled to a church, and clung about the altar, weeping.” The youth buried his head on his arms, crying wildly : “ It was as though the High God said, ‘ Thou shalt not.’ And I turned and fled.”

Being wrought up to make confession to the strange, grave-eyed prisoner, who softly stroked his knee, he then went on :

“ They brought me hither to London, and made me ride from place to place, the people mocking me. They shut me in prison, but I escaped, and fled ; but not overseas, because my heart was here. They got



“Do you see something there?” he faltered.”

White Roses

me back, and set me in the stocks, and made me read a paper to the multitude, and say 'twas true that I was meanly born, called Peter Warbeck, known as Perkin, an adventurer. They had it all set out, and proved it all, to friends, and foes, and her—my wife. They brought the men who slew the children of the King, to say that both were slain—here, in this Tower—in this room, for aught I know.”

“Oh, cousin!” whispered the prisoner, “was that true? And was thy tale all lies? Think. If it was here——” He looked about, and shuddered as he looked. “Can you say, here, it was true that you were one of those two, and were saved? I do not think that sons of Princes are ever saved. There were those two poor hearts. Maybe their spirits look on us. Can you say, ‘I am that one—that Richard—little York’?”

The elder boy, with wide-open eyes, followed the glance of the younger prisoner.

“Do you see something there?” he faltered.

“I think I see two gentle souls in white. Can you be one of those? Or are they our angels come to guard us in great danger, from great sin?”

The youth held out his hand.

“I swear to you, I believe I am that Richard who was saved.”

There was a little silence. Then the younger said :

“I see nothing now.”

“Cousin”—the other spoke with assurance again—
“these men of the Tower have come to love me well.

White and Red Roses

They will help us to get out, and I have a great plan. You know a pretender raised a rebellion lately, saying he was you, escaped from prison ? Great men flocked to follow him. He was victorious here and there—a pretty boy who did not shame his robes. How you do look ! Why, England cries for the White Rose again ! Had you been he, they would have made you King. The usurper had you forth to Sheen that all might see your plight, and that you were not escaped nor slain.”

“ What did they do to him ? ”

“ He is a turnspit in the King’s kitchen. Lambert Simnel they call him.”

“ Happier than I. May he not be Warwick, and I Lambert ? ”

“ Child, at times indeed I doubt you cannot be true Warwick. Come—free and afield, could you ever make a King ? Listen. We will get out, and all the world shall hear that Warwick has escaped. They will flock as they flocked to Lambert. Ho, for the White Rose ! Friends shall press your hands, and foes feel mine. Perkin Warbeck is out of love. Warwick is the Prince for them. Be their Prince. And when I have conquered all, step back and let them see the true Prince in me once more. Heir of the King-maker, make thou me King.”

Just a glint of fire came into the prisoner’s dreamy eyes. He stood up, the colour creeping into his hollow cheeks.

“ You believe in Richard—Richard of York ? ” the other whispered, standing too.

White Roses

“I see those gentle souls in white come to guard you and me, Richard the King, Warwick the King-maker.”

Kneeling, the prisoner kissed the hand held out to him, as his had been kissed behind the door at Sheen. As then, so now, there was a looker-on—the King with the thin face. He had caught a deadly treason hatching in a prison, between a disgraced adventurer and a helpless boy made foolish by long captivity. The first was executed in a few days at Tyburn, and the other's poor puzzled head was cut off on Tower Hill.

A Noble Name

The Red King



COURTENAY of Devon is one of the oldest and proudest names in England. Eight Earls of the name had lived and died when, at Tewkesbury, Edward IV. executed the ninth for fighting on the side of the Red Rose against him.

This Earl's son, Edward, deprived of his estates and attainted, went over to France to join the Earl of Richmond, whom we know as the victor of Bosworth—he who won the crown from Richard III., and had no other good title to it, and no claim but his sword. You have heard how this man, calling himself Henry VII., King of England, sent up into Yorkshire, to Sheriff Hutton Castle, and fetched away the prisoner Princess Elizabeth, and made her his wife. She had a younger sister, Catherine, and he gave her in marriage to his friend and supporter, Edward Courtenay. He gave back to Courtenay his father's Earldom of Devon and all his great estates.

When Lord Devon and the Princess his wife had a

The Red King

son, they called him Henry, after the King, and he was brought up as the intimate friend and comrade of the King's son, the Duke of York, whom we know later as Henry VIII., the most powerful, magnificent, and personally enormous monarch who ever reigned over England. There had been rich kings in England before his day, tyrannical kings, and strong kings ; but Henry VIII. had power of the most extraordinary sort. He was not only strong-willed, but unscrupulous. He ruled in the full sense of the word. He was to his people what his highest nobles called him : " Our Most Dread Sovereign Lord."

Henry, Lord Courtenay and Earl of Devon, when this King began to reign, was a great favourite. The King showered gifts and splendours on him. He made him a Knight of the Garter and Marquess of Exeter. When the King went to France, to meet the splendid King Francis I. of that country, and was entertained by him so richly that the account of it reads like a fairy-tale, he took the Marquess of Exeter with him. The Kings and nobles seem to have gone clad in velvets sewn so thick with gold and gems they must have looked like rainbows, and flashed like water in the sunshine when they moved. Indoors their hangings and curtains were wrought with gold, the French King's fleurs-de-lis on blue velvet, the English King's roses of silver, the seeds of the roses pearls. They might well call this gorgeous meeting " The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

This Marquess, then, so rich, so favoured, the son of a Princess, cousin of the King, married, and had a

A Noble Name

son, whom he called Edward—after his own father, some said—after his grandfather Edward IV., said others.

The Marquess was at Powderham Castle, his great place in Devonshire, about eight years after he had blazed in jewels at the gathering in France. His little son, Edward Lord Courtenay, was eight, and the Marquess took great interest in his studies, encouraging him in all manly accomplishments, himself instructing him in riding and carrying arms.

Lady Exeter noted her husband's thoughtful attention to their son, and that he seemed much absorbed in some subject he did not speak of, writing and sending letters into France, and occupying himself with strangers, who came to him by stealth.

"Sweetheart," said he to her one day, "we are summoned to the King. The one Harry cannot do longer without the other Harry. He saith: 'It is my will that you bring your son with you on this journey.'"

"Oh, my lord, no!" she said hastily; "he is too young and frail for such a journey and excitement."

"Frail! He is strong enough. And fair enough to——" He broke off.

"To what, my lord?"

"Have you never marked the likeness? Never heard it said he looks all Plantagenet? My mother, in her youth, had just that high colour and that look he has." His voice fell to a whisper: "Her father, Edward IV., that King, was of his make and manner, and colour of eyes and hair."

The Red King

Lady Exeter looked long at him.

"My lord," she said sharply, "what are you dreaming?"

Looking carefully that they were quite alone, he bent to her again.

"This dream, sweetheart, that our fair boy is every inch a prince. That the people love a pretty child—always have done. That the King is sick——"

The lady started.

"—And that there is no Prince in England—no heir to the King's State but girls."

Hand-in-hand they stood looking at each other.

"But you?" she whispered—"you are the son of the Princess. It would be you, first, to——"

"No," he answered promptly; "I would never wear the other Harry's shoes. He shall see Edward, and love him, and make him his heir. I and he, old comrades, will bring up the future King."

What Lady Exeter thought further she did not say. Mothers sometimes have the gift of foreseeing the future, and perhaps her dreams may have been rather to see her son happy in his own place than head of all England and a King.

They travelled to London, and entered with some state, as a nobleman's family did in those fine days; and this was a noble of royal blood, the great King's favourite. The people in the streets cheered them, as they stood aside to let the train go by. Lord and Lady in front had their greetings, and acknowledged them graciously. But their ears were caught by what was said of the boy who rode behind.

A Noble Name

Lord Courtenay was dressed in white, and rode a small white horse trapped in scarlet, a serving-man at his side wearing his livery. At a sharp corner a gust of wind carried away his cap with its jewel and feather, and, for a minute or two, he sat bareheaded and laughing, whilst his man ran back for it.

"A pretty head for a crown," said some voice in the throng, and the Marquess, looking round for his son, smiled to himself.

A very old man, craning forward, lifted his hands with a cry.

"What does old Lionel Cross-bow say?" a fat apprentice demanded.

What the old cross-bowman of forgotten battles said was lost in a cry of "Hush!"—a sudden wave of fear that called on him to hold his tongue—and they cheered the Marquess to cover the confusion. But the Marquess had heard the voice and smiled again, throwing a coin to the veteran.

"A White Rose! A White Rose of England!"

That had been the word. That was what this soldier of the past had shouted on seeing little Courtenay. It was the name of the past for the children of the House of York, the favourite line, the true Plantagenets. "White Rose of England!" England loved them yet.

They lodged in the Marquess's house in London that night, and the next day rode down to Hampton Court, where the King and Queen were staying. Lady Exeter went to pay her respects to the Queen, Anne Boleyn, and would have taken her son with her

The Red King

to see the Queen's daughter, Elizabeth ; but the Marquess would take the boy with him.

Lord Courtenay was pleased to think he should see his father's old playfellow and companion, the great and splendid King of whom he had heard so much. His father took him by the hand, and they followed the usher to the King's door. There had been no waiting in anterooms for Lord Exeter. He was taken straight to the Presence, and did not think it necessary to ask leave for the admission of his son. The Most Dread Sovereign Lord was "t'other Harry" to him still.

The King had been receiving the French Ambassadors, and his business with them had not gone well. He had had, also, some previous causes of annoyance, and the French gentlemen, though they had felt the King's temper, had not used up all his rage. He had worked himself into a royal passion, and brought on a severe pain in his leg, to which he was subject. When the Marquess came in, the King was in his chair by the open window, his lame leg propped on a cushion, his face swollen with anger and heat. There was no ease from the heat in his heavily-furred coat of velvet, but he would not have it changed. He heard the Marquess's name called, and grunted.

"Eh, eh, Harry ! I'm a weary man," he said.

He looked out of the casement as he spoke at a hot blue sky ; and as he glanced at his old friend, he saw before him a little boy, all in white silk, with close-cropped yellow hair and wide blue eyes ; a fresh-faced little boy, dainty and exquisitely made, so perfect in

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every detail of face, person, and appointment he seemed newcomer from fairyland.

Now, the King was sitting with the sun blazing all across his face and figure, and to the little boy he was yet only a blur of crimson and a blaze of glittering gems. The King's great chest was hung with collars, and stars, and tags of gold, for the Frenchman's benefit. Little Lord Courtenay watched them wink and blaze, and, dazzled by the glare, hardly noticed the face of the great King himself.

"What's this ?" Henry asked gruffly.

"My son and your servant, Sire," Lord Exeter replied. "Kneel down, Courtenay, and pray the King's Highness to favour you."

Courtenay dropped to his knee, and his small clear voice shook a little as he said: "God save Your Grace."

Lord Exeter, kneeling beside him, begged the King to have his son in favour for their old friendship's sake.

"Ha !" said the King, heaving his unwieldy person higher on the cushions, "Exeter, I've heard a tale of thee."

"Belike, Sire. Some treason, I trow." The Marquess spoke boldly, but his cheek flushed.

"Yes, yes, Exeter. You have been writing letters to a traitor overseas, paltering with bad matters, whispering in the ears of our enemies. But there, man, I roast ! Shut that shutter."

Exeter pushed the shutter, and so arranged it as to shade the King from the glare.



“‘My son and your servant, Sir.’”

The Red King

"Now set that white poppet near me. He looks like an ice-block and will cool the air, maybe."

The Marquess drew his little son nearer to the great chair and the huge crimson figure in it. The King took the cool little hands in his dry feverish ones.

"Hither to me, child—on my knee. Ay, that one. A fine son, Harry—a fair and gallant lad."

Lord Exeter's face cleared.

"Take him, Sire. Make what you will of him, for love of the friendship of our youth. Take him, and I pray you be his good master."

The King passed his big hand over the silky hair and down the soft young cheek.

"If he were mine," he muttered, "I would make such a prince of him as never country had."

"He is yours," said Exeter earnestly—"he is Your Majesty's."

Henry looked down at the lovely boy, and breathed hard.

"Such a prince as never country had," the King repeated—"such a prince as might follow such a King; a fit wearer of our crown indeed. Ay, but——" He glanced up at Exeter. "A pity he should look so princely and be no prince."

"He has my mother's face," Exeter whispered. "She that was sister to Your Majesty's royal mother—daughters both of a King."

"Look up, sweetheart!" said the King, and tried to lift the boy's chin with his finger.

Courtenay obstinately held it down.

"He is a modest child," said Exeter aside; "not

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forward, and Your Majesty's magnificence and condescension——"

The King chuckled, trying again to lift Lord Courtenay's chin. The Marquess would have given the world to see the boy look up bravely, as he would have done at his mother or himself, for he knew nothing irritated the fierce King more than a weak spirit, and nothing touched him so much as a bold and confident one.

"He trembles like a hare, this princeling. Hey, mannikin! Is thy King but a dog that thou shakest like puss when she feels him at her haunches? The dog will have thee, then." He gripped the boy with a playful violence that seemed all savage to Courtenay, shaking like a leaf.

When the sun's rays were shut out, and only the calm even light fell on him, Courtenay, in one swift glance, had seen the King. His enormous size, his red, angry face, his bandaged leg, his great, clumsy, powerful hands filled him with terror and a loathing he could have found no words to express. This the King! This the great Prince, his father's friend, the knight, the splendid personage of his dreams!—This huge swaying mass of crimson!

Courtenay turned as white as his dress. His forehead was damp. His hands, both in the King's left one, were as cold as the ice-block could have been. He turned dizzy, and heard his father's voice, as it seemed, muffled and a long way off.

"Ah! 'Tis this heat, Sire. It has overcome him. His mother had great fears——"

The Red King

“Bah!” said the King roughly. “He must look up at me, or he is no boy for me.”

Courtenay could have screamed aloud. He wanted to call to his father to take him away, but he knew his teeth would have chattered if he had. He heard his father speak again.

“Courtenay, on your duty, look up at His Majesty.”

With a shuddering sigh the boy lifted his pale face.

The usher at the door entreated leave for the Most High and Most Noble the Marchioness of Exeter to pay her homage to her Lord the King.

At the sound of his mother’s name the colour came back to Courtenay’s cheek. His father, he felt, was angry with him. His mother, he knew, would take his part. Lady Exeter, as she knelt for the King’s greeting, looked at her little son.

“Well, madam,” the King said to her, “what think you we have been saying of this pretty babe of thine?”

“I know not what it has pleased Your Majesty to say. But I trow it has sadly scared him,” answered she; for in one look the mother had seen the trembling chin and the twitching lips that were ready for crying—if she knew anything of such signs.

The King laughed.

“Were he my son, madam, he should be taught to love me, not to shake at me, as if I were a hog or a bad vision. Ha, ha! You’ve taught him to fear the King, Harry—to fear the King.”

He relaxed his hold, and Courtenay slipped away

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to his mother's side. As she sat there with her husband the King saw her draw him close, saw him hide his face, hot with shame now, in her sleeve.

He did not speak of the child again, but talked of other matters. All seemed well. He did not mention the subject of the Marquess's correspondence. He seemed as friendly as he ever was with anyone, not reining in his anger, but not specially directing it at Exeter. When their audience ended, Courtenay knelt down, quaking, at his father's order. But the King only grunted at him, and did not give his hand.

When they had left the Presence some minutes, and must have mounted in the court, the King thought he heard a sound of distant cheering. He had been dozing, and it roused him with a start. Ringing the hand-bell near him, he shouted at the page who answered :

“What's yon hubbub, sirrah ? Have we sacked a town, or sunk a ship, or what ? ”

The page fled to inquire, and came back in haste.

“An it please Your Majesty, some loiterers at the gate cheered my Lord Marquess of Exeter, his Lady, and their son.”

“Pish ! ” said the King. “Get you gone, and bid this place keep silence. The King *sleeps*.” The roar with which he finished the sentence sent the page out backwards in a frenzy of fear.

Fallen

Fallen



the evening of the same day the Lord Privy Seal said to the King :

“ Has Your Majesty seen the young hope of the Courtenays — a fair and pretty boy ? ”

“ And if I have, what of it ? ” said the King, with irritation.

“ They pray much—his parents—that Your Highness should have him about your presence as a Page of Honour.”

“ Ha ! Would they ? Every time I spoke he would fall in a swoon.”

The Lord Privy Seal twisted his fingers, and looked away.

“ As he rode through the city the common people called after him.”

“ Called after him ! What should we care for that ? ”

“ What Your Majesty thinks good, Sire. They cheered this little boy.”

“ He'd need it. He left our presence fainting. A poor heart ! ”

“ A most beautiful person, Sire.”

“ Ha ! ” cried Henry, “ there you have it ! Had I such a son—well, I would have him with a bolder heart.”

“ My Lord of Exeter, Sire, would be well pleased

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if you would take that fair child and train him as your son."

The King slowly turned on the great man beside him.

"No," he thundered.

Privy Seal was used to thunder, and did not quake. He had long envied the Marquess of Exeter, and he saw before himself a way to be rid of that great nobleman, whose royal blood made him dangerous—if he could so present it to the King.

"Your Majesty's kinsman——" he began.

The King struck a blow on the chair-arm, and hurt his hand on the carving. In a fury, he sprang to his feet, and jarred his lame leg so that he fell back.

"I have no kin but my own daughters," he said. "Hold your peace of such things, Master Cromwell."

Lord Privy Seal bowed, with a faint flush on his cheek. There were times when his titles and his honours were ignored by the King, who, for his abasement, called him Cromwell—Cromwell, the name he had had as Cardinal Wolsey's servant, before he rose to be peer and Privy Seal. But he was a brave man, and knew the King well.

"Sire, I would, an it please Your Majesty, tell you an item of important news. This I have before hinted. My Lord Exeter corresponds with the King's foes."

"I know it, man!"

"And, Sire, the Lord Courtenay his son is hailed by the common people as the White Rose."

"The White Rose!" the King said sharply—



“‘I have no kin but my own daughters.’”

Fallen

“ the White Rose, Cromwell ! Roses—loyal roses—are they not all red and white, since the day my father wed my mother ? Hey, sirrah, White Rose, quotha ! There is no such flower, I say. Lily—he is White Lily—White Feather—White Heart—White Liver. Tush ! ”

He tossed his great head like a horse teased with flies. And the Lord Privy Seal was silent.

“ Make you straightway an order for Exeter to appear before the Council, and answer why he writes to our foes.” His face was terrible as he spoke. “ I see, I see. He would have had this child my heir—this White Rose of his. I’ll whiten his roses. Be-shrew me for a fool ! My cousin, my Lord Marquess ! Get to work, my lord, and let us end this business.”

The King could brook no other in his place. If the boy had won his heart with a bold, pleased look, a laugh, a child’s caress, his anger would not have been roused like this. He had been inclined to favour him, and to ignore what he had heard of Lord Exeter’s correspondence with those he called his foes. But he had read right the look of hate and terror in Courtenay’s eyes and bearing. And this child was cheered, as he rode through London—nay, here, at his very gate ! The King’s cousin. One of the last Plantagenets. The White Rose of England. White Rose, when roses should be white and *red* ! He, the King, united in his person, as he boasted, York and Lancaster—White Rose and Red. There was no place in England for the White flower. And Exeter—the other Harry—he had played for this ! To bring

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his son to Court, and pray the King's favour, and bid the King call him his own—not to be his servant, but his heir. And the lady, his wife, with her glance of reproach for him, and her tenderness for her weak-spirited son, what did she think of it all? She had better take her pretty boy out of his reach, and quickly. There was no room for White Roses here.

He fretted and fumed, stamping up and down, and lashing himself into rage upon rage, like a lion. He was furious with Exeter for thinking to push his son into the place of prince and heir. He was furious with the lady for her look and words of reproach. He was furious with them both for having such a son. And what most angered this poor man, and most magnificent King of the age, was that he cared because those little hands had trembled with fear, that that young face had turned from him in dislike.

The Lord Privy Seal had played his game, and won. He had long been working for the other Harry's ruin. He did not know how much envy and a heavy heart had to do with the King's sudden eagerness to be rid of his favourite. He did not believe very much in hearts, especially the hearts of princes. He never guessed how nearly he had lost his desire, how very near Lord Exeter had been to coming through inquiries safely, how easily he might have kept his head.

The Marquess was attainted and executed, to the Lord Privy Seal's satisfaction. But for a boy's fear, the King's cousin might have been spared. Henry might not have made the child his heir, but a little boldness would have saved his father's head.

The Tyrant's Will

The Tyrant's Will



With all imaginable secrecy and haste Lady Exeter sent her young son down into Devonshire. The father being slain, she dreaded that the King's vengeance might fall upon the boy. She followed him as soon as she could, and her first business was to explain to him what had happened. In their black dresses, in the room all draped with black—black cushions on the chairs, black curtains closely drawn, the summer sun shut out, and tapers burning on the tables and high mantelshelf, these two, lately so gaily clad, next to the King only in their magnificence, sat, broken-hearted and alone.

"Mother," said the boy, "there are no guards or servants in the hall."

"No, my child."

"Nor in the court, nor on the leads."

"No, sweetheart."

"Where are they all? It is strange, not safe, to be here all alone."

"We have one or two servants still," she smiled. "Enough for you and me at present. The rest of the household is dispersed."

"Why?" The boy searched her face with troubled eyes.

"You have heard that when the Kings of England

A Noble Name

cast down their nobles, and execute them as traitors——”

“My father was not *that*! He might well hate the King, but——”

“Hush!” She covered his mouth hastily. “Who knows what spies are set about us? Your father loved the King, did him no wrong, was never proved a traitor, but died the death of one.” She stopped, for Courtenay was sobbing.

“I will hate the King. When I’m a man, I will——”

She hushed him. “Listen to all I say, and let us be very quiet.”

There was much to explain to him, and he could not understand it all.

“Why,” he demanded—“why, if we are in danger, do you send our men away? Here we are in our house. I say the King”—his voice shook on the word—“even the King couldn’t pluck us away, or get at us in here. We should be safe in our own place if our people stayed with us. Shouldn’t we? Shouldn’t we?”

“A Courtenay in Devon should be as safe as the King on his throne. But it is not so—not with this King. His arm is long, and where he hates he hunts to death. You cannot hide from him; the very trees seem to spy for him; the very walls and stones are eyes and ears to him. There is nothing for it but to bear what Henry Tudor does. There has never been escape for any one of all his victims, the greatest or the very least.”

The Tyrant's Will

She held her son nearer, shuddering.

"Would he touch you—a woman, madam?" he faltered.

"I do not know, sweetheart. My being a woman would not trouble him."

"Mother—mother—would he take me?"

She held him fast. "God forbid him," she whispered, but she dared not make loud promises.

The King had attainted her husband, which meant, as she explained, that he had cast a stain on their blood—the Courtenay blood; that he had taken their estates, and held them himself; that he had made Courtenay penniless, and forbidden him to bear his father's arms or titles. He was neither Marquess of Exeter nor Earl of Devon. Lord Courtenay was, as it were, made dead, as well as his father; he was cut off, had ceased to exist, his name was dishonoured and his rights ignored. He had no more claim to Powderham Castle than the boy who scraped the platters in the scullery. They were to leave the place immediately.

"Take heart," she said; "it is true they have stolen from you all your father's lands; you may not set your foot in any of their houses and call them yours; you may not go in at any of the old doors nor play in any of the old rooms. But, there! Your mother has her modest places still, not castles for her little lord, but houses big enough for him to grow in, fields and gardens large enough for him to run and ride in. You must not break your heart for these things that you lose. And think! 'Twas only your own grandfather that won back these places, which

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a King had taken from his father. Some day," she whispered, "you may win them back, or some gentler sovereign give them back to you."

So she tried to hide her bitter grief, and soothe and cheer him.

They packed their personal goods, and made all ready for leaving the Castle in a few days' time. The King was not one to wait; his officers would soon be coming to take charge of the estates.

When they left the Castle, Courtenay saw his mother weeping. His own heart was like lead inside him, but she had so cheered him that he thought it would not be for long. Something would happen in a month or two, and they would come back. The terrible King would die in one of his red rages, and that gentler sovereign his mother whispered of would send them back. The people were gathered in crowds to see them go—neighbouring gentry and peasants and tenants from the lands. There were tears and lamentations, some prayers, and whispered curses on the King.

This little train in their black habits was very different from the cavalcade that rode out not many months before, when the Marquess of Exeter took his White Rosebud to the King. Courtenay's face was as white as any rose as he looked at the crying people, and back at Powderham. The farther he got from home the less and less did a return seem likely. The faces of the servants were so sad, his mother's grief under the long strain showed so, that his courage waned. The days in the sunshine were not so dreadful, but the nights in the dark, in strange lodgings where,



"When they left the Castle."

The Tyrant's Will

for safety, they called each other by strange names, were terrible. He was haunted by the King's long arm that stretched so far, the hand—that heavy hand—from whose grasp there could be no escape.

However, in spite of fears of disaster, they did reach his mother's house, in a distant county, safely. It was remote, and that was why the lady had chosen it. She thought they would be safer there, out of the public eye.

Here Courtenay settled down, and life became peaceful once again. His tutor came, and he had lessons and amusements as before, though he had no companions to share his sports. At Powderham his father had had many boys and youths of noble birth as pages of honour, to learn with his own son, and be bred in gentle ways. Parents had been anxious for their sons to enter the world under Lord Exeter's guardianship. But on the first news of his fall these young gentlemen had been removed from his household, and in a day all Courtenay's best friends had vanished. Now he had no one to play with. He and his mother lived a quiet, lonely life, but she was happy that he was spared to her, and she to him.

"Teach him to be as noble as his name," she bade the tutor.

"Madam, he seems to be the very embodiment of all nobility," answered the obsequious tutor, bowing to her.

Indeed, it seemed that of all the long line of knights, and lords, and kings who were his ancestors, there could never have been so perfect, or so beautiful

A Noble Name

a boy as Edward Courtenay. His manners were sweet and engaging, and he was obedient and cheerful.

Lady Exeter had spoken only too truly of the King's long arm, of the impossibility of hiding from his searching eyes. Her year of seclusion and mourning was hardly up before the King's officers appeared there, at her own private house, far enough, one would have thought, from London and the world. Her husband's lands and goods had been taken from her. This of her own the King should not have touched, and men were puzzled to find a cause for his eager and terrible persecution of this poor and unhappy lady. Hate with him was like a tempest; it would sweep everything before it, to the smallest cottage or low tree. Henry Tudor was without pity when he set out to visit anyone with his personal spite.

She and Courtenay were in their parlour, Courtenay lying on the floor reading a book of chronicles—how the English Prince won the Battle of Poitiers—when the King's officers arrived.

Lady Exeter did not move when they were admitted, but Courtenay shut his book and stood by her.

“In the name of our Most Dread Sovereign Lord the King!”

Courtenay dropped his book and grew as pale as death.

“What would His Highness have further of the widow of his cousin and sometime friend?” she asked.

The officer read to her from a long document of orders. The truth of the matter was, that this and any other place or land she had was taken from her

The Tyrant's Will

into the King's hands. From that moment she possessed nothing.

"And what else?" she asked, as the gentleman hesitated.

"We are come for your person, madam."

"To carry me—whither?"

"To London, madam."

"To trial?"

"As His Highness pleases. Our orders are to conduct you and your son to London."

"My son?"

"Your son, madam."

Entreaties would have been useless; resistance impossible. Amongst the more useful lessons taught in noble households in those days were control and courage—and sadly were both needed. Even if they were craven at heart, they were trained to hide it, so influenced they dare not show if fear was there. Courtenay had had the training since the time when he had trembled before the King, and he stood up, straight before these gentlemen, though his face was still pale as death. The King's word was law—this King's more than any other King's, perhaps—and from it there was no appeal. The lady gave orders for a journey, and Courtenay got ready in silence, speedily.

In their night's lodgings both mother and son broke down. They had been poor before, now they were homeless, and freedom was gone.

But Lady Exeter had the brave heart. To cheer him she roused herself, and talked of her own family the Blounts, of all her old friends, of powerful allies

A Noble Name

at Court. These would draw round her and rise against this last great wrong that struck at the very laws of England. The King would not oppress a widow and child without some honest persons rising to remonstrate, to champion her and him. Why, Devon itself would rise to save its little lord. Devon had not risen to save her husband, and in her soul she knew that no friend, however high or honest, dare stretch a hand to her, or plead a word against the Red King's greed and wrath. Youth was not safe against his jealousies. Innocence was not sacred to him. High rank and royal blood he insulted and made mocks of ; Kings trembled at his nod ; religions were changed at the stroke of his pen. Who were they, where was the friend, that could withstand him ? If their Most Dread Lord desired their blood he would have it, innocent, helpless, and royal though it was.

Parted



THEY reached London and were taken at once to Barnard's Tower, and lodged there. They were in ward, but together, and they had their own servants to wait on them. Lady Exeter wrote letters and sent messages to all her kinsmen, and every friend they had. She appealed to the new Queen, Jane Seymour. To the King she made no prayer. She waited, expecting day by day

Parted

to be brought to trial and condemned. Who then would guard her son? What would become of him? She was not allowed to see her friends, and did not know whether they received the letters she had sent. She could not get any news from outside, for her servants were prisoners like herself.

At last, one of the officers in charge of her, touched by her courage and the beauty of her little son, approached her courteously, and begged her leave to speak, privately, when he thought none saw him.

“Madam, there is to be no trial for you.”

“No trial? The King—he cannot have relented?”

“No, madam—no! Your ladyship is attainted; all is done just by his mere word, no Act of Parliament. It is all over now; it but remains to——”

“To take my head?”

“No, madam; your ladyship’s life is granted. Soon, they say, you will be free to go.”

The gentleman left her quickly, but he had been seen. He was removed from guarding her, and she did not see him any more. He had given her hope, however, and she began to look to the future with courage and great calm. When her husband’s head had fallen she had thought her own life was done, but there had been her son left, and she had lived and hoped for him. When all the lands and wealth had been taken she had been broken-hearted because her son had lost his heritage. Then, again, she remembered what remained—her own jointure, her own

A Noble Name

lands. Now these were gone, and she might well have broken down. She looked instead on what she might still thank God for : life, freedom, and a good conscience—no mean things. Amongst her relations were many who would help her until Lord Courtenay grew up or better days came. All her life she had had experience of change—change of dynasty, change of religion, change of thought. These were unsettled times, and now one man swayed the whole nation and interfered in the most private matters of his subjects' lives. But what one King had taken another might give back. This King had left them very little. He had stained their name—the Courtenay name—stolen their lands, erased their titles, but they lived ; they still had breath ; their freedom was to be restored. She had, indeed, the brave heart, this lady, and believed her son's beat stoutly too.

Whilst she waited for the King's officers to come with the order of release, she made many and many a plan for their way of life and for the training of Courtenay of Devon, so that when his time came, and good-fortune gave back his titles and estates he might not be unworthy of his noble name.

The officers came to her at last, and announced, with all due form, that her life was spared her by the King's great mercy, and she was free to go whither she might choose—great generosity in one who had robbed her of every place to which she had the right to go, being free !

“ And when may we go forth, sirs ? ” she inquired, with grave dignity.



"Courtenay of Devon did not go proudly to his prison."

Parted

"When you please, you may go forth, madam. Your son will go now, straightway—with us."

Courtenay looked at his mother ; bewildered, she, as if fascinated, gazed at the officer.

Twice she tried to speak, but her voice would not come clearly. Still she kept her eyes steadily on the man who had spoken those cruel words. Beside her, Courtenay felt his heart stand still—that heart she hoped beat stoutly like her own. The gentleman bowed low to her, respecting her high courage, and spoke, as she could not.

"It is the King's will, madam, that your son should be kept in ward. It is feared he may stir up strife in vengeance for his father's death. Some there be still who speak high words, and call him royal, of the White Rose stock. To be that, madam, is a crime."

"Ay, a crime indeed !" she cried. "Of better stock than the King's Highness, yet akin. Sirs, believe me, I would rather have him all Courtenay than count that little drop of York blood that makes him royal, and makes him kin to the King's Highness——" Her eyes flashed in fierce scorn.

"Madam !"

The warning voice checked her, not for herself, but lest her angry words should be repeated, to her boy's further hurt.

She calmed herself. "Where is he to go ?" she asked.

"To the Tower."

She bent her head.

A Noble Name

“We will give you ten minutes for farewells—at our own risk, madam. Our orders are to take him away at once.”

At the end of ten minutes she led Courtenay out to them. It was a part of her high code of duty that she should not endanger anyone acting under orders, by making them disobey. Courtenay's servant had been told to pack his clothes, and was to be allowed to go with him to the Tower. Five of the ten minutes were taken up in directing him. She had no words, only kisses, for her boy.

He was as white as when he had almost swooned in the King's grasp the year before. He was dizzy, and trembled so that one of the officers carried him downstairs. She stood rigid until he was out of sight. He did not look back at her. He did not wave to her. His beautiful head had fallen back on the officer's shoulder, his hands hung down limply, his eyes were shut. Courtenay of Devon did not go proudly to his prison, as his father had gone out to his death. But, with one shock after another, how could this White Rose keep up a brave, golden heart ?

False Hope

False Hope



Many years went by, and in all that time Lady Exeter, living as best she might, through the benevolence of kinsmen, prayed and worked for her son's escape. No one dare assure her that his life, though spared, was safe.

The King could not bring a child to trial and condemn him to a public death, but there were secret ways, tools ready to the tyrant's hand, means of ridding himself of a tiresome little life. Lady Exeter did not think the King would dare to let her son grow to manhood in his prison, and then release him. He would be a cause of quarrel, and his troubles would bring him supporters amongst any who loved justice, and respected an ancient and honourable name. Courtenay of Devon could never be restored to freedom by Henry, she supposed, for what would be his first impulse but to stir up strife and revenge his own and his father's wrongs?

She hoped to bribe someone to help her in her son's escape. Then she would take him abroad, where they might live safely until he was a man, or until a more merciful monarch ruled at home.

In spite of all her efforts, however, she had achieved nothing, when, at the end of the second year, the King's son was born and created Prince of Wales.

On the evening of the day of rejoicing for the

A Noble Name

Prince, the man who waited on Courtenay said to him : “ My lord, I have great news for you.”

Courtenay looked up from the book he was reading.

“ What news ? ” he asked. “ Have I worn out my last pair of shoes ? or poked my foot through my hose ? and will they give me no more ? Your news is always of that kind, and I’m weary of it.”

The boy stretched his arms, and there was a sound of stitches cracking.

“ There ! That’s my under-coat bursting. One would think I fed well and grew too fat here. But I’ve had these clothes—how long ?—twelve months ? ” He stretched again.

“ Ah ! but, my lord, this news is different, if your lordship pleases. My lady, your mother, bade me tell it you.”

Courtenay, his face against the window-bars, began to listen more attentively.

“ There is a Prince born, my lord, and named Edward, like yourself. To-day all the town has been keeping feast. Did you hear the guns ? To-night there’ll be grand bonfires, I trow.”

“ Well, will they burn this prison, Nick ? ”

“ Will it please your lordship to attend ? When such things happen prisoners are released—State prisoners.”

Courtenay swung round. “ Nick ! Do you mean that they will let me out ? ”

“ It is my lady’s hope. She moves in the matter through all your lordship’s kin.”

“ My mother hoped Dwarf Peter would let me



“ ‘My lord, I have great news for you.’ ”

False Hope

out—before you came here, Nick. He was to lend me his cloak and hat and let me go out instead of him. He was ; but he could not manage it. She hoped to bribe the turnkey, and she hoped——”

“ Oh ! but, my lord, this is all different. Here you want neither plan nor bribe, disguise nor aught. There comes an order. The King’s Highness is graciously inclined, on the occasion of the birth of his son the Prince of Wales, to let his prisoners go. Thus will it be, my lord, with openness ; no hole-and-corner work. ’Twill be all safe and comfortable to everyone concerned. I hate your dark contriving ways of getting out of ward. ’Tis nasty, pesky work, as full of danger as an egg of meat.”

Nick looked sideways at his young master. Lady Exeter had spent much money and many persuasions on old Nicholas, hoping he would help her to save her son. But Nick had the heart of a mouse, and never could screw himself up to anything. Why, he might be caught and put in a donjon, or be hanged for it ! But he was really attached to the lady and the unfortunate boy, and he sincerely hoped this chance would be his without any difficulties or any danger for himself.

“ Is it a true thing, Nick ? Will it really be ? ” asked Courtenay anxiously.

“ That is what we hope, my dear young lord. Two years you have been here—a long enough punishment for what you haven’t done ! And this is such an event as will make a gaol-delivery possible, if they use that term for high personages in high prisons like this one, my lord. You hope, my lord, for hope is good—to sleep on, and I bid you good-night.”

A Noble Name

Lord Courtenay sat by the window until his candle went out, and he had to grope his way to bed. So the Red King had a little son called Edward, and had bidden men rejoice and bonfires blaze for joy of it. Edward Courtenay shuddered in the dark. His horror of the Red King had become a deep hatred with him, because of his father's wrongs and this long captivity. He was sure this child born to be his heir could never love the King, could never feel such delight in him as Courtenay had felt in his father. Two long years ! He had seen the same grey walls, walked on the same piece of leaded roof, read all the books he was allowed to have, and thought all the same thoughts over and over again for twenty-four long months.

He was a clever boy, endowed by nature with quick apprehensions. He had learned to play on the viol before he came to the Tower. He could sing very well, and his personal beauty had grown in spite of his captivity—it was even enhanced by the wistful sadness in the eyes, and the delicacy that came of long hours spent in one room without healthy sports or companionship. Lady Exeter would examine Nicholas, the servant, closely, as to her son's looks and spirits, when, at rare intervals, she was allowed to see the man. Nicholas told her he was sweet-tempered, fair, and lovable. But she would not ask of Nicholas whether Courtenay of Devon's spirit was strong as well as sweet. She could not learn from the serving-man what she most wanted to know of him. She would not even have suggested to old Nicholas that a Courtenay could be otherwise than perfect, honour-

False Hope

able, brave, and upright. There was no one to train her boy's spirit, whatever its nature was, and she longed to know if his father's son was of the stuff to win back his father's honours, all the tyrant had robbed him of.

The Prince's birth certainly gave hopes of his release. Her friends assured her of it, and she thought she might get her son back whilst he was still young, before it was too late to train his mind to noble things.

"Nick," the boy began first thing, when Nicholas brought his food, "when shall I be free?"

"Well, my lord, there are the usual forms."

"What forms?"

"Why, who am I to know them all? Your lordship may depend there'll be some ink-spilling about it, and a boiling or two of sealing-wax, and a peck o' sand to dry so big a document. Then there'll be officers with staves to walk before the document, and it, itself, with an officer to bear it, and more behind to blow trumpets, and make a clatter with their swords. It's King's business, your lordship sees, this letting out of great, mighty personages in the name of your Lord Edward, Prince of Wales, tuck o' drums, and God save His Highness, and Oyez, an' all. An' then there's our Governor here to have it read to him, and bows enough for a field o' corn in a wind, an' this an' that an' t'other, all going to make it what's called *valid*. And my Lady Exeter on a cushion at the gate, waiting for your lordship all the time."

"Is she there now?" asked Courtenay. "Will it be to-day?"

A Noble Name

“More like to-morrow, my lord.”

It would have been wiser and kinder if Nicholas had taken his lady's advice, and not talked too much of this hope of release to the poor, anxious prisoner. Every morning the boy cried out to know if he would be set free that day, and every morning the old man had to answer that he had no news, but that most likely he would have some on the morrow—always on the morrow !

And every day, on her part, Lady Exeter went to her friends and asked if they had heard anything of the King's will in this matter of her son's release. Had he decided which prisoners should be freed ? Was her boy's name in the list which, she supposed, had been submitted to him ? A day came when her kinsman had to answer her.

“Is my son's name in the list ? ” she asked.

“It was in the list, madam,” said one.

“Was it allowed to stand, cousin ? ”

“Madam, a short story is the best. It was crossed out.”

“Go on ! ” she cried.

“Madam, I was there. The King's eyes fell on it. ‘Courtenay of Devon ! ’ he said. ‘My cousin's son.’ I being your kinsman, methought the King's eye dwelt on me. First it was hot, and glowed, and then it cooled, and he looked bleak, for all his weight of flesh—bleak, and stark, and grim. ‘My cousin's son ! ’ he said, and ‘The White Rose,’ he said. And then he struck the table, and the secretary who knelt blinked, and would have dropped down, I thought.

False Hope

"A White Rose blooming in my son's garden? Pluck it up! Cut it down," he cried. "Nay, let it wither where it is." He caught the pen, and, with his arm over the secretary's shoulder, he himself crossed out the name—crossed and recrossed it, making it all one blur. "Courtenay of Devon, *no!*" he said. So it was, madam, to my great grief and pain."

So that hope was killed. There was no mercy in the Red King's heart. Not even the birth of his own little son could move him to give back to that poor woman her young son. Nay, the very fact that he had now an heir recalled to him the scene when his old friend and comrade had offered him his boy, and when the boy had cowered and shrunk from him in disgust. The baby's fingers fastened Courtenay's prison door the closer. Let the flower wither in the prison. No White Roses should flourish in Prince Edward's garden, where all the blossoms should be white and red.

"*When* shall I be freed?" asked Courtenay.

Weeks had gone by; Nicholas's excuses were all worn out.

"Alas! my lord," cried Nick desperately. "Best get it over, sir. There is no hope of it."

"No—hope—of—it?"

"Alas, my lord! No hope."

The old man hurried out in tears. In the morning he found that Courtenay had never been to bed, but was lying on the floor, exhausted with much crying, and he would not eat.

"Eh, look up, and take fresh heart, my lord," said poor, weak Nicholas, who must needs try to cheer his

A Noble Name

master with some hope. "The King is a great unwieldy man," he said behind his hand, quaking for fear lest somebody should hear. "He's full of bad humours, very near to death. When this young Prince shall be our gentle King, then *he* will let out a nobleman so young and innocent as you. You may depend that at his crowning they will let you go, for what could he have against your father's son—whatever his father thought he had, in his day? Hope, sweet lord! I pray you hope. Don't die to break your mother's heart."

False Hope Again



D COURTENAY did not die. He lived on, and once in a while would ask old Nicholas how was that Dread Sovereign Lord of theirs. Nicholas would whisper a cheering answer, nod and wink wisely, but tremble all the same, for walls have ears, especially prison walls, and the King's arm was not shortened, though he dragged out his days in pain—pain that no splendours drowned, no power healed. The King lived, and the White Rosebud lived, within its prison walls, a pale, fair, unforgotten flower.

False Hope Again

There was a garden at the Tower, for it was palace as well as prison, and there Courtenay was allowed to take exercise, and sometimes on the leads he played at ball, and watched below the doings of London and the traffic on the river. Ravens passed over him, croaking, and he shuddered. He heard bells toll often, close at hand. He heard the rumble of cart-wheels, the stir and hum of excited crowds beyond the gates. On Tower Hill the scaffold and the block were set for noble and bishop, statesman and soldier. There came the crowds to hear men's last speeches, see how this or that late favourite of the King accepted this, his last favour, a violent and public death. That way young Surrey went, the Duke of Norfolk's son, the poet and soldier; his crime that he had quartered on his shield the very arms that Courtenay's father used—the lions and lilies of England and France. He was said to be aspiring to the throne, and his real fault was Courtenay's too: he had the old blood of the Kings in his veins, and he was young, and loved, and boasted of it.

In time Courtenay gave up inquiring of the King's health, for old Nicholas left, and new servants came to him. He heard from his mother still, and her presents were brought to him sometimes, but he never saw her, or any friends. He lived within stone walls, above him the ravens moving in black ranks, about him tolling bells, without, the people's cries.

And one day all bells in London tolled, flags fluttered down to the half-mast, a strange silence fell;

A Noble Name

shutters were closed, and distant specks, men going about their business, were all black—black as the dismal birds of Tower Hill. Henry VIII. was dead.

Courtenay was told the news at supper-time, and all the night lay shuddering at the remembrance of those clumsy hands, those fierce eyes, seen through a blaze of sun and burning gems. The fear was with him all the following day. The King was dead, his spirit free, his body left behind. Courtenay wondered if the dead King's soul would see him quaking there, if it came hovering about the rooms of state known to it in life, the Palace, not the prison-rooms. He had no one to console him, no one to whom he could speak of this great fear. He was alone.

He lived in this terror for whole weeks, forgetting that the death might mean freedom for himself at last. The remembrance came suddenly. Hope sprang awake and tortured him more than the terrors had troubled him before. A letter from his mother put it into words. The King was dead—the King their enemy. The King who reigned was a gentle little Prince, who could have no hatred for his cousin Courtenay. At his crowning he would release him with the other prisoners of State. A list had been prepared, and in it Edward Courtenay's name was given for Edward Tudor's grace. As their fathers had been Harrys so they were Edwards, and surely the little Edward would take pity on this older one.

Lady Exeter hoped so strongly this time that her hope was almost certainty, and Courtenay plucked up heart and hoped with her. The King's uncles

False Hope Again

were his guardians, the grave, sober, ambitious Somerset, the gay, handsome Seymour, Lord High Admiral. To them she made appeal; to them the list was given. Before this King none trembled. No cowering secretary would feel a heavy hand upon his shoulder, or hear a savage word, as his master crossed Courtenay's name from his first list of pardons. She hoped and waited cheerfully.

But the King's uncles had the King's state and safety much at heart. Perhaps their late Dread Lord had left warnings and threats behind; had bidden them beware of letting loose that last White Rose; bound them by promises to keep it enclosed and his son's garden free of it. They advised the little King whom to release and whom to retain. The list came back from his Council with Courtenay's name scratched out.

"I will never hope again," said Courtenay to his heart.

The days went on just like the former ones. He grew and changed from youth to man; he seemed to have a very sweet temper in spite of all his griefs and loneliness; he sang and played and amused himself as best he might. If hope dies, they say the heart dies with it. If Courtenay's heart was dead, no one knew of it. Small blame to him if it was. Tales of his beauty spread outside the walls; men talked of it widely, and pitied his sad lot.

Sometimes he would ask how the little King fared, and what his nature was. His servants would tell him of the other Edward's piety, how well he learned his

A Noble Name

King-craft, of his wonderful proficiency in the arts and mysteries of policy and law, and the high hopes the country had of him. He heard how Edward kept a diary, wrote letters in half a dozen tongues, reproved his elders for frivolity, and begged his sister, the Lady Mary, to ask God to give her a heart of flesh instead of a heart of stone. Courtenay laughed at that, shaking his head—why, he did not explain. Then he moved off, his blue eyes looking at some picture in his mind. Did he wish his heart had been of stone ?

After a time the news of the King did not sound so well ; he was ailing. Later on, one said he had sickened of a fever, but another said it was a consumption, and that he was dying fast. One night a servant lingered behind the rest, and whispered in Courtenay's ear that there was a rumour of foul play—that someone had poisoned the other Edward.

“ Why ! ” said Courtenay, with wide-open eyes. “ Who would desire the death of such an excellent and wise young King ? ”

“ There are those who hate the Tudors,” the man said.

Courtenay turned away. If anyone should hate a Tudor, it was he ; but he said nothing.

Some months later the same servant stopped behind again when the rest had taken away the dishes.

“ My lord,” said he, “ I bid you hope.”

Lord Courtenay began to laugh softly at first, then more loudly, without restraint.

The man stared.

“ My lord,” he faltered, “ I would but warn you



“‘My lord, I bid you hope.’”

False Hope Again

that the King is dead. They are hiding it for private ends—the Duke of Northumberland and those in power. But I have news—sure news. And when your lordship's free, I beg you will remember it was I who——”

Courtenay interrupted him.

“’Tis years since the King died. The death of Kings does not make this their prisoner free. Red Henry handed me on with his crown and sceptre to White Edward. Who comes next, man? What shall I call my new Sovereign?”

“The Lady Jane Grey. She is to be our Queen.”

“Grey?” Courtenay wondered. “That is a distant branch. What of the King’s sisters?”

The man shook his head.

“It is to be the Lady Jane, they say.”

“She’s but a little girl.”

“A dear young lady, my lord, learned, devout——”

Courtenay shook his head in his turn.

“Our last dear King was learned and devout—too wise to let me out, too busy being devout to pity me.”

“My lord, she has a very tender heart, men say.”

“Ah!”

“’Tis ten to one she will let you go. She has the nature for it, and will have the power, too.”

“Let her see to it,” said Courtenay lightly. “If she sets me free I’ll marry her.”

“Oh, my lord, she is already wed to my young

A Noble Name

Lord Guildford Dudley, the Duke of Northumberland's son."

Courtenay laughed.

"A chance lost!"

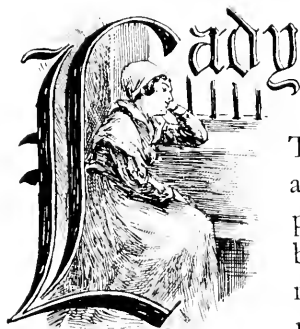
"But hope, my lord, and remember it was I——"

Courtenay snapped his fingers.

"My young Lord Guildford Dudley's in the way," he said.

The man went out, thinking to himself that this unfortunate young man had learned to hide his feelings well, for surely his heart must really be beating high with hope.

A Heart of Flesh



LADY JANE GREY came to the Tower as a Queen, and remained in it as a prisoner. The story of her nine days' reign and the failure of her people's plans was broken to Courtenay by his servant, who feared he might be discouraged by the news of the tender-hearted girl's defeat. But he could not see that it had the least effect on him.

"Then who takes me on with the crown and sceptre?" he inquired lightly.

"The Princess Mary, my lord," his servant answered, staring curiously.

A Heart of Flesh

“With the heart of stone? Poor me!”

But a few days later the man had more news to tell, and told it eagerly. It was not all hope of reward with him. No one could resist the melancholy beauty and grace of the prisoner.

“The Bishops, your fellow-prisoners here, my lord, assure me they have great faith in the Princess Mary’s tenderness of heart. She makes her entry into London and comes hither on the third of August. The Bishops are going to meet her at the gates and pray her grace and help. They say ’twere wise of you to do the same.”

“Ah! but they are her former friends. They need not fear. They need hardly hope. She will have them free before she goes to meat.”

“But the old Duke of Norfolk, he will also plead with her, my Lord Surrey’s father, whom King Henry feared.”

Courtenay nodded. “Not as he feared me. The Princess Mary Tudor will not love me for my more royal blood.”

“The old Duchess of Somerset is here, and means to crave her pity, and she has no claim, for they do say in the days of her prosperity the Duchess slighted the Princess. Yet she trusts her kindness for some cause. And, my lord, your mother begs that you will entreat the Governor to let you go down and meet her when she comes, and kneel and offer her your loyalty, and beseech Her Highness’ pity.”

“Oh, I will go down,” said Courtenay. “Yes, I will do that. At least I shall see fresh faces, hear the trumpets, and breathe the air.”

A Noble Name

“And have good hopes, my lord.”

Courtenay laughed. “And have good hopes,” he echoed, “as on two or three occasions in the past; and on, maybe, as many in the future, eh? When this Princess marries, I will have good hopes; and when an heir is born, good hopes, my lord! And when that heir is crowned, and when his heir is born, and so on, till my ears no longer hear the bells toll when one dies, or the cannons roar when one is born, or crowned. Good hopes—good hopes, my lord!” He laughed again.

When the day came for the Queen’s state entry he did beg leave to go down to the gates, dressed in his best.

“My poor best!” he said, turning himself about in his well-worn clothes.

“Your lordship’s face needs no fine dress to set it off. Methinks there was never one like you in any Court for face or form,” his servant said.

“Ah, flatterer! You think to see me free, and are reminding me I shall owe you some return.”

“Nay, noble sir! Nay, Prince.” The servant knelt to him, regarding him with searching eyes. “If I have ever served you well, ’twas but my duty. This I will say, and trust to your lordship’s grace to remember the prophet when the prophecy comes true——”

“What prophecy?”

“They say the Queen must marry. They ask her to marry an Englishman. You are her cousin, and of royal blood—the old royal blood. Where should

A Heart of Flesh

she look for a husband if not to you? Men of your race have worn the crown before"—he sank his voice—" ' Mary and Edward, by the grace of God ' or ' Edward--why not?—and Mary——' "

Courtenay shrugged his shoulders. " I am King of the Tower," he said, " and I am married to it. But I will go down and see the sights."

At the gates he found the Bishop of Winchester and the Bishop of Durham, and the old Duchess of Somerset, and Surrey's father. He took precedence of them all, he said, the youngest there, the oldest in captivity.

The Queen came to the gate with her sister, her lords, and knights, and came within, and saw kneeling to her a Fairy Prince—blue-eyed and yellow-haired. She asked who this young man was, dressed plainly, but outshining all the Court, one such as she had never seen before. The Governor told her this was Edward Courtenay, a prisoner for fifteen years, and she broke out weeping for his misery. To the kneeling Bishops she gave her hand, and bade them follow her to meat. To the old Duchess she spoke kindly, bidding her sons take her home and comfort her. To Norfolk she gave her pardon; but she raised up young Courtenay with both hands, calling him cousin, and she made him lead her to her room and sit by her. She talked with him and made him welcome, sent for his mother and embraced her.

" This is my prisoner," she said, crying again for pity of his wasted youth. " I will take charge of him. He is Earl of Devon, and Knight of the Garter, and

A Noble Name

shall be Marquess of Exeter. Madam, take your son, and let there be peace and love between us three."

So the mother found her son a grown man, the handsomest in the kingdom, restored to all his father's dignities and wealth, and she had to get to know him again, and see if under the fine presence there was a high and worthy heart. She was told on that first day of freedom that he was the man the Queen would be well advised to marry—English, royal, and beloved because of these and his long sufferings. His prison-gates had opened so wide that a whole kingdom lay before him suddenly. He was going out, not to a scaffold nor a block, but, it might be, to a throne.

She spoke to him of it, and tried to find out how he felt and thought.

"Do you not think," she said, "that this Queen is bountiful and good?"

"She has a heart of flesh," he said—"the one her brother bade her pray for, eh?"

"And what will you say if her Councillors bid you ask her to give that heart to you?"

"Has she told them to bid me do that?" he asked.

"Did she herself not tell you you might look to the very highest lady in the land, nor fear repulse——"

"Next to herself!"

"No, son—the very highest in the land."

He took her hand. "Eh, mother, our Sovereign Lady might well be my aunt. The Princess Elizabeth——"

She started. "Son!"



"The Queen raised up young Courtenay with both hands."

A Heart of Flesh

"Oh, we talk of this and that."

"But what is my son's will?"

"Your son's will is that he should have a holiday. Things must, somehow, be made up to me. I have freedom and money, and desire to use both."

"But affairs of State——"

He stretched. "Fifteen years! Can you in reason grudge me a little joy, a little merry-making? All this talk of crowns, and marriage, and statecraft surely comes too soon. Let me breathe. Let me move. There are pleasures, sights, sounds, companions. I cannot be tied to this or that." He moved restlessly. "Even now there are embroiderers and goldsmiths waiting orders." He kissed her hurriedly. "Fifteen years of stone walls! Nay, I will be enclosed by nothing more—not even by a crown!"

She watched him go. He wanted what light-hearted young men of his own age wanted—young men with no responsibilities, with no higher calls than their own pleasures. But he had lived in close company with grief and death. The shadow of the Tower was on even his matchless beauty, which had a strange aloofness and mystery. Was the shadow lying across his heart? Could the call of ambition and high deeds and love pierce through it?

She sighed. A little feasting, a little rioting, seemed but natural after fifteen years of loneliness and dread.

As the weeks went by the lady sighed very frequently. If she had looked for days of companionship with her son, she never had them. He was always

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hastening after some new sport. He never had time to speak of serious things.

Once she found him for a moment, and held him by the hand. It was in the crowded hall, and he had just led the Queen back to her high seat from dancing.

"Have you been asked about the Queen's marriage?" she whispered. "Have any of the Council been to you?"

"They have," he answered good-humouredly.

"And your answer?"

"I bade them give me time."

"That? To the Queen's Highness?"

He laughed. "She can wait; there is no other Courtenay. I have no rival. Why make haste? We should but repent at leisure."

He went off, and she saw him lead out the young Princess Elizabeth.

She was joined by three of the Lords of the Council, and of them she asked what news there was of the Queen's marriage with her son.

"None, madam," one said quietly. "Her Majesty——"

"Yes?" she asked, as he hesitated.

Another spoke. "Queens do not ask twice. She would not have your son now, madam, if he knelt and prayed."

"Your son is occupied with his pleasures," said a third. "The Queen and England have not made themselves heard. Now they in their turn are deaf. She will have the Prince of Spain. No other. My Lord Courtenay's star is waned."

A Heart of Flesh

“The Earl of Devon,” said his mother stoutly, “has lived a weary life, thanks to his enemies. ’Tis natural he should make free with his good-fortune now it’s come.”

The noblemen bowed gravely. She had had great troubles. They knew many things about her son that she did not. They would not speak of them to her, but they foresaw that she would suffer much again for her handsome son.

“Also,” the lady added, as the Earl passed with the Princess, “youth turns to youth, my lords.”

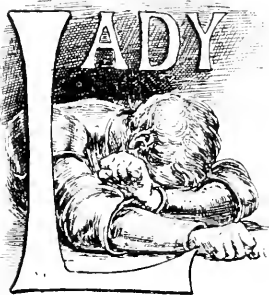
They looked and started. It was they who went away thoughtfully. The Queen was certainly older than young Courtenay; she was plain, and worn with early troubles. She followed the old faith, and wished to restore its forms. The idea of marrying the Prince of Spain, also a Catholic, was most unpopular. The English hated the Spaniards, and looked on them as foes and pirates, and dreaded the Holy Office, the institution all Spaniards loved, the weapon for killing heresy.

Lady Exeter listened for all rumours from the country as well as from the Court. There was an ever-increasing murmur against the Spanish match. From Kent and Devon came news of risings and revolts. The Devon men were sailors, and thought the Spaniards their lawful prey on the high seas. At last, like an echo, came to her the names of Elizabeth and Courtenay. Elizabeth was high-spirited and fearless. She loved the new faith, men said. Courtenay was splendid, and had suffered a great wrong; also, he had

A Noble Name

the old royal blood and, surely, a noble heart. How good it would be for England to have an English Prince—or King—"Elizabeth and Edward, by the Grace of God," or "Edward and Elizabeth." Why not?

No Heart at All



EXETER would have gone down into Devonshire, have girded on a sword, and led the Devon men, when at last the great idea took shape. Men had ceased talking; they were up for Elizabeth and Courtenay, and to stop the Spanish match. Sir Thomas Wyatt was leading them, and was within a few days' march of London, conquering as he came. The Court had fled, for the cause was popular, and people flocked to the banners. She heard that the Queen was the only soul who had not despaired. She had gone to the Guildhall, and, calling on the Lord Mayor for his support, had addressed the Londoners in her deep man's voice, and brought them to her side, perhaps because that voice sounded like her father's in their ears, and they remembered him and recognised his spirit in the Queen. But what was London? And the Londoners—what could they do against the men of Kent and Devon, Wyatt leading, the nation at their back, and Courtenay with them? Lady Exeter was proud of the cause,

No Heart at All

and loved to see her son in arms better than in soft silks and furs. But he was very sumptuous even in his steel. He came to tell her he was advised to go and meet the victorious Wyatt, and he looked like one of the warrior Angels in his gilded helmet and floating cloak of blue.

"Oh, my son, my son!" she cried. "Do well. Do as men of your blood used to do. Be brave in battle, gentle in victory, and, if there be defeat, be bravest then."

He kissed her. "I go to meet Wyatt. We shall take London and the Queen. They tell me there is no chance nor prospect of anything but victory. There can be no defeat. All's safe."

"All's safe!" Strange words for the son of soldiers and kings-by-conquest!

He rode out, met the host, and was welcomed by Sir Thomas, at whose side he rode back, talking of London and what should be done with the Princess Mary, formerly the Queen.

They camped at Southwark that night, and the great guns of the Tower boomed. The balls and shells came all amongst the houses, so that men and women cried out on Sir Thomas, who came to save them from the Spaniard, and himself destroyed their homes and killed their little ones. The kind-hearted knight heard their lamentations and withdrew his forces with all the haste he could. Someone came running to him, breathless, in the dark.

"Is it all over? Are we lost? This is a defeat, a rout?"

A Noble Name

“Who are you?” Wyatt asked.

“Courtenay. Ah! how the people shriek! And see the houses blaze! We are all lost.”

“Nay,” Wyatt said, gazing at the white face upturned beneath the fine helmet plumes. “We have not yet laid on. I do but move to save these faint-hearted folks here. Have good hopes, my lord.”

“Good hopes!” Perhaps the words struck like the knell of all the dead hopes in his fifteen years. He got to horse, and with loose bridle spurred to town. At the gate he gave his name, and bade the guard see that he came alone; he said, to warn the Queen, he said he carried news. He was admitted, and, still riding fast, shrieks ringing in his ears, the terror of defeat and death pursuing him, he went to his Queen and knelt down at her feet. Whether he asked for pardon or lied to her none knew. By morning he was once more in the Tower.

Sir Thomas Wyatt and his men attacked London. His plan failed, and he was made prisoner and taken to the Tower. There, men said, he asked leave to see Lord Courtenay, and asked his pardon for using his name in his proclamations, and so endangering his life. Some said he went to upbraid the young man for his want of heart. But even at the scaffold the generous knight said publicly, and very truly, that Courtenay had in no way aided him, and he prayed the Queen to have mercy on him and spare him from death.

But Courtenay had no hope. He had given himself over to despair, openly and without restraint.

No Heart at All

He had slighted the Queen who had saved him, and had been a traitor to her. His heart had failed him years ago. Hope had come and gone again, and come and gone, and come no more. He had had his few months of sunshine, had flaunted and fluttered like a butterfly. In the hour of danger he had "started aside like a broken bow." Courtenay of Devon had not the strong, high heart.

But the Queen spared him. He was taken from the Tower to Fotheringay Castle, out of the way, where men might forget the fair White Rose—the Rose without a heart. There he remained until Elizabeth, that great Queen, remembering the bright young partner of her own few good days at Court, released him, and bade him go where he would. He asked nothing of her but leave to go abroad. England and home were nothing to him. He only craved to go far from both, and far as possible from his prison walls. After years of useless wanderings, he died in Italy.

Misfortune and hope deferred had taken everything out of him. His mother never had any joy of him, nor he any glory out of life. He had the great name, but no great nor gentle act to add a lustre to it. And

"Who will honour him, who's honour's shame,
Noble in nothing but a noble name?"

Elizabeth, Prisoner

“Much suspected by me :
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner.”

On a window at Woodstock.

“Much Suspected”



YOUNG HENRY VIII. was followed on the throne by his son Edward VI., who died young ; and he by his elder sister, Mary, whom from the old history-books we learned to call “The Bloody.” The new books cast doubts on many of the old stories. They say perhaps Alfred did not burn the cakes, or Bruce encounter the spider. Maybe Richard III.’s back was not so humped, nor his thoughts so evil as one had supposed. And if we came to inquire more closely, we should find that Mary was not only “Bloody Mary,” not only cruel in her heart. Her ideals and desires for herself and

“Much Suspected”

others may have been as good as or better than our best ones. It is always a good thing if we are made, by looking closely, to see more justly.

Mary's childhood was sad, neglected, and dark, for her mother's sake, who had been so cruelly insulted and dishonoured by the King, her father. Her whole life was without love or beauty. It was pathetic and hard, and unhappy, full of danger and distrust. When she came to the throne everything in England was in a state of change. Everyone was looking forward. She had been always looking backward, to her mother's grief, to the time before she and her father had been divided. It seemed to her, who had suffered shock on shock, that there could be no good and no safety in anything untried and new. She could not see why people should ever question anything that was. She could not foresee an England great beyond its narrow seas. She could not comprehend men sighing for fresh worlds to conquer. She wanted her people to walk in the old paths, keep their necks in the old collars; and for terror of all change, for their own salvation, she would have forced them by fire and prison to obey. Revolts and threatenings answered her. England would not be saved that way. It looked about for descendants of its old Kings—the young Courtenay, Earl of Devon, the Lady Jane Grey. It looked from the Queen, stern and “bloody” as she seemed, to her young sister Elizabeth, whose spirit was unbroken by *her* mother's misfortunes, and was hard, and bright, and adventurous, and keen.

The Lady Elizabeth—for she was not called

Elizabeth, Prisoner

Princess, and it had been decreed that she should never reign—came to Court to congratulate her sister on succeeding to the Crown. The Queen treated her with consideration at first—gave her the next place to herself, saw that she was properly housed and richly dressed, and even prayed that there might be love between them. They were only half-sisters, and there were almost insurmountable barriers to their loving one another. Elizabeth was fifteen, the Queen twenty years older. Elizabeth was attractive and accomplished. She had a wonderful knowledge of Greek and Latin and all modern languages. She played the viol and sang. She danced, as we know, “high and disposedly.” She could embroider exquisitely, and do all sorts of fine needlework. Surely, there *was* a royal road to learning in those days! But she had found no royal road to wander in and escape the learning of some harder lessons than all those. Elizabeth, the young girl, before she came to Court, had already learned things that few men learn, and learn hardly, of a long life. She knew how to recognise falseness, even under the guise of love. She knew untrustworthiness under the finest professions of loyalty. She had had experience of being tricked into danger of death as the tool of someone else—a cat’s-paw to snatch, if she would, some great lord’s chestnuts. She had spent all her life, so far, down in the country in the care of different ladies and lords, and she had been taught these cruel lessons with those other more elegant ones. Now she had come out into the great world. Who was she to have for a friend?

“Much Suspected”

Whom could she depend on for advice and counsel ?
Whom was she to love ?

The Queen promised her a good husband—some fine prince or other. Statesmen made secret proffers of devotion. Young Lord Devon suggested that he and she should marry, and be King and Queen.

The Queen commanded her to go to the Mass in the old form, but Elizabeth had been brought up in the new faith, and did not desire to go. Many people, for this very reason, preferred her to the Queen. After the crowning she was sent back to the country.

In the following spring there was a great rising in Kent. The people declared that they would have her for Queen, and she should marry the Earl of Devon. She was summoned to London in hot haste, to answer to her sister for this treason. Lord Devon had been sent to the Tower for his share in the rebellion. The Queen wished to find out if Elizabeth had been a party to it also. If it could be proved, imprisonment and death were before Elizabeth.

“I will dress myself in white,” she said to her waiting-woman, “for I am innocent.”

And in white, very pale, for she saw before her disbelief and the block, she was carried through the streets of London to Whitehall. No one dared to cheer her, but she noticed that men stood bare-headed.

“They respect me,” she thought. “They look on me with feeling. Maybe they will not let me die.”

Elizabeth, Prisoner

She was told that the Queen would not see her, and that her affairs were being discussed by the Council. She further heard that a letter, supposed to be from her, had been found, addressed to the French King, asking his aid against the Queen, and this was taken as a clear proof of her guilt. They said it was known she had agreed to the Queen's being murdered and herself placed on the throne.

She begged to be allowed to see her sister. The Queen refused her. There seemed to be nothing for it but the Tower and the block.

"Give me, then, my lords, permission to write to the Queen," she entreated.

The gentlemen sent to acquaint her with affairs gave this permission. In her letter she begged again to be allowed to see the Queen, so that "evil persuasions persuade not one sister against another." As for the traitor Wyatt, who had headed the rebellion in her name, she wrote : "He may peradventure have written me a letter ; but, on my faith, I never received any from him." She denied stoutly that she had ever written to the French King, and said : "And to this truth I will stand to the death."

The Traitor's Gate

The Traitor's Gate



“The answer came to the letter.
“What did Her Majesty
say when you delivered it?”

Elizabeth asked when the lords
came back empty-handed.

“Alas, madam! she did but
rebuke us that our duty was not
already done.”

“And what is your duty, sirs?”

“To take you, madam, to the Tower.”

She glanced aside. Her high spirit almost
failed. Her mother's head had fallen on
Tower Green; her cousin, Jane Grey's, also. And her
cousin, Courtenay, Earl of Devon, was waiting execu-
tion there even now.

“My lords,” she exclaimed, “it is Palm Sunday.
Surely no day for aught but a good deed.”

“It is Her Majesty's will that you should go
to-day,” they said.

The March gale swirled the rain against the case-
ments, and she shivered.

“Sirs, it is no weather for a maiden to go forth.
If the storm wanes towards evening——”

“Madam, you must go this very hour. From
my heart,” said the gentleman in command, “I crave
your pardon, and I pity you.”

At the word “pity” the young girl's cheek went
red; her grey eyes glinted. Tudor blood could not

Elizabeth, Prisoner

brook pity even from an old kneeling gentleman. With a sudden start she snapped her fingers at him.

“Faith, sirs! I must get used to storms—nay, I should be used to them already.”

She followed them out to the river, where a barge was waiting, and kept silence till they came to the Tower and the Traitor’s Gate, and stopped.

“Not here!” she cried sharply, as her escort landed.

“It must be as ordered, madam.”

“But,” she cried, “I will not! I am no traitor.”

“There is no choice,” the gentleman answered briefly, and would have put his cloak round her, for the rain was pouring down, and she had no covering over her white dress.

But she put it aside “with a good dash,” and, ignoring his hand, set her foot on the stair. The Traitor’s Gate led to the traitor’s death, of course; but she was a Tudor, daughter of Kings and hardy Princes. No man should see her quail again.

“Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before Thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but Thee alone.”

When she had written her letter to the Queen, though her heart had trembled, her hand had not. No flourish had been forgotten, no letters were faint or wavering. It had been a brave letter, bravely written. So now, under the shadow of death’s gateway, the girl’s voice rang out boldly, and her eyes flashed. It was a brave speech bravely spoken, and the gentlemen noted and admired it.



"There lands as true a subject as ever landed at these stairs."

The Traitor's Gate

She had appealed to her sister for belief, for mercy, in vain. Her sister was not true to her ; on earth, then, there was no one to stand her friend. That question was answered once and for always—Elizabeth had no friend but God.

For two whole months she was kept a close prisoner in the Tower, never knowing each morning if it would be her last ; never sure when she laid her head down in the evening if on the morrow she might not have to lay it on a harder pillow. The leaders of the rebellion were executed. The Earl of Devon was doomed to linger on in the prison where he had spent his youth. Elizabeth's fate took longer to decide. So many things could be pleaded for and against her. She was young, and the Queen's heiress now, and the people loved her, seeing in her that brave spirit in sympathy with theirs. So some would have had her spared. She was young, and leaned to the new faith and the new learning, and the people loved her ; so some would have had her die.

In the end her life was granted. She was taken from the Tower, but only to a fresh prison in the Queen's Manor at Woodstock. She had a gentleman to guard her who was so strict with her that she said if ever she had an enemy who needed to be "sharply kept," she would send for Sir Henry Bedingfield.

Elizabeth, Prisoner

Elizabeth's Way



Elizabeth had attendants at Woodstock, but no companions, no books, and no music. She was never allowed to go outside the park, and within it Sir Henry Bedingfield kept close at her side. She broke out into fierce tempers, gusts of passion, for she was eager and high-spirited. She had seen life. She had been in danger, and come through it. The country was dull and the days weary. She could not forget her anxieties and ambitions and be content. She envied the milkmaids at the Manor farm, light-hearted and careless. They had no teasing visions of a world of strife and splendour. She chafed and pined at her forced inactivity.

She wrote to the Queen, entreating to be allowed some books, and protesting her loyalty. The Queen sent her a harsh message of refusal, and said she believed her false.

She was kept at Woodstock for nearly a year, and then was sent for suddenly to Hampton Court. She was informed that if she would confess to a share in the late rebellion, she would be pardoned, set free, and married immediately to the Duke of Savoy. She was allowed to see many people at Hampton Court, and from them she received news of affairs, much counsel, and proffers of assistance. One and all of these pro-

Elizabeth's Way

fessing friends urged her to confess, even though she were guiltless, sue for the Queen's pardon, and be very meek. Elizabeth listened, and thanked them.

Promises were made to her if she would do this. Help was tendered her by great men, who desired her to trust in them. She pondered, with watchful eyes, and entreated only from them their help to see the Queen. Some great lord arranged it for her, but not in a way she liked. She was summoned to the Queen at ten o'clock at night, and the lateness of the hour and the curt message sent her warned her that the Queen was not well disposed towards her yet. Indeed, it was hinted to her that there was some fresh heat in the Queen's anger, that the meeting was not for reconciliation, but for judgment.

"Madam," said one wise gentleman, "I would warn you there is more condemnation than mercy in Her Majesty's face at this moment."

Elizabeth bade farewell to her servants on hearing this.

"Pray for me," she said, "for I may not return. Here is some new disaster. Now, sirs, whither do we go?"

"To the Queen's bedchamber, madam," said Sir Henry Bedingfield. "And I alone go with you."

"Oh, sir," she retorted, plucking up her spirit, "having had so much of your company I trow I could scarce walk two steps without you."

At the Queen's door Sir Henry stayed her.

"Madam, I have been your gaoler, perforce. I would now be your honest adviser. Bow to the

Elizabeth, Prisoner

Queen absolutely, and humbly crave her forgiveness, and you may yet be spared."

She listened to him as she had to the others, but made no promises.

The Queen was alone, seated on a daïs, stern-eyed, and making no sign of welcome.

Elizabeth knelt down before her.

"God save Your Majesty!" she said.

"Your confession?" Mary answered, looking her through and through. "I wait to hear that, not such idle prayers."

"Madam, regard me as a good subject," Elizabeth pleaded, "whatever evil reports you have heard."

"You will not confess your offence?"

Elizabeth got up at that, and stood boldly.

"Nor entreat my pardon?" Mary asked.

"I request neither favour nor pardon at Your Majesty's hands."

The strong young voice, more like a boy's than a girl's, rang through the room. Mary started forward in her chair and peered at her as she stood in the light of the candles.

Sir Henry Bedingfield looked down, honestly sorry for his young prisoner, and vexed at her mad behaviour.

"Well," said the Queen, in a queer tone, with a sort of laugh quivering in it, "belike you will confess you have been wrongfully punished, then?"

"I must not say so to Your Majesty."

"Why, then, belike you will to others."

"No," answered Elizabeth calmly.



"Slowly the Queen bent her face to the young one, and kissed the rounded cheek."

Elizabeth's Way

The Queen sank back, still watching her.

"You will not confess ; you will not say you are sorry ; you will not beg for my favour. Yet I was told you entreated to see me. What would you say to me ? "

Elizabeth ran forward and knelt on the daïs at her feet.

"I would only beseech Your Majesty to have a good opinion of me, and to think me your true subject as long as life lasteth."

Sir Henry Bedingfield bit his lip in the silence that followed. He saw the Queen lift her hand, then draw it back. In a minute she passed it rapidly over Elizabeth's head and let it rest on her shoulder.

"God knows, sister," she murmured. "You may go."

Elizabeth still knelt, with lifted face.

Sir Henry bit his lip more deeply.

Slowly, stiffly, the Queen bent her harsh, lined face to the young one, and kissed the rounded cheek.

Outside the door Sir Henry drew a long breath. Bowing to Elizabeth, he said bluntly, "Your way was better than mine, girl," and then grunted.

So Elizabeth returned to her attendants in safety.

Soon afterwards she was allowed to retire to her own house at Hatfield, and there was no further talk, then, of her marrying. The Queen could never wholly trust or love her. She always set spies about Elizabeth, and kept watch on her, but there was no further open quarrel between them.

Elizabeth had learnt now whom alone to trust in---

Elizabeth, Prisoner

herself. She had heard all that could be said by those who would have controlled and counselled her. Through life she always listened to what the wise would say, but her own judgment was the final one. From that time at Hampton Court she sought no confidant; she was her own chief adviser and head councillor.

As for the question who should win her love—well, it was not to be the Duke of Savoy nor any other king or prince. When she was called to reign, and there came suitors for her hand and lovers for her heart, she passed them by. She had many favourites—they were favourites of an hour. She had fancies for many, attachments to some, respect and admiration more rarely. Sir Christopher Hatton's dancing pleased her; Lord Leicester's magnificence flattered her; Lord Essex's handsome presence charmed her; Sidney had her respect; her Admirals her regard. She had only one love, and that was England. In spite of her vanities and her hardness, she loved England. With her soldiers she protected it, with her sailors made it great. What Mary shrank from, Elizabeth welcomed—new learning for old, new thoughts, new worlds for Englishmen to conquer, rule, and die for; new faith to give what the old one had withheld, but never lost. There had never been such freedom of mind, such chances, such new hopes and splendours as in "the spacious days of great Elizabeth," she whose only friend was God, whose only counsellor herself, her only love our England.

A Nine Days' Wonder

"The Birth of a Princess and the Learning
of a Clerk"



LONDON was astir with ringing bells, flags in the wind, roaring of cannon, and cheering of the populace. "The King of England rode through London town." Henry VIII., tyrant and terrible, was dead and buried, and in his place, high on a great horse,

led by pages and gentlemen-of-honour, dressed in cloth of silver, with cloak and cap of white and embroideries of gold, rode his successor to his crown in the Church of Westminster. Masquers, singing children, fairies, and angels, and giants, met him on the way, with gifts, and songs, and speeches.

Before him rode his two uncles, the Marquess of Somerset, Protector of the Kingdom, and the Lord Admiral; and next to them his kinsman the Marquess of Dorset, carrying the sceptre.

A Nine Days' Wonder

In the windows and balconies, where gay carpets and tapestries streamed over the grey stones, ladies and children of noble houses watched them going by.

From some fine place for seeing, the Marquess of Dorset's eldest daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, looked down on him. He was her cousin Edward, her mother being the late King's niece. She had heard much of his learning, and she, too, was learned. She, bred in the country with her two little sisters, could read and write in several languages, knew the mysteries of astronomy, knew herbs and flowers, and was versed in many arts and all manner of needlework—a highly accomplished lady of nine years old, in a day when all ladies strove for accomplishments.

There was great talk in the house where her people lodged of the little King's future and the future of the realm. They trusted that he would marry early, and they wondered who would be his Queen. It must be, they all agreed, a virtuous, wise, religious, and beautiful lady, who would uphold him in the Protestant faith, and admit no Roman heresies. They were still talking of these things when Lord and Lady Dorset came from the Palace in the evening. They did not say much in the general talk, but later Lord Dorset reminded his wife that, by the late King's will, their eldest daughter was named as next heir after the King's son.

"May he live long!" said she. "But may our daughter, nevertheless, be Queen."

Soon afterwards the Lady Jane was sent to live with the Queen-Mother, Katharine, who had married

“The Birth of a Princess”

the Lord Admiral, and there she often met her learned little King and cousin.

Said Lord Dorset to King Edward once : “ What does Your Highness think of your servant, my child Jane ? ”

And the young King answered heartily : “ I love her very well. She is very wise, and also meek and good.”

That meant, no doubt, that Jane submitted to his superior wisdom, whereas his sister Elizabeth, though she loved him, had an unpleasant trick of seeming to know more than he did, whilst his sister Mary and he disagreed on points of faith. The battle between the old form of faith and the new was very real ; the feverish disputes were always in the minds of Edward, aged nine, Defender of the Faith, Head of the English Church, and Mary Tudor, his sister, years older, and a daughter of Spain and a Romanist to the core.

As time went on, the Marquess of Dorset and his friends took every occasion of bringing the Lady Jane to the King’s notice, speaking of her goodness, her love of religion and books. Somerset, a Duke now, the King’s eldest uncle, looked on sourly, guessing the design. He too, had a daughter Jane, fair and well taught. Perhaps he also had ambitions. She was brought to Court to play with the young King.

They were older now, and the King was fast developing that shrewdness and precocious knowledge people marvelled at in him. He found that the Lady Jane Seymour was put forward by Somerset, her

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words repeated to him, her virtuous ways and excellencies extolled; he observed the Lady Jane Grey brought to him, and saw her parents smile when he talked with her of their much-loved books, or his ideas of kingly duties and the Church. He marked the father of each, how he praised each his own, and guessed the unspoken project, the secret rivalry. In his private journal, when no one watched him, grinning like any other boy who plans to outwit his elders, he wrote: "But I will wed a foreign Princess, well stuffed and jewelled."

Still, the more he saw of his cousin, Lady Jane Grey, the fonder and fonder he grew of her.

When the Queen-Mother died, Lady Jane went back to her own mother's care at Bradgate Park, and then she only saw her cousin on State occasions, when she went to Court. But they wrote to each other of their studies, long, learned letters in French and Latin, in the manner of the ancients, moralising on the evils of this world, philosophising, and very rarely breaking out into more human details about their friends, or some new horse or dog. Her parents brought Jane up very strictly—more strictly than her sisters. When the rest were hunting in the park, she was at work, every minute occupied, never allowed out of sight, no sign of childish fun permitted. Of course, hints were dropped in her presence by servants and teachers. She saw looks exchanged, caught whispers not meant for her ears. Somehow into her life came the idea that all this sternness and discipline were for some high purpose; they were training—

The Snare

training for some great end. No one—not even her mother—spoke to her freely of it ; yet the idea grew with her growth, and became to her a fact. She would think of it, pray to be worthy of it, work hard to fit herself for it, look forward to it as her lot in life. It was not that she was heir, by the late King's will, to the English throne—she never thought of that. It was that she would be the young King's wife, helper with him in defence of the faith and the “new learning,” supporter with him of the Protestant Church of which he was the zealous Head.

She listened eagerly to all she could hear of him : of his increasing love of study ; of the schools he founded ; of his marvellous wisdom and piety ; of the hopes his people had of him, that in his days righteousness should flourish, and truth be upheld and error vanquished.

The Snare

It was when the Lady Jane was about fifteen that news came to her that the King was ill of the smallpox and measles. She prayed for him, and waited for news most anxiously. His recovery was announced, and she and all England rejoiced at it. She believed what she was told—that he was quite well again, and wrote to congratulate him. When next she saw him at the rejoicings for his restoration to health, young and inexperienced though she was, she was shocked to see him looking so worn and pale. She was told

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he still had slight attacks of fever, but otherwise was strong. Nothing doubting, she went back to her country home, her hard studies, and her strict, uneventful life. No rumours were allowed to reach her of his broken health, of his overwrought nerves, played on by the ambitious men about him, who thought more of their own schemes than a sick boy's health. No one told her of the constant fever that wasted him, or how his old studies wearied him, though his conscientious little soul made him go on with them and struggle overmuch against the growing weakness. No one told her of the various, wearying, painful treatments that were urged by the doctors and permitted by his counsellors, or of his sufferings, his patience, his goodness, or his miseries.

But one day she was told that the Duke of Northumberland, the King's highest and most powerful Minister, was going to give a great entertainment, and that she was to go to London and take part in the series of plays, and pageants, and musical festivals. She went, quite unprepared for the changes that had come over everything, her own prospects especially. She did, indeed, know that the King's two uncles, the Duke of Somerset and the Admiral, were dead, the Duke executed for high treason, by Northumberland's advice. She did not know that her father was about to be made Duke of Suffolk, and was high in favour with the man who had in hand the kingdom's destiny—the man whom the Greys, Percies, and Howards scoffed at as “one of the new nobility”—Dudley, the lawyer's son, Head of the Council, Duke

The Snare

of Northumberland, and ambitious of more power yet. He believed himself beloved of the people, and he had the ear of the King.

The Lady Jane was on her knees in her room praying, when one of her mother's women called her to Lady Dorset.

"My daughter, here are the dresses you shall wear at these rejoicings."

The Lady Jane, with the look on her face she had worn at her prayers, turned to see the dresses, laces, girdles, and coifs laid out for her. She was well accustomed to the splendours of the Court, and had herself been finely dressed there many a time. But these garments were more costly and magnificent than ever she had worn. Here was ermine, and cloth of gold and silver, and royal embroideries. She unfolded them dubiously. Even the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary did not wear some of the accessories lying here—gemmed circlets, jewels so fine, dresses of such wonderful tissues.

"Madam, they are very fine," said she.

"Very fine ; but not too fine, daughter."

"Here is a dress like a bride's," said Lady Jane, and stood with her hand laid wonderingly on a gown of cloth of silver and white velvet sewn with pearls.

"It is the dress of a bride, child."

"What bride, then, madam ?" And the girl's cheeks began to glow.

"Yourself, be sure ; else would the thing be laid out in this room ?"

Lady Jane bent lower over the tissue, colouring

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deeper. It was true, then, she thought. She had not been deceived. She was called upon, indeed, to be Queen and to help to make the new and Protestant England, to uphold the wise and gentle King.

Her mother, watching her, began to speak, very distinctly and slowly, in words that startled Jane, like an echo of her own thoughts.

"There is one thing the King loves better than himself—that is Religion."

"I know it, madam." The Lady Jane bowed her head, smiling. She knew it was the truth, and was glad of it.

"He will have it upheld in this realm during his life and after his death. The King's will, like his father's, shall be law."

The Lady Jane stood listening, not having been bidden to sit, holding, unconsciously, the bride's coronet of pearls.

"The old King passed over his daughters, the Lady Mary and the Lady Elizabeth. He would not have either of them for Queen if his son died. He named you for his next heir, and then your sisters. Me, also, he passed over. He named you. The young King has passed over his sisters, nor will he have the Scottish Queen, for she is a Papist amongst Papists, and full of the errors of Rome. Are you hearkening, daughter? The young King has made his will, and his Council has made law of it. He has named you to be Queen when he is gone. You shall obey your parents with unquestioning zeal, daughter. Let me hear you say 'I will' to that."



“‘Here is a dress like a bride’s,’ said Lady Jane.”

The Snare

"I will," Lady Jane repeated, puzzled now. "Why, when, madam, have I failed in duty to my lord and you?"

"Never. But now I charge you, hold fast by your obedience, child. You must not waver, nor question, nor lift so much as an opposing look. To-morrow you shall wear the bride's dress, and take part in my Lord Duke of Northumberland's great festival."

Lady Jane's innocent eyes opened wide. "To-morrow, madam?"

Just then an usher asked leave for the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Dorset to come in. Her father received Jane's curtsy with unusual graciousness. The Duke took her hand and kissed her kindly, called her "daughter," too, much to her surprise.

"Have you told our child of her high destiny?" Lord Dorset murmured to his wife.

"I have told her she will wed to-morrow, too."

The Duke, still holding her hand, smiled down at her. "Will you see the bridegroom?" he asked her.

"You came a little too soon," said the Lady Dorset. "I have not told her his name yet, my lords."

Thinking she knew his name, the Lady Jane smiled shyly. "It is my cousin Edward, is it not?"

They looked at each other and at her. Then the Duke dropped her hand. "Explain further, dear friends," he said, and left them.

Lord Dorset, fingering his beard nervously, nodded to his wife.

"The King is dying," she said jerkily.

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The Lady Jane cried out sharply, and dropped the wreath of pearls.

"He'll scarcely last the month out," Lord Dorset said.

She looked at him, half dazed.

"Dying—the King?" she gasped.

Her father nodded.

"Did I not tell you he has been making his will?" her mother asked, recovering her usual calm. "Did I not say his Council had made it law? And to-morrow you will marry——"

"Alas! Only to be his widow."

"Nay, nay! We will not wed you to a dead boy, child. You will marry Northumberland's favourite son, a pretty lad, and very much beloved. The Duke will be your friend and father. Guildford Dudley is to be your husband." Lord Dorset spoke hurriedly, doubting whether his daughter heeded him.

The Lady Jane was, indeed, stunned and bewildered. She threw up her hands.

"Dying," she cried—"the King dying! And you talk of marrying me, and having feasts!"

"You will marry Guildford, the Duke's son, and you and he——"

"No, no!" she wailed. "We should be praying for the King, that God may restore His Grace. How shall I be thinking of anything but him?"

"Remember your obedience, daughter," Lady Dorset said. "You have nothing else to think of, be very sure."

But, contrary to lifelong habit, in spite of their

The Snare

forbidding looks, the girl knelt to them and prayed to be let alone, refused to marry the young lord, entreating them to spare her, and let her go back to the country and her books. She passed into fierce rebellion unexpectedly, from tears to hard defiance. But the parents even of future Queens knew how to compel obedience from their children. Great lady she was by birth, and Queen of England she might be if the young King's will and Northumberland's help could force the people to submit to having her ; but her parents had authority over her, and they used it without flinching. Her high destiny was of their making : she owed it all to them. She and they were in the hands of the Duke of Northumberland, who proposed to rule England for her and his son. Her private scruples and fancies could not bar the way to her parents' ambition for her nor the Duke's schemes for himself. The Duke had worked on the young King to follow his father's example, and set his sisters on one side. He had told the dying boy that the Lady Jane was religious as himself, and abhorred, as he did, all the superstitions of Rome ; also, that she was virtuous and lovely, and would appeal to the people, so that he need not fear but they would take her joyfully for their Queen without rebellion or civil strife. He wearied the King with his arguments, but he gathered from the sick boy's answers that he loved well the Lady Jane, though he was past thinking of her as his wife, or of "the foreign Princess, well stuffed and jewelled." He wanted peace and to be let alone. He made his will as the Duke bade him,

A Nine Days' Wonder

and sent it to the Council. The lawyers who made it grumbled, saying the people of England looked to his sisters as his heirs, that their hearts would not turn to the Lady Jane Grey. The boy persisted, the Duke always at his bedside, urging him, giving him no peace. He had no friend or relation near him—no one but the Duke and those who were his tools. The Council was swayed by the Duke, and the boy bade the lawyers remember that he was his father's son, and what his father could do he would do, and bade them go on and have it speedily settled. And so the thing was done. The King was allowed to be quiet; Northumberland had got all that he needed now. The Lady Jane, heir to the Crown, would marry his son, and he should see his descendants Kings of England. Who would dare to say of them any more that they were "of the new nobility"? Lord Dorset thought of his daughter's splendour and the high place he would hold in her Government. How should she be considered at such a moment of triumph? She was the doll who must act a part, whilst Ambition pulled the strings.

Durham House

Durham House and Greenwich Palace



THREE marriages were made the next day at Durham House, the Duke of Northumberland's town dwelling. It had belonged to the Duke of Somerset, the King's uncle, Lord Protector of England, whom the Duke of Northumberland had overthrown

and caused to be beheaded. The very jewels and trappings that made these three marriages so brilliant were taken from the stores of the fallen Duke by the risen Duke. The haste was as great as the splendour. No one had heard a word of them until they were bidden to them, and all England was astonished by them later. The King, though few knew of it, was dying, and at any moment the Duke's whole energies might be called to catch and keep a falling Crown. The children who held the foremost place to-day might be called on to fill the highest of all places in a month, or less. It must all be accomplished before the King died, for when the nation was actually mourning him there could be no marrying. If the people heard the Lady Jane Grey declared their Queen, they might insist on some grander, some royal husband, and not Guildford Dudley, of the "new nobility."

The other two brides were the Lady Jane's younger sister, Katharine, and Lady Jane's husband's sister,

A Nine Days' Wonder

Katharine. Lady Katharine Grey was married to Lord Herbert, the Earl of Pembroke's son, so making him and his father faster to the party of Northumberland. Lady Katharine Dudley was married to the Lord Hastings, and for the same cause. These people thus became one family, bound, the Duke thought, to stand or fall together.

The greatest persons of the realm, except the greatest one of all, were there, bidden to a rejoicing, ostensibly because the King's fever had left him, really to witness these weddings, and be deceived about their Sovereign's health, if possible. When the Lady Jane entered the chapel there was a stir and murmur. There were some who knew, and more who guessed at the scheme behind the pageantry. Most of them had seen the girl before, but all regarded her curiously. They paid no heed to the pretty boy who held her hand. Both young, both fair, they were tools of Northumberland's, and some there could divine which of the two was of the least account. All looked at the Lady Jane, and they saw she was very pale, and seemed indifferent. None failed to mark the royal emblems and devices, the ermine of her crimson robe. Nothing was wanting in the ceremony that should go to the marrying of a Queen. Northumberland was bold, as daring as he was ambitious.

"God save Queen Jane!" a gentleman whispered in his companion's ear.

But the other, wiser still, and whispering lower, said: "And what of King Guildford?" and pointed to the ermine on his robes.

Durham House

King Guildford! His grandfather had been a dishonest lawyer, executed for being a too loyal servant to a greedy King.

"Dudley," said the first gentleman, whose name was as old as England, softly, "has two foes to fight: the Lady Mary, who represents the old faith, and the people of England, who love the English law."

"Dudley is safe whilst the King lives. How long will the King live?"

His neighbour shrugged, French fashion. "Shall we ever know when he dies?"

"Madam," said the Lady Jane, when the festival was at an end, "I entreat you to let me remain with you. I am lost—I am all lost. Let me stay awhile in my father's house as before."

This time her parents yielded to her.

"If the Duke be satisfied, it shall be so," her mother said.

The Duke was satisfied. The future Queen was married to his son. Nothing could get between him and his great end. She might well be humoured for a little time, so they left her with her mother, and Guildford stayed with his.

It only remained now for the young King to die. The preparations were all made; the Duke was at liberty to make himself more secure and keep an ever-watchful eye on those whom he called friends and those whom he knew were foes.

Through the months of May and June the King grew weaker and weaker. He did not seem to notice that no one came to him for his wishes on State matters.

A Nine Days' Wonder

His Palace at Greenwich, where he lay, might have been some private man's dwelling. No couriers rode that way with news of affairs to the King; no councillors disturbed him now for his opinion. Occasionally he was asked to sign his name to some paper that he was too tired to hear read, and he was assured it was unimportant. If he had been getting well, things would have been very different, perhaps; but he was dying, and of no further use to the men whose unscrupulous minds were set on their own futures. His personal servants were faithful to him, but he had no particular friend amongst them. His doctor was always there, but he was beyond the reach of doctors' help. His relations were far away. Had he not himself cast an insult at his two sisters? His great lords, his ambassadors, had all forgotten him. But, though he, too, had forgotten many things, he had not forgotten England. He believed sincerely that by his will he had done his best for England.

"O my God," he said feebly, "save Thy people and bless Thine inheritance. O Lord God, save Thy chosen people of England. O Lord God, defend this realm from Papistry, and maintain Thy true religion, that my people may praise Thy Holy Name, for Jesus Christ His sake."

A sound disturbed him, and, opening his eyes, he saw the doctor had come to his bedside.

"Are you so nigh? I thought you were farther off," he said.

"Sir, I thought I heard you speaking."

The young King smiled. "I was praying to God," he said.

Durham House

The room was very quiet after that. Nothing might have been depending on the fading of this one young life. No sign in the silent Palace told of the gentlemen waiting by their saddled horses, bridle in hand and spur on heel, waiting the word to ride to Northumberland. Be sure Northumberland was listening always for those flying hoofs.

"Lord have mercy upon me! Into Thy hand I commit my spirit," sighed the lonely boy, who was a Tudor and a King.

In the evening of that day he died.

Then came the clatter of galloping horses, the aching anxiety, the paling of faces that had watched him die unmoved. The news went to Northumberland first, and no farther.

"Go to the Lady Mary at her house in Norfolk. Say her brother and King is dying, and he would have speech with her. She will come, thinking he will name her his heir. She will come, and we will lay hold of her."

So he had prepared the trap for his first great foe. Imprisonment for the King's sisters, death to any who opposed—such was his plan. He seemed a strong man, capable of holding up with one hand and crushing with the other, and so far he had had good luck. He appeared to be the very man for the hour he had made.

The next thing was to have the Lady Jane proclaimed Queen in London and well received by its people. Had he undervalued the people who loved the English law?

A Nine Days' Wonder

The Queen

Lady Jane was not allowed to stay long with her parents. Without any reason being given to her, she was sent to the Duchess of Northumberland at Durham House. She went to see her mother daily, and spent so much of her time there that the Duchess was annoyed. She thought the Lady Jane lacking in respect for her husband's people.

"Child," said she one day, "I will that you go not so often to your mother's house, but remain more in mine. It displeases me sorely that you care so little for your husband's company, and do not seek to obey his father better."

"Madam, I will consider these things more in the future. Madam, I pray you now to let me go out of town to Your Grace's house at Chelsea."

"Pray you, why?"

"Madam," said the girl, raising her clear eyes to her, "here are many people who come about me with flatteries, and people who tattle of things too serious, I think, for such to mention. Madam, I would fain have some escape from them."

The Duchess regarded her sternly. "I will ask the Duke," said she.

The Duke gave his permission promptly, perhaps not desiring Lady Jane to hear any gossip just then. The Lady Jane and her personal attendants went alone to Chelsea, and she was left in peace for a few weeks with her books. One day was very like another there,

The Queen

but there came, in the end, the last day that was unlike all the rest. She was informed that Lady Sidney, a sister of her husband's, wished to see her on urgent matters. She bade her be admitted, and rose to welcome her. Lady Sidney was a good deal older than the Lady Jane, who made a reverence to her. Bookwise as she was, to the men and women of the world she seemed a mere dreamer, ignorant as a nun. Lady Sidney kissed her patronisingly, and looked at her with great gravity, as one might try to impress a child.

"I bring word from the Duke, our good father, that you should come with all haste to him at Sion House."

Lady Jane looked round the quiet room and sighed.

"Is it that I must go?" she asked wistfully.

"It is necessary, Madam. He has a message for you from the King."

Lady Jane's face brightened for a moment.

"From the King? His Highness is better, then? He has thought of me?"

"Yes, indeed, the King has thought of you."

"I will come at once, madam."

The Lady Jane had herself made ready, and they set out. Sion House, which had belonged, like so many of Northumberland's present splendours, to the Protector Somerset, was crowded with servants, who received them with great ceremony; but the Duke and Duchess were not there, nor was Guildford waiting to meet his wife.

A Nine Days' Wonder

Next day, however, there arrived a brilliant company of lords and gentlemen, with the Duke himself, her own father, now Duke of Suffolk, and her boy-husband. The Lady Jane would have gone down to meet them in the hall, but Lady Sidney would not have it so.

“Stay you here, sweet, until they send.”

Yielding, as usual, to her elders, the young girl waited, but stood beside her chair, unwilling to be caught sitting by her parents. She wondered why she should not go down and offer her duty to them, as the custom was.

Presently the Duke's favourite page, Tom Lovel, in no less than the Royal livery, asked permission to admit the Dukes of Northumberland and Suffolk. She smiled at this show of ceremony from her host in his own house, from her father to his own child.

“Of a certainty, little Tom, they must be admitted.”

So they came in and bowed to her, and her father patted her hand nervously. The Duke bade her sit down in her great chair.

“But you, my lords?” she said, and stood aside.

But the Duke seated her in the chair and stood before her, whilst her father, fingering his beard, moved about, looking out of the windows and then at his child. The Duke asked her of her comfort, of her journey, of her health, with such kind consideration as she had never had of him before. Then Tom Lovel, the page, came in again, to ask audience for the Lords Pembroke and Huntingdon. The Lady Jane stood

The Queen

silent in her host's presence, but he turned gravely to her.

"Have we leave to admit them, Madam?" he asked.

The girl wondered as she answered, "Yes." Her eyes asked him why he was mocking her. The newcomers bowed low; she thought their knees almost touched the carpet. Her eyes asked them also that urgent question: "Why were they mocking her?" Again the page swung back the curtain and announced the Duchesses of Northumberland and Suffolk. The two ladies hardly let him get the words out before they were in. They swept past him and straight to the group by the chair. They had no notion of asking permission to see the future Queen, forsooth. She was their husbands' puppet, just that chit, Jane, with the big eyes. The men might put a crown on the child's head presently, and call her Queen, but they were behind the scenes, and knew who pulled the strings. The Lady Jane rose quickly as they came. Both Duchesses looked at the empty chair. The Duke of Northumberland fixed his eyes on his Duchess.

"Her Majesty would have chairs brought in a moment, ladies, but there is no time to idle here a-talking."

Lady Jane drew a sharp breath.

"Madam, I entreat you," she said to her mother, "what does this all mean? Why do they not give me the message from the King?"

"He has sent you no message, child."

"He has sent you more than a message," the other

A Nine Days' Wonder

Duchess amended. "He has sent you his Crown. The King is dead."

"Long live the Queen!" said Northumberland, and took her trembling hand.

"I am no Queen," she cried.

"You shall be made one, never fear!" he said gravely. "Do all we bid you. By the King's will you are to be the Queen, and have his Throne."

"And we will put you there!" came in a cheering chorus from the door. A group of younger nobles and gentlemen had crowded in, and some, whose enthusiasm outran the rest, knelt and laid their bare swords at her feet.

She drew back, breaking into sobs. She had been told before that the King was dying, but had heard queer contradictory rumours since. Memories of her former playmate, old thoughts of what had been hinted about the King's choice of her for his wife, came back to her. She cried, clinging to her mother, whilst the other Duchess frowned and shook her head. Some of the young people were so much touched by her innocence and grief that they wept too. To the Duke of Northumberland's words of comfort she cried: "I am not fit. I am not worthy."

Her mother scolded her, and her father bade her brace herself for the great task that lay before her. She broke away from them all at last, and, kneeling before a shelf that held her Bible, clasped her hands.

"O God!" she cried, "if this be true, if it be lawful for me to be Queen, if it really be my own, give me Thy grace and power to rule this realm for good."

The Queen

The circle of lords and courtiers bent their heads. All there knew it was Northumberland who meant to rule the realm ; but one or two said " Amen " to her short prayer, and felt that this child had in her the makings of a real Queen. When she rose and turned to them again, they felt it more.

" What of the King's two sisters ? " she inquired.

" The Tower for them," Northumberland said.

The Lady Jane shivered slightly.

" Will it please you to make ready for your journey ? " he asked.

" Where am I going ? "

" To the Tower."

Again she shivered.

" Pooh, child ! " the Duchess of Northumberland put in. " Do not all the Sovereigns of England go to the Tower before their crowning ? If it be prison to some, it is Palace and home to you."

Northumberland went before them, and the Lady Jane and the rest went by water in the State barges. The Duke and Lord Guildford Dudley met them at the Tower gate. The keys were presented to her, but she did not release any prisoners. No one suggested that. Everyone was busy with the one thought of getting her safely in and then proclaiming her.

People had gathered in great crowds to see her, but they looked on in absolute silence. Not a cap was lifted, no voice cheered.

The Duke's eyes looked anxiously at the black masses of silent watchers. If the fair girl at his side did not appeal to them as their lawful Queen, he had

A Nine Days' Wonder

believed himself very popular with them, and his pretty boy Guildford was beloved. A whisper reached him—only one; but it stung. A whisper of such things should never have been allowed so near on such a day of triumph.

“His father was a thief of a lawyer. He’s filching the Crown.”

The Duke’s eyes fell. Truth and murder will out. This was the voice of the people who loved the law.

When they were within the building, the Marquess of Winchester, who was Lord Treasurer, brought the Crown and Insignia. Taking the Crown from its cushion, he held it towards the girl.

“Will Your Grace suffer me?” he asked.

But she started and drew back.

“Not yet! Not now! Oh, sirs!” She broke out weeping. “My cousin Edward is but this moment dead. How shall I dare to take his Crown?”

“He has been dead some time,” said the Duchess of Northumberland bluntly. “Let them set it on thy head, child, to see if it fits thee. And then if it fits Guildford, too.”

Again she drew away from Lord Winchester’s raised hands.

“My husband! What should he have to do with it?”

The Duchess tossed her head.

“Have you never heard, Madam, that when a Queen reigns with her husband, she is crowned?”

“Yes, but——”

The Queen

“And Kings when they reign with their wives.”

Lady Jane stared at Guildford. She had scarcely realised yet that he was her husband. Now she found he was to be not only her husband, but King-Consort, Lawyer Dudley's grandson sitting with her in her cousin Edward's seat, in dread Henry's seat, in the place of the Plantagenet Kings!

She bent her head to Winchester, and felt the weight of England's Crown. Lifting it herself, she stepped forward and put it on its cushion.

“Take it away,” she said.

Winchester hesitated, looking whimsically at the Dukes. She did not repeat the words, but kept her eyes, usually so mild, fixed steadily upon him. He took up the cushion and backed out.

“Tudor!” he muttered—“Tudor, down to her finger-tips.” He chuckled presently. “Northumberland has, maybe, met his match.”

Meanwhile the astonished Duke had turned on Lady Jane. His Duchess broke into high words. Her parents, shocked at what they considered was a sudden show of temper, upbraided her. She held her peace. Guildford looked on in surprise, for he had heard of nothing but her gentle, yielding temper.

“We will leave you alone, Madam,” said the Duke, controlling his anger. “Perchance a little thought will bring you to a better mind.”

He had been going to say, “bring you to your senses,” but had changed his mind. In such a throng even a puppet Queen must have some degree of respect shown to her by those who had their own fortunes

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to make through her. He swept all towards the door, but Lady Jane called Guildford back.

"Sir, sit down," she said gently.

He sat down by her and nursed his leg.

"Well," said he ruefully, "I do not think you treat me very well."

"Sir," she entreated, "be not angry with me about the Crown. I can see but one thing—you have no Royal blood. I, though simple, have. They make me Queen by the King's will because I come of Royal stock. No one's will, sir, can make you Prince or King."

"An Act of Parliament could make me both," he said quickly.

"It could make you be called so. Do you love to be called something you are not? Do you love crowns and titles?" She bent towards him earnestly. "What else do you love? Books?"

He shook his head.

"Religion and the Church?"

"Of course," he answered demurely. "And you? Are you not going to love me, Madam?"

The Lady Jane pondered, her eyes full of tears.

"I am very lonely. Strange if we do not love each other who are so much alone."

"We are not alone," he said, his chin up. "There is my father and all his friends and people backing us. We are by no means alone, be well assured of that."

"But I am alone—above them, Guildford."

"Above my father? Oh no! My father rules."

"He may rule others," she corrected him. "He cannot rule the Queen."



“‘I do not think you treat me very well.’”



The Queen

Guildford laughed. Then he whispered : " Make me King-Consort, and in a year he will not rule anywhere—only we."

" I will make you a duke—never a king. Here comes the Earl of Pembroke, and I will tell him that he may speak my will to the Council."

Lord Pembroke heard her gravely, and sent for the Duke and other great personages, who heard her mind in her presence. Northumberland was simply dumb with amazement at the child's assumption of power. Lord Winchester chuckled again. The Duchess, her eyes aflame, spoke in no measured words of the puppet's ingratitude. She stirred up Guildford with her contempt, scoffing at him for sitting mum under such an insult. At last he cried out to Lady Jane that he would go away and leave her unless she promised to make him King at once. Mother and son departed with their backs turned, and never a word of farewell. Her own parents and Northumberland followed. Trembling, she flew to the Earl of Pembroke, who agreed with her point of view, and perhaps had shown it.

" Bring my husband back," she entreated—" bring him back, my lord. He must not go in anger. We two must be loyal, must be friends."

Pembroke at last persuaded the boy to go back, and not let his mother make a trifling quarrel worse. He left them sitting side by side under a state canopy. Outside the door he sighed. Lord Winchester tapped his shoulder.

" A pretty wrangle, eh ? " he said.

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Pembroke nodded. "Who shall wear a crown, and who shall not. Have you heard the news? The Lady Mary was warned of the trap Northumberland laid, and has escaped unhurt."

"And," said Lord Arundel's voice, "the Lady Jane has been proclaimed Queen in Cheapside, and no man cheered."

Pembroke fingered his sword.

"Who shall wear a head, and who shall not?" murmured Winchester, and did not chuckle any more.

Strife

On the following morning Lady Jane's father came to her staterooms, and was admitted. She met him with a very grave face, looking otherwise just as young and fair as ever. And yet he felt there was something new about her—something that matched the finer clothes she wore, the canopy of State and symbols of Royalty.

Her father was careworn and anxious.

"Things go ill," he said to her. "The people murmur. Some of the lords are weak. They are at variance. The Lady Mary is free, and has sent a letter asking why the Council has not declared her Queen."

"Was she not told of the King's will?"

"Yes. Everyone has been told, yet hundreds are flocking to her house in Norfolk. The county of Suffolk has risen in arms against us."

Strife

"But is not all England longing for a Protestant ruler? Why do they, then, run after a Papist?"

Her father, straying about the room, muttered to himself. At last he said, aloud: "They will have it that the next heir should be the King's child, or his father's child—no other. They have no heads for remembering genealogies."

She ran to him and caught his arm.

"But you said I was Queen lawfully. You said my cousin's will was law. Oh, are you sure—are you very sure that I am Queen by right?"

He pulled himself together.

"You are, and we will keep you so. I go out to-morrow to quench this rioting."

She clenched her hands.

"If the Crown is mine by right, I will keep it," she said firmly. "Never fear but I will keep it. God will defend the right."

Her father looked at her under bent brows. This little girl, whose only claim to Royalty was that her grandmother had been Henry VIII.'s sister, spoke now like a queen—spoke with something ominously like the dread King's tone. If the Crown was hers, she would keep it. He knew the Crown was no one's at this moment—a thing to be fought for, and that Northumberland would have to use his utmost strength to win it. He laughed oddly.

"You have soon learnt to be Royal, child. I think you could be a great Queen, were God willing."

She nodded. "God willing, sir, I shall. But I will not have you go forth to quell these rebels. I

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would have the Duke go out, and you remain with me."

"You would, and you would not, Madam! Remember Northumberland rules here. We do as he decrees."

"My lord Duke thinks me too young. But he shall see. Send Northumberland to me."

"Send Northumberland to me," her father repeated. "Why, child, it is more fitting you should go to him."

"As God sees me, my lord, I know myself a very simple body in His eyes, and ignorant. But in men's eyes I am the Queen. The Queen of England waits on no man. Send Northumberland to Us."

Her father looked about as he would say: "Is this our puppet?" But he found Tom Lovel, and sent him with a carefully-framed message begging the Duke's Grace to come to the young Queen, who had great need of him. The Duke came presently, and waited for leave to seat himself.

"Madam, what would you ask of me?" he said.

"My lord Duke, I desire that my father should remain with me, and that Your Grace should go in person to quell the rebellion the Lady Mary causes."

"I cannot be spared, Madam," he said, staring. "Your father can."

"I can spare Your Grace," she said quietly. "Besides, my father is no general, and you are."

The men glanced at each other in astonishment, and forgot to answer her.

"Your Grace is an able soldier," she went on.

Strife

“Who has not heard of it? Surely this rebellion should be quenched at once?”

She gave no other reason. She did not say she dreaded to be left alone with the Dudley family and their friends, that she feared the Duchess's personal enmity, and doubted Guildford's loyalty.

The men eyed each other still. Was this their puppet? Northumberland was more troubled than her father. He knew it was his personal influence alone that kept the Court and the Council together. His daily promises urged the great ones to keep faith with him; his daily presence alone overawed the lesser folk. He alone could keep things going until Jane was safely on the throne, a crowned and anointed Queen, Guildford a crowned—and anointed?—King. He alone could deal with the foreign ambassadors so that they should persuade their masters that England desired Queen Jane and King Guildford to reign over them, and that it would be well to treat the boy and girl as the Protestant rulers of this realm. To these foreigners he spoke much of his son, of his abilities, his gracious ways, his popularity. It was more of King Guildford than of Queen Jane the Kings and Princes heard, but, most of all, they heard of Northumberland, his power and will to rule.

He looked sternly at this cipher he had chosen, this doll that was only to wear the Royal clothes, and share her seat with Guildford. Certainly the rising in Norfolk must be put down, and he was well aware that he could do it better than her father. But this rising in the Palace itself must be put down, and

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quickly, too. If she looked at all men with those steady eyes, and spoke her mind in those crisp, certain tones, he should have a worse rising in his own household. There would be a party rising for Queen Jane against King Guildford and the Dudleys. Affairs were more complicated than he had bargained for.

"I will lay the matter before the Council, Madam," he said, rising.

"Do so quickly," she assented. "Bruit of your coming into Norfolk will help us wonderfully. 'Twas against rebellion there you had good-fortune once before."

"Your Grace's talk on this subject amazes me," he said, with a touch of asperity. "Methought your life had been spent in study, in learning your duty to your elders, and that you were wise in both."

"I have been enquiring," she said gently, "and praying. If I am Queen, I must judge of such matters for my people's sake."

He bowed and went out in silence. The rising in Norfolk should be crushed in one day, that he might have the more liberty for teaching his doll-Queen her place. The Lady Mary and her rebellion had dwindled in his eyes beside this child's unexpected assumption of the ruler's right.

The Council with one accord voted the Queen's idea the right one. They bade Northumberland go, see, and conquer. With what he thought almost unnecessary zeal, they urged his right to go and fight their battles for them. Haughty and reserved, he

Strife

took their answer to the Queen next morning, with the news that he should set out that very day.

“Go, then, my Lord Duke,” she said, showing her satisfaction. “We beseech you use your diligence.”

The Duke bit his lip. The “We” was the regal “We,” and did not include Guildford, though he was sitting beside her under the canopy.

“I will do what in me lies,” he assured her, “and be back very soon.”

The Queen held out her hand.

There were pages at the door, ladies behind her, and officers. Northumberland knew he must keep up her prestige before these, for his own depended on it. He knelt down and kissed her hand. Then he went about his business with a will, keeping this new trouble secret, spoke fine words to those who went with him, noble words to those who stayed behind. He committed the Queen and the Protestant cause to their care, and bade them be faithful to their oaths. They applauded him, and bade him farewell with fine words, too, on their part. Lord Arundel regretted that he might not ride with him, and wished him luck. He took the hand of Tom Lovel, who had run with many a message between these nobles.

“Farewell, little Tom,” he said—“farewell, with all my heart.”

Winchester smiled at them. Perhaps he had had word that it was Arundel who had sent hasty warning to the Lady Mary not to be deceived about her brother’s message, and not to come to town.

As the Duke, with little Tom holding his shield,

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rode through London, the people flocked out and stood at doors and windows.

"They press to see us, Tom," he whispered ; " but not one saith, ' Godspeed.' "

His train stuck in a narrow way, and he had to hold in his horse for a moment. There was a murmur, low, but sinister.

"Who poisoned the King," said a voice, " to set up this Jane, whom we know not ? "

"Nay, to set up King Dudley, of whom we know too much ! " cried another.

A soldier rode into the crowd, but there were hisses, and cries, and jeers.

On a great catafalque in Westminster Abbey the boy-King lay waiting for burial. Everyone knew now that he had been dead some time, and suspicion at once assumed that secrecy meant mischief. Rumours of his poisoning by Northumberland were rife everywhere. They said Northumberland would kill a King and crown another before he had buried the first.

The day after Northumberland's departure her Council told the Queen that the captains of some ships sent to Yarmouth to prevent the Lady Mary's escape by sea had gone over to her. The captains had sent word to her that they were loyal to her, and if she wished to fly, they were all at her service, at her disposal day or night. She had thanked them warmly, and rewarded them, but said that nothing was farther from her thoughts than flying. And there was great enthusiasm for her in those parts, all being ready to serve

Strife

a lady who was so brave and nobly spoken. In all the market-towns of Buckinghamshire and at Norwich she had been proclaimed Queen, with cheers, and bonfires, and blare of trumpets.

When the Council had broken up, Queen Jane sent for the Earl of Pembroke. Her messenger returned to say the Earl had left the Tower.

"Without Our leave?" she questioned.

No one spoke.

One by one the nobles were missing when she asked for them. The young Queen was very quiet, and said little, but on the Sunday night she called the Lieutenant of the Tower.

"Bring me the keys," she said.

In a few moments the Captain of the Guard brought the Mistress of the Tower the keys on a cushion.

"Was anyone going out?" she said.

"My Lord Treasurer Winchester, Madam, but we stopped him in Your Majesty's name."

The Sunday before—just one week ago—Lord Treasurer Winchester had been anxious to try the Crown of England on her head. To-night she had to lock him in lest he went to fit it on the Lady Mary's brow.

Three days later the Earl of Arundel asked audience of her, and with him came Lord Winchester, Lord Darcy, Mr. Secretary Cecil, and others.

"Madam," said Lord Arundel, "the Duke of Northumberland has sent to us for auxiliaries. We must straightway arrange for these, so beg Your Majesty's permission to leave the Tower for awhile."

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"Cannot you consult here amongst yourselves?" she asked.

"It is not amongst ourselves we must consult, Madam. We must go to the foreign ambassadors to ask their aid in getting mercenaries. We have none of our own party at liberty."

"Must you indeed go?" she urged.

"We must, indeed, Madam." He looked over her head, an audacious light in his eyes. "For my part the air of this place has ceased to suit me," he said.

They got their way, and Arundel went first, swinging the keys.

"You have let them all go," said Guildford.

"It was wise," said Lady Jane's father. "I remain. Northumberland must be helped to the uttermost. All will be well yet." But he was very pale.

Later in the day a messenger came for the Duke of Suffolk, and he also left the place.

Lord Guildford, passing from his own lodgings to the Queen's house, found many strange men in the galleries and yards. Wondering whose they might be, he went out to the great gates, where there seemed to be a throng of soldiers and shouting people. He stood a second or two, then turned and darted back to the Queen's lodgings, scattering pages and servants as he went. Without announcing himself or knocking, he sought her from room to room, until he found her in the one where they had set the chairs of state. Pale and breathing hard, he drew her to a window and flung it wide.



"Do you hear those bells?" he panted."

The End

"Do you hear those bells?" he panted; "the cannon, the shouts, and cheers?"

"What are they for?" she asked. "Is it—is it that we have a victory?"

Guildford laid his head on his arms and bit his lips to keep back tears.

"You have been running? You have heard something? What have you heard?"

"They are"—his voice was hoarse and broken—"they are proclaiming Mary Queen."

"Are you certain? My father——"

"I heard your father doing it—outside, on Tower Hill."

The End



SOUND behind them made them turn. The canopy of state, with its blazoned lilies and lions, was shaking, tottering to its fall. Men were removing the two gilded, cushioned chairs. Hand-in-hand they stood, gazing at the sight, confounded at the sudden change. Outside the mob cried for the

Lady Mary. No one heeded the two for whom these splendours of velvet and gold had been designed. Carpet of state, symbols of rank, were whisked away. Then came in the Lady Jane's father, his face pale, his eyes full of fear.

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"We have been deceived," he said huskily.
"England is all loyal to the Queen."

"Am I not the Queen, then?" Lady Jane asked, bitterly.

"They will not have you."

"But the King's will——"

"They will not have it. The Council has declared for Queen Mary. Ye must shift as ye can."

"You made me Queen——"

"Nay, 'twas Northumberland. Here is Darcy, here is Pembroke. Let them tell you Mary is your Queen."

The Lady Jane faced the lords as they entered without ceremony.

"Ah! Can any of you say I bade you make me Queen? Did I give gifts to bribe you? Did you not drag me into it? Was it not you who thrust me into this rank? But for you I had been safe to-day, no traitor to my Queen. You have taken me up to a pinnacle and cast me down. Yours be the blame, then, if innocent blood be shed."

They stood still a moment, none answering. Then they turned and left her, and with them went her father, without farewell. She and Guildford were left alone. The boy drew his sword forward.

"Come with me," he said, "and do not weep so. We will hasten to Sion House, where my mother is, and lie there closely till we see how things go. We could not help ourselves. My father is still free, and will do something. Come, and do not weep so hard."

"They have made me do sinful things, and be full

The End

of pride," she sobbed. "I, who have loved peace and good religion, have been led astray. 'Tis not my body that I fear for——"

"I fear for mine," said Guildford, drawing her towards the door. "Let us be off whilst no one is marking us. Your people are all fled. Why should we wait till yon black Papist woman comes and cuts off our heads?"

She was too much confused and troubled to resist. They got a groom to saddle horses for them, slipped out unnoticed in the press of people, and arrived safely at Sion House.

"We will wait here for news of my father," Lord Guildford said. "God grant they leave us in peace."

But they were not left very long. Queen Mary's soldiers came for them in three days' time, and they were taken back by water to the Tower. They did not come in state this time; no trumpets blew for them. The keys were not brought for a mistress to receive, but to fasten doors and gates upon two prisoners. They were parted, each sent to a separate prison, and through the long days that followed they were not allowed to meet. The Lady Jane had two of her women to attend her, and was allowed to hear the news from the guard sometimes, and to walk in the Tower gardens. Lord Guildford was permitted to take exercise on the leads of one tower, and from thence he saw the new Queen come and take the keys, and receive the prisoners in the court. He, too, could hear a little news, but none of it was good. He heard that his father's troops had left him, and that

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he had thrown up his cause and proclaimed Queen Mary at Cambridge. But even that had not saved him ; he had not saved himself. The Earl of Arundel had arrested him on the next day and Guildford's eldest brother, the Earl of Warwick.

"If they are taken, there is no hope for them," the boy thought. "Will they bring him hither?"

Yes, they brought him. Lady Jane from her lodging saw him go by, attended by Tom, his pretty page, in charge of Lord Arundel. Northumberland himself, they heard, could not believe that the Council, who had supported his pretensions, and the friends whom he had bribed, would let him die. He appealed for mercy, made promises of loyalty to the Queen Mary, and, thinking to win her over, made a public avowal of the Roman faith. But nothing would avail. He who had overthrown great men like the Duke of Somerset was now, in his turn, overthrown by others. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death on Tower Hill. He had tried to save his children, especially Lord Guildford, whom he had loved the best ; he even prayed the Queen's mercy for the Lady Jane, saying she would change her faith if the Queen wished it and her life was spared. A priest was sent to the Lady Jane, to see if she would become a Romanist. She refused, nor would she yield for either promises or threats. She wrote a letter to the Queen, explaining how she had been made to take her place, and pleading that the late King's will had almost obliged her to it. Her patience and gentleness did more for her than the Duke's promises had done.

The End

Her parents assured the Queen that Jane had never desired to be Queen, that she had only done as others bade her, in accordance with the late King's will—the will Northumberland had insisted on his making. Her mother was the Queen's cousin, and had her ear, and, indeed, the Queen understood very well what had been done. As for the Lord Guildford, his youth alone seemed plea enough for him. His head had been turned by an over-fond and ambitious parent. Both he and Lady Jane knew they must be tried for treason, and might be found guilty and sentenced to death. But they were assured the sentence would never be carried out. If peace were restored in England, if there were no more risings in their favour, the Queen was mercifully disposed, and would not have them killed. They might be imprisoned till she was settled on her throne; he might be exiled for a time, and Lady Jane confined to some house in the country. Guildford looked forward hopefully to the time when all this would be over, and only he and Jane would remember they had been a nine days' wonder and squabbled about a title and the King-Consort's Crown.

And so it might have been if the Queen had not been a Romanist, and had not chosen to marry the Prince of Spain—a marriage no Englishman could like. The young Princess Elizabeth carried the Crown on a cushion at her sister's coronation, and complained to the French Ambassador of its great weight.

“Have patience, Madam,” said he, smiling. “It will appear lighter on your head than on your hands.”

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It was a jest, but it had danger in it. It meant that some people shrewdly saw that England would, after all, have preferred a Protestant Queen who was not in love with Spain. The whisper was repeated to the Queen, and she remembered it. There were other whispers, too, against her, and the whispers grew into loud words, and the talkers fingered swords, and swore hatred against Spain. Just at this time the trial of the Lady Jane and Lord Guildford Dudley came on at Westminster. They met then for the first time since their imprisonment, and heard their death sentence hand-in-hand. They had been assured, and reassured, of the Queen's mercy, but they felt very helpless, and the sentence frightened them. As they came back to the Tower, reading together in the same book of prayers, the populace that had not cheered them when they came in state pitied their innocence, and cried out shame on the Papists who would hurt them, and prayed God's blessing on the poor, pretty souls.

A little later, as they waited, sentenced, but not executed, rebellion broke out against the Queen. They could not hear exactly what this meant, for they were more strictly guarded now, and did not see many who would give them news. Some told them the rising was in favour of the Princess Elizabeth and Lord Courtenay, who were to marry and be King and Queen. But one of Guildford's attendants told him that the Council suspected the rising was in favour of a Protestant ruler, no matter whom, and that some were for the Lady Jane, whose misfortune and danger

“Lord, Teach Us How to Die”

had won so many hearts—too late ! Lady Jane heard that the Queen had resented the prayers and blessings that had followed her from Westminster to her prison, that the Council said if a certain person's name was on so many lips that person became the Queen's rival, and dangerous to her peace. The rebellion spread, and yet her enemies could not certainly say she was the cause of it until that unwise, unlucky nobleman, her father, rode off to join the rebels. What wonder, then, if some believed all was done on her account, not Courtenay's nor Elizabeth's ?

The Queen, urged by her Council, gave leave for the execution of Lord Guildford Dudley and the Lady Jane, his wife.

“Lord, Teach Us How to Die”



Lady Jane's attendants were very much attached to her, and on the day they learned that she was to be executed she came upon them both weeping bitterly.

“Why are you weeping ?” she asked them.

They could not bear to tell her. They would rather leave it to those commissioned by the Council.

Said one, therefore : “Alas, Madam ! We pity you this long captivity.”

The Lady Jane looked at them thoughtfully.

A Nine-Days' Wonder

“Why, as to that,” she said presently, “I think, as I look back on it, I have been a prisoner all my life ; for, see, my father’s house was ever more a house of correction to me than a home. My parents so ardently wished me to be better and more accomplished than I was that they were ever punishing me, and confining me to my room. When I was in their presence, whether I spoke, kept silence, sat, or stood, or went, ate, drank, sang, was sad or merry, I was sharply taunted and cruelly threatened. When they went hunting, I was right glad to stay behind with my tutor, who was gentle, and taught me to love books, and find friends and peace in them. And when I was sent to the care of the Lord Admiral, that seemed prison, too, for he and others watched me as a cat a mouse. I think now that none cared for me, but had some end in view—something I might get for them. Never in my life have I been free.” She took the two ladies by the hand. “So do not weep because I am shut up. Here are my old friends”—she pointed to a few books on a shelf—“and I am at peace.”

“But, Madam,” said one lady—“’tis a bitter shame to disturb your calm—but your father, and your sisters, and——”

“What of my sisters, Ellen ? ”

“Madam, they are in danger of death. Your father for joining in this rebellion——”

“But my little sisters ? ” Lady Jane cried “What have they done ? ”

“Oh, lady, they are your sisters—heiresses of the Crown, after yourself.”

“Lord, Teach Us How to Die”

“But Lord Pembroke, her father-in-law, will defend little Katharine. He is of the Queen’s Council, and in favour. Lord Herbert, her husband, will keep her safe from harm.”

The tears came dropping down the ladies’ cheeks.

“Oh, but, Madam, they will have none of her now. Her husband says he was tricked into marrying her, and ’twas not his will. He is about to cast her off at Lord Pembroke’s word.”

Then Lady Jane herself began to cry. After awhile she said : “I will write to her.”

Just then the officers came to tell her she must be executed on the day following, and her young husband, too. She did not cry whilst they spoke, nor ask for mercy, nor time to prepare herself for death. When they had gone she turned to her sobbing women.

“There !” she said, smiling. “You see, I shall not be a captive many hours more. Now go, for I would write to little Katharine.”

She wrote a long letter to her sister on the blank pages of a Greek Testament, which she desired should be given to Katharine after her death as the only legacy she had to give. She told her that Book alone could teach her how to live and die ; and, indeed, it seemed important that they should learn that lesson, “how to die.” Young as the sisters were, misfortune and other people’s sins had brought death very close to them all. Lady Jane had learnt hard lessons all her life out of books, and found peace from them ; but out of her nine days’ queenship she had learned courage and discretion, patience and forgiveness of others, and

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these brought her "peace at the last." Now she could look death itself in the eyes quite calmly, though alone. She said in her letter to her little sister, who might also need to know these things : "Once again let me entreat thee to learn to die."

She had very few things to give away or leave as keepsakes. Everything had been taken from her. She could only write farewell letters on the blank leaves of her books, and give a few valueless things to her women. She finished her letter to the Lady Katharine on February 11, and on the following morning, at half-past ten, she was to die, and her husband a few moments before herself. Early in the morning the Lieutenant of the Tower brought her a message from Lord Guildford Dudley saying he had the Queen's leave to sit with her awhile and say farewell to her.

"Say farewell?" she said, with a sudden smile. "Why should we say farewell? Let us rather put off our meeting, for in one little hour we shall be together in that place where there is no death nor parting any more."

But they did see each other once again in this world, for the boy was taken past her window to his scaffold, and saluted her, and she smiled steadily down at him. As she was taken out in her turn the Lieutenant told her that Lord Guildford had made a brave end, and that all the people, moved by his youth, and courage, and cruel fate, had lamented sorely for him, and had cried out for pity. She, too, wept, for it was barely ten minutes since she had seen him beautiful and strong, and, if he had not been

“Lord, Teach Us How to Die”

made to marry her, he need not have died this cruel death.

“But we shall be together soon where all is forgiven,” she whispered, and, drying her eyes, walked on firmly, reading from the same book of prayers that she and Guildford had used when they came back from their trial to the Tower. On the scaffold she gave this book to the brother of the Lieutenant, who had treated her with great courtesy and gentleness; her gloves and handkerchief to her two ladies.

Then the Nine Days’ Queen laid her head upon the block, saying, as her young cousin Edward had said in his lonely chamber at Greenwich: “Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.”

The Place of Shadows

"That it may please Thee to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives."

Tom and Arthur



a small wainscotted room in Lording-Manor House two boys were standing before a big fire holding fast by each other.

"We shall have no home, they say," the elder whispered.

"Where shall we all go, then?" said the other.

"I don't know. Wandering by the way—begging."

"No!" The younger one's face flushed. "We! We be of blood royal. How should we beg?"

The elder boy shivered. "They say our father"—he put his lips close to his brother's ear—"has been sent to the Tower."

"Do you mean——" His brother gripped him tightly. "The Tower? Oh, Tom! It was there our great-grandfather was killed. What shall we do?"

Tom and Arthur

"How should I tell you? No one knows. I have asked Minnie, and old Philip, and Mr. Grey. One and all shake their heads and say they cannot say. But behind our backs they whisper that we are ruined. No; you can ask and ask, Arthur, but I cannot tell you why. Our mother may tell us, or she may not. She may do as all these grown people do—bid us not question. Not question! And yet we hear how our father's taken by the King, and our house is going to belong to the King now, and how we are to be turned out penniless"—a big tear dropped off Tom's chin—"and what will the little ones do? Eh, what will become of us?"

Arthur sniffed. Then he straightened himself. "I shall go off into some lord's house—there are lords enough in our family, I believe—and be trained for war; and then I will kill this King, and you, Tom, shall be King instead."

"What stuff you do talk!" Tom burst out. "We shall all starve; we shall die in a ditch. We have nothing. All the lords of our race will be killed."

"Well," Arthur said, "I am not dead. When our mother comes we will ask her. We will get to know."

"Perhaps not. She will put us off; she will—There!"

"There she is!"

Both boys ran out, down to the front-door, to meet their mother, Lady Pole, who had been for weeks and months in London with their father, Sir Geoffrey, whilst her children, at Lordington, had been terrified

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by rumours of the ruin of their home. She came back to them, worn, anxious, carrying with her her baby, Edmund, accompanied by two servants only. The two boys looked at her piteously, but the trouble in her face kept them silent awhile.

"We must not ask, and she will not tell us," thought Tom.

"Something most awful is going on," Arthur said to himself.

Tom was breaking his heart ; but Arthur felt fierce, ready to kill someone. His blue eyes had an angry gleam in them. He had been taught that King Henry the Eighth was the lawful King of England. But in his private mind this boy of eleven considered that the King's father had been a usurper, and that the best right lay with his family, his grandmother being daughter of that Duke of Clarence who had been stabbed and thrown into a butt of wine. This King had now done something wicked and mysterious to his family—had taken his father away and made his mother a beggar. The King was a bad King, doomed without a hearing. Arthur Pole was ready to stab him—pigmy against giant—and fling that great unwieldy man into a butt of wine—if a butt big enough were to be found.

"Mother," said he at last, coming before her, as she sat silent by the fire, "I want to know."

Tom pinched him, but their mother took his hand.

"Come, both of you, and hear," she said.

They sat down by her on stools, Arthur fixing his eyes on her face, Tom looking sadly in the fire.

Tom and Arthur

"You have been frightened with tales, poor lads. And, indeed, everything is bad for us—for your father more than all." She pressed her handkerchief to her lips.

"What is it all about, then?" Arthur demanded. "What has been done to us? Where are our friends?"

Tom kicked him. "Our mother cannot speak."

"But I must tell you." She sighed, and drew them nearer. The boys gripped hands across her knees.

"Where is our father?" Arthur demanded.

"He is in the Tower. Madam your grandmother——"

"Our lady grandmother! Why, she——"

"'Sh!" Tom entreated.

"I will try to tell you. But you are so young," their mother said sadly.

"I do not feel very young, madam," said the irrepressible Arthur.

"These things began before you and Tom can remember. You know that King Henry married his brother's widow, Queen Katharine, your grandmother's friend? That good Queen did never get over her horror when she found out that your grandmother's brother, the young Earl of Warwick, had been murdered, to make the succession safe for her own husband. She grieved for him and your grandmother, and would have her always about her, and always entreated the Kings—this King and the old King—to restore his lands and titles to your grandmother. And some

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they did. But never the royal titles—never Clarence. But they made your grandfather Lord Montagu, to please her, and they made your grandmother Countess of Salisbury. But those were titles of her mother's house, not of her father's or brother's."

"They were jealous, for ours is the old blood," Arthur muttered. "They be only upstarts out of Wales."

"Your grandfather was out of Wales, too, but of old royal stock, as you say. But your grandmother is Princess Margaret, child of Clarence and of the King-maker's daughter. Queen Katharine——" Lady Pole stopped. "Well, she is dead, poor tired soul! The King divorced her, and married Madam Anne Bullen, whom no one loved. But many men loved Queen Katharine and her daughter, the Princess Mary. And you know—even you—that there has been strife in England because the King will not treat the Princess Mary royally, and because he turns the monks and nuns out of their abbeys, and gives their lands away."

"We are not monks and nuns," Arthur put in. "This is not land he can give away."

"He can do what he will."

The lady looked over her boys' heads into the fire, with wide, tearless, hopeless eyes. They felt her tremble, and were white with fear.

"Up in the North, in Yorkshire and Westmorland, there be stark strong men, who do not talk much, but give blows for words. They have loved their abbeys. Their fathers built them, and are buried in them. The Saints in the shrines were, like

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them, Yorkshiremen, men of the North, stern and grim, but very warm of heart. The men of the North have risen—Nortons, Salvins, Grahams, Nevilles—those be your kin—and taken arms to force the King to restore the monks to Fountains, Rievaulx, Jervaulx—their abbeys. They were blessed in the crypt where relics are at Ripon. They hated the King for the slight he put upon Queen Katharine, on her daughter, on the old faith.”

“Was our father with them?” Tom whispered.

“No, but not against them. Oh, my sons!” She wrung her hands, but, seeing their pale faces, controlled herself. “You know that your grandmother’s favourite son was from his birth destined to marry the Princess Mary?”

“Our Uncle Reginald, who lives in Rome? He is a priest now.”

“No, he is not a priest. He is a very godly noble gentleman, and the Pope has made him a Cardinal, so learned and pious is he. When the strife broke out in Yorkshire”—she sank her voice—“’tis said they sent for the Cardinal, these gentlemen of the North, and bade him come over to their help and marry the King’s daughter, and be King.” The last words were scarcely audible.

Tom was appalled. It seemed to him too strange and unbelievable. He had heard of his holy and learned uncle, the young Cardinal, Lady Salisbury’s favourite son. But he thought of him vaguely as a priest, having nothing to do with them or the world. How could he, who had always lived in foreign

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countries, writing learned books, suddenly become a King ?

Arthur, however, saw no such difficulties. If a King was needed, certainly they should choose one of the family of Pole, of the old blood, grandson of the Duke of Clarence.

"But," said he, "why my Uncle Reginald ? Why not my lord Uncle Montagu ?"

"Because Reginald was always destined to marry the Princess. My Lord Montague, though the eldest son, was never thought of for her. Reginald, they say, is the ablest Englishman living, and the best. But the King hates him, because he spoke out against him for his affront to the Queen Katharine, his mother's friend, and because he is the Pope's friend, and the King has shaken off the Pope's authority. My Lord Montague had no hand in the fighting."

"Nor our father ?" Tom whispered.

Again the lady wrung her hands. "They knew nothing, or very little. But the King cannot reach Reginald. So he has laid hands on his brothers and his mother. Yes, they took your grandmother out of her house, and they bore her to London, and they persecuted her, and wearied her with questions. But she would only say : 'My sons are not traitors. I know nothing of my sons' doings.' Just that. And she is shut up close in the Tower, though she knows nothing, and has done nothing. Your Uncle Montague was there, and he, too, told them nothing—and his son."

"Not Harry !" Tom cried. "Harry in the Tower ?"

Tom and Arthur

His cousin Harry was his own age. It seemed to bring the peril so much nearer. If the King would put Harry in prison, why not Tom ?

"The King cannot put a boy in the Tower," Arthur said.

"Oh, my dear, my dear ! There are two children therein now. My Lord Exeter's son is there, your kinsman, Edward Courtenay ; for the King said his father was in league with your uncle the Cardinal. And he has cut off Lord Exeter's head. And"—she rocked herself in her chair—"he has cut off your Uncle Montague's head. And they say he will do the same by Harry."

Tom drew back in horror. He saw himself in Harry's place. Arthur kneeled up before his mother, his eyes like pin-points of azure light.

"This King is a murderer," he said.

"'Sh—'sh !" said his mother. She held her hands to him, and the boy's hands were firm and held hers fast.

Tom slipped a shaking arm through hers. "What will become of us ?" he asked.

"God only knows. Some say there will be mercy for you—that your father——"

"They have not killed him ?" Arthur asked.

"No-o," she answered unsteadily—"no. They say he may be saved. But they will take his lands," she went on hurriedly ; "this house, which is mine, was my father's, and should be yours, and all we have."

She tried to make some plan for the future, talking

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of her own people, and what help this or that one might be to them ; of how someone might help her to send the two elder boys to a school ; of how she might take the other children to live in some small way somewhere. And all the time she looked into the fire with those wide, tearless eyes.

Tom hid his head on her knees, thinking of his cousin Harry. He had rather envied Henry as the eldest son of the eldest son, first heir of the Poles, most direct in descent from the King-maker and Clarence, master of a better horse than his own, and more numerous servants.

Arthur never took his eyes from his mother's face. Younger than Tom by a year, he was quicker and more intelligent. He knew by some instinct that his mother was keeping from them a fact more terrible than their uncle's death, their grandmother's imprisonment, little Harry's fate, or their own beggary.

She could not tell him. She had no words, no heart. With the boy's eyes on her she could not tell him that his father, though no traitor to the King, had been a traitor to his brothers. Sir Geoffrey had always been weak, excitable, nervous. His brother Montague, his mother, the Countess of Salisbury, had known it, and had tried always to keep him from mixing in plots, nor had they ever trusted him with any great affair. And now, having guessed, with something of Arthur's quickness, that great doings were afoot, Sir Geoffrey Pole had petitioned for a part in them. He had been told very little. But that little had been wrung out of him by threats, privation, sufferings of body and

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mind. He had said that he believed his brother Reginald had approved of the rising in Yorkshire, called the "Pilgrimage of Grace"; that he would have come over to help the gentlemen to restore the good monks to their abbeys and the Princess Mary to her state. He said that he had heard Lady Salisbury say that she approved of all that her dear son Reginald had done. He said that he had heard Lord Montague say that he liked well all that his brother Reginald had planned. Also, he had heard it said that the Marquess of Exeter loved his cousin, Cardinal Pole, and had written a letter to him to that effect. That was all. But it had been enough for the King. It had brought Lord Exeter's head to the block, and his little son to prison, Lord Montague's head to the block, and his little son to prison. It had brought his own mother, in her old age, to the Tower, and all the lands and wealth of the Pole family into the King's hands. But, worse than all these things, it had laid Sir Geoffrey's honour in the dust. He had sold his mother's safety and his kinsmen's lives to save his own. And his wife could not tell these things to her sons.

"When you pray to-night," she said suddenly to Arthur, "pray for your father with all your soul."

"And for my cousin Harry," Tom observed, for his old envy made his heart sore for his cousin.

When they were going to bed later Tom said :
"Think of Harry."

Arthur sat on the bedside, with his chin in his hand.

"Do you think they will leave him alone?" Tom

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whispered. "And do you think he *saw* his father going to be executed? I wonder. Do you remember that bright chestnut horse he rode last May, with the green velvet saddle? I would have given all the world for that horse. Arthur, Arthur! Do you believe they can—kill him? Arthur, what do you think?"

"I am not thinking about Harry."

"Not! Why, what then?"

"There is something else, Tom, that we do not know."

"Something worse? Something about *us*?" Tom jerked his arm.

"About—our father."

"He will be saved. Our mother said so."

"Yes. But there is something else. She did not tell us all."

"They never tell you all," Tom sighed, and got undressed hastily. "If we go to sleep, perhaps we shall hear something better in the morning."

He was soon in bed. Arthur was still dressed when their servant came for the lamp. He shuffled out of his clothes, but remained by the window, in the dark.

"Are you saying more prayers?" Tom inquired uneasily.

"No."

"Do you think Harry——"

"I'm not thinking of Harry"—Arthur turned on him harshly—"at least, I am, and of our Uncle Montague, and of our grandmother. And I am

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thinking of"—Tom sat up on the pillow—"of the something else we are not told, Tom. When I'm a man—— There shall be a King of our House yet." He stuttered in his excitement. "These Tudors are bloody tyrants. They will kill us all. This King has killed our father——"

"He has not," Tom snorted. "Our mother said——"

"I know, I know. I cannot tell you. But look here." Arthur pointed where the moonlight silvered a little crucifix in the recess of their window. He touched the Feet. "I will be a foe to these Tudors, for Harry's sake, for my grandmother's sake, but most of all for our father's sake."

"You are very odd," Tom murmured, peering at him. "You look——"

He could not describe how his younger brother looked. But to him it seemed that Arthur looked quite old, and as if he had seen something, and as if he had made some great vow.

"You are odd," he repeated.

"Maybe. But I will some day be even," said Arthur, and, with a sudden change of expression, he leaped into bed.

On the following day he was constantly with their mother. Tom was oppressed, but Arthur was quietly thoughtful. If there was a message to take, or an errand to run, he was ready. His mother marked his strange gravity and wondered. Tom wandered about the place sighing. Here they would play no more, he said; there they would do no more lessons. The

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horses would soon be gone from the stables. His little brothers and sisters would be exposed to privation and misery. His mother would cease to be a great lady. And he, Thomas Pole, heir of Lordington, might have to work for his living or starve. In the days that followed, Tom watched the preparations for departure from Lordington with secret tears, with many protestations. They were obliged to go by the King's officers, who were taking over the Manor House in the King's name, with all its contents. The servants went ; the boys' tutor went. An old nurse and a waiting-woman only remained to help Lady Pole and her children. The little ones were sent off to different members of their mother's family, as she had said ; and one by one the rooms were closed and the keys given over to the King's men. Tom, looking ill and broken down with crying over his possessions, was to go to his mother's own home, with Arthur. But on the last evening Lady Pole found Arthur waiting for her in her room when she went wearily to bed.

"Mother," said he, "I am coming with you to London. You are going to see our father, or to plead with the King. Take me. You will be all alone."

"You, Arthur !"

The boy nodded. "Tom is sick. Also, he is the eldest. Do not let them have a chance to kill another eldest son. I will go with you, madam. I want to see all there is."

"To see—all there is ?" she repeated.

He nodded shyly, but with great seriousness. "Madam"—he took her hand—"I know."

Tom and Arthur

“What is it you know?”

He drew her head down. “Do you remember when I broke all the stained glass in the small hall-window, and you thought ’twas Tom?”

She looked puzzled.

He stood on tiptoe. “Tom told of me, when our father would have beaten him.”

She started.

“And then he cried when I was beaten—cried and cried. He felt much worse than I, who was beaten.”

She held him nearer, covering his hot face with kisses.

“I was not angry then at Tom. He was afraid, and made himself sick. He could not help doing it.” Arthur hugged her.

“How did you guess?” she asked him after a time.

“I don’t know. From your face. You will let me go?”

On the following day Lady Pole returned to London, to be near her poor broken-hearted husband, who, now that he saw the cruel end of his brother and the danger he had brought on his mother and nephew, would have killed himself for grief, crying he was not fit to live.

To everyone’s surprise, Lady Pole took her young son Arthur with her.

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POLE took lodgings for herself and Arthur in London, and, in person and through friends, tried to work on the King and his Minister Cromwell to release Sir Geoffrey. She entreated, also, that the Manor of Lordington should be given back to her, as it was her own property, left to her by her father, and was not a part of the Pole lands which the King had seized. Her prayers, however, were not heeded for a long time, and she was not even assured that her husband's life would be spared.

She went frequently to visit him in the Tower, and one day she took Arthur with her. She did not let him see his father, who was distracted with shame and grief at what he had done. But she took him to the room where Sir Geoffrey's mother was imprisoned. It was a mean room, poorly furnished, and there was only one woman to wait on the Princess Margaret of England, Countess of Salisbury. The King had taken her lands, her money, her son's life, and her, in old age, he had shut up in this prison.

Lady Pole said to her : " Madam, here is my son Arthur. May he bide with you a while ? "

The old lady turned her stern, searching eyes on the boy. " Come to me," she said bluntly.

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Without hesitation, Arthur went to her footstool, and looked in her lined, brave, once beautiful face.

"Are you not afraid in this dreary prison, Arthur Pole?" she asked.

"No, madam," he answered; "there are so many of us here—you, lady grandmother, and my father, and my cousin Harry. And there have been others—the prince your father and the prince your brother, and my Uncle Montague."

"And does that make it seem like home?" Her lip twitched.

He looked round the low, dark room. "I am not afraid," he said.

"He may stay with me," she said to her daughter-in-law, and the old lady and the boy were left alone.

"Why did your mother bring you hither?"

"I prayed her to bring me, madam."

"Why, then?"

"Because she is in great grief, and I—I know of it. So I would come."

"You came to support your mother. But you are not her eldest?"

"No, madam. Thomas is her eldest. He is sick."

"Did he wish to come? Would he have come had he been well?"

Arthur looked away for the first time. "Tom did not understand. Trouble makes him sick."

She sighed. "Sit down on the stool, child. How much of the trouble do you know? Why, tell me now—why did they bring your Uncle Montague here?"

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“Because the King thought he approved of what our uncle the Cardinal would have done in the late rising.”

“And what do you think, my son, the Cardinal of England would have done ? ”

“He would have come and married the Princess Mary, and brought back the good monks and our old faith, and restrained the King, or——”

“’Sh ! ” she whispered. “Walls have ears. Speak lower. Then they have killed my son Montague because he approved of my son Reginald. Why, then, am I here ? For what do I suffer ? ”

“Because, I think, you are their mother, madam ; and he hates you all.”

She patted his head. Then, taking his arm and bending forward, she said : “You have a keen little brain, Arthur, and a good heart.” She looked deeply into his eyes. “Do you know, also, why your father is here ? ”

“Yes, madam.” But he did not name the reason.

“And do you know why he did not die with his brother Montague ? ”

“Yes, madam.”

“And why your mother thinks they may spare him altogether ? ”

“Yes, madam.” But still Arthur did not put his knowledge into words.

“You know, then, all the trouble—the worst—the trouble that breaks my heart and your mother’s heart—what is harder to bear than my sufferings here, and

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crueller for me than Henry's death." She laid her hand on the boy's bent head. "What will you do with your knowledge, Arthur, when you are a man?"

"I will tell you. If ever occasion comes, for my father's sake, whom they have broken, and for the shame he will have, I will take up the work of my uncle the Cardinal, and bring back the old faith, and see that the country is ruled by a loyal King."

"You are thinking of revenge."

"No, madam; only to do what my father has not done. Only to make it good—to make men see."

He could not say what he meant, but his grandmother understood. His father had betrayed his brothers through fear, and therefore had gone back on his faith and his work. Arthur would take up the work and stand for the faith, when he had opportunity, when he was a man.

"You speak like a grave man now. Trouble ripens us early. You have in you the blood of the King-maker, my mother's father. You are a Plantagenet. It may be God has chosen you for the work. But you see, child, where it may lead you—to the Tower and the block, and not the throne."

"If that is so—well, madam, I will remember that you all came before me. It is our place—the Tower and the block"—he smiled—"or a butt of wine and a dagger."

She looked intently at him, holding his chin in her hand. "There is our little Harry—they have not slain him. Are they going to keep him here to languish? There is young Courtenay, our cousin

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Exeter's little son. What will they do with him ? 'Tis worse—worse than the dagger and the axe, to spend long, long years in hopeless captivity ; to eat your own heart, as the Spaniards say ; to never know home or love ; to grow crazed from utter loneliness—cut off—dead, yet alive ; free among the dead, in the lowest pit, like a dead man out of mind. So they did by my brother—my little brother. That is harder than all else. What if you too should come to that ? ”

“ Well, I should come to it,” he said shortly. “ But I mean to do something very different, when the time comes.”

Arthur hoped to see his grandmother again. But on their next visit to the Tower his mother obtained leave for him to wait for her in the gardens, and he was taken by one of the guards to a bench under some trees, where a boy in black clothes was sitting idly.

“ Harry ! ” Arthur cried, and sprang at him.

The boy held him off. “ Arthur ! They have killed my father.”

“ I know—I know.”

“ And yours ? ”

“ No, not yet. They have ruined mine.”

“ Are you a prisoner ? ”

Arthur told him, and that he had come in with his mother, and that he was staying in London.

“ Is Tom here too ? ”

Arthur gave an account of the breaking up of his home and the disposal of his family. “ Little Edmund is with us,” he said. “ Harry, where do they keep you ? You are not with our grandmother.”

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“No ; but I go to see her. I am in my father’s room.” The elder boy pressed his hands on Arthur’s shoulders. “I hope all day long—I hope they’ll cut my head off, and have done.”

“No, no ! They must let you out. You must get free and join me. When we’re men, we’ll have revenge for this.” Arthur used the word his grandmother had forbidden.

Harry drew him down and whispered : “Look behind you on the grass, under the little trees.”

Arthur looked, and saw another boy in black lying on the grass.

“That is our cousin Courtenay. He is breaking his heart in here, though he is gay sometimes. He fears the King ; his very name will make him swoon. Arthur, my grandmother talks to me, and always she is bidding me be very brave, and to believe death is better than dishonour—— What’s the matter ? Do you not believe it ? ”

“Yes,” said Arthur, who had winced.

“I know what she means well. The King would have me out of the way. Courtenay believes his mother will get him out. She may. But I shall never be set free.” He spoke calmly. “Some day I shall be stabbed ; some night I shall be smothered in my sleep. I had liefer die in broad daylight, out there on the hill, and know about it.” He spoke with calmness, though his face was pale. “I go always with my chin over my shoulder.” He shuddered. “Courtenay is—not brave,” he whispered, “but he never thinks of that. He believes he will be let out.”

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“ And you will be let out.”

“ No ; I am the eldest son of the eldest son of the Poles, and Plantagenet, through our very grandmother. The King hates Courtenay for some other reason. But, for our uncle the Cardinal’s sake as well, he loathes and detests the Poles. It is so. I would that he would cut my head off to-day. I feel pillows on my face all night.” He shivered again.

“ But you’re not afraid to die ? ”

“ No ; not in the light, with my courage up. If I were you, I would not come into this place.”

Arthur did not answer.

“ Come, now. Speak to Courtenay. I think he’s gone to sleep.”

Going softly across the grass, they came to Courtenay’s side. He lay with one arm under his cheek, smiling a little, and delicately flushed. They were too young to admire the grace of his limbs, the perfection of his beauty. But Arthur Pole grew very white as he looked at him. He caught his cousin’s hand.

“ Don’t wake him. Don’t let him look at me. Oh, let me go ! ”

He turned to run, but Harry followed and caught him. “ What ails you ? Why are you crying ? ”

Arthur flung himself on the bench, face downwards, sobbing.

Harry shook him. “ What is it ? Speak to me.”

Presently Arthur raised his head. “ Listen, then, and hate me. He and you—oh, you are the happy ones ! Your fathers died, but mine—— They made him speak against your fathers. There ! ”

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Harry stared. Then his face grew very red. "And so—he—lives?" he asked jerkily.

Arthur did not speak. He gathered himself slowly off the bench and walked away.

"Both of them!" he said to himself. "And I am free, and Tom, and all of us!"

He sat by himself behind some bushes, until a good-humoured guard found him, and bade him hurry, for his mother was waiting at the gate.

"Three boys in one bit of ground, and all apart!" he said. "You should be better friends, surely."

Arthur did not tell his mother of his doings, and she, preoccupied with her grief, did not observe his silence. When they reached their lodgings she found that little Edmund had suffered some neglect.

"Next time we go," she sighed, "we must take him with us. You must have him with you, Arthur. Dear, how pale you are!"

He turned away. He sat down and looked at little Edmund. All the time he was thinking of the sunny garden and the two boys in black, one sleeping, sure his mother would set him free; the other waking, and thinking of his end—a dagger, or a smothering in the night. "When I am a man—when I am a man!" he thought. And, also, it seemed to him he, too, should be there, in black, in greater grief than they. His father's words had brought them there. "I ought to be there with them," he said to himself.

Lady Pole was permitted to see her husband again in a month's time, and, taking her two boys, asked leave for them to wait in the Tower garden.

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"May we not go to our grandmother?" Arthur asked, pulling her sleeve.

"Nay," she whispered; "you are better in the air. Your lady's grandmother desired it herself."

Holding the tottering baby by the skirts, Arthur was admitted to the garden. He saw two little black figures at the end of an alley, playing ball. Keeping to the grass, he let the baby crawl and pluck the daisies. By chance the ball came flying in their direction, and the players after it. Little Edmund flung himself on the ball, and gurgled, kicking, but unable to get up.

"Hallo!" said Lord Courtenay. "Who are you?"

Arthur pulled the baby off the ball, and then the ball from the baby. The baby yelled and clutched. Lord Courtenay rolled it back to him, and then the baby smiled graciously, and tried to swallow it. Courtenay laughed, and presently lured the crawling Edmund in pursuit of the ball, Arthur sitting on the grass, with bent head.

Harry pushed him with his knee. "I have not told Courtenay. Play with him. I frighten him with looking over my shoulder, and starting awake for fear of pillows."

Arthur shook his head. Harry sat down by him and pulled up handfuls of grass.

"Keep a look-out behind," he said, with that queer shiver Arthur had noticed. "I have not slept for four nights. I put pins in my bed to scratch me awake."



"Arthur pulled the baby off the ball."

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"Lie down and sleep now," Arthur said huskily. "If they would let me, I would lie all night awake by you."

"Dear, there were two Princes, and they smothered them both. Is that your little brother?"

"Yes."

"The King's nursery!" said Harry. He yawned. "I could sleep. Do not, pray, let your baby fall on me, or I shall think it a pillow, and choke it in waking."

He lay down with his head on his cousin's knee. It was a warm spring afternoon. Courtenay and the baby seemed to be excellent friends by now, and were tumbling and screaming a little way off. The shadow of the buildings grew long, and stretched out nearer to them. Arthur watched them coming over the green grass, dimming the green and darkening the daisies. Stealthily they crept to Harry's feet.

"They will have him! They will get him!" he thought, in a sort of fear, and he bent hastily forward, holding out his arms, as if to keep back a living terror from the sleeper. And so his own shadow fell on Harry's face.

In a second his cousin sat up, shuddering. "Now, now!" he gasped, and flung up his hands, his eyes still shut.

Arthur clasped him tightly. "There is nothing," he cried. "It was only the shadows. Harry! Harry!"

Harry opened his eyes, gasping, and blinking in

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the light. Their sudden cries brought Courtenay staggering up with the baby, his face white.

"What is it?" he said. "You, Harry—how you make my heart beat! What is it?"

Harry shook himself. "It is over now. I will not go to sleep again. This is our cousin, Arthur Pole, Courtenay. And there is someone come to seek you, Arthur."

They watched the man approach. He called to Arthur.

"Come on, Mun," said Arthur.

Courtenay looked wistfully at the guard, and back at Arthur. "Some day he will call me out," he said. "My mother told me I should not be here very long. It seems long now. Will you come again, Arthur Pole, and bring your baby?"

Harry said: "This is no place for babies, Courtenay."

The shadows were over them all now. Only Courtenay's yellow hair gleamed in the sun, for he was standing. The guard beckoned impatiently. Arthur looked at Harry once, and hurried off, with Edmund in his arms.

All that night he lay and thought of Harry and the pins. Supposing that his cousin's fears came true! Supposing that now, this very moment—Arthur threw out his arms, as if to push back some real terror. At the garden-gate that evening he had looked back and seen Harry lying in the deep shadow, and Courtenay standing in it, only his head touched with gold. He shivered. Did it mean that Harry would

Arthur Sees the Shadows

always lie in the shadows, and Courtenay some day reach the light of the sun ?

He went to the Tower once again with Edmund. The baby fell asleep. Courtenay went off to chase a butterfly.

"I too will sleep, with you for a pillow," said Harry, yawning. "Once a month I can have a good sleep, and not scratch myself with pins in the night."

Edmund had curled himself up like a kitten, and Courtenay had wrapped his cloak round him. Arthur and Harry were at a little distance, and nearer to the Tower walls. Harry dropped asleep at once, with his head on his cousin's knee ; and, as before, Arthur watched the shadows creep towards them silently. They were staying later to-night, and before the guard's calling waked Harry, the shadows had come to his feet, to his knees, over his body to his neck, and over his head. Watching fascinated, Arthur suddenly shivered, to find their still gloom over him. Looking for Edmund, when the guard called him, he saw they were over him too.

Down an alley, in the last red rays of sunset, Courtenay chased his butterflies.

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mother told him a day or two later that his father was to be released, that Lordington had been restored to them, and that they would now go home.

“Your father is very ill,” she said—“all but dead. Therefore they will let him go.”

She had grown thin and pale, with her long months of waiting and anxiety, and Arthur’s face had lost its childish roundness.

“Shall we go again to the Tower?” he asked.

“No; he will come here to-morrow.”

Arthur went out alone and asked his way to the building. Hitherto they had gone by boat. This time he went by Tower Hill. He went about the place and down the river-bank to the wharves, and watched the shipping, wondering if Harry and Courtenay were in the garden—wondering especially about Harry, his pins, his shivering fits, his backward look, and his brave, yet troubled, eyes.

“And he never once reproached me,” he thought, “or said an evil word. And he did not tell Courtenay. I wish I might see him and say good-bye. I wish I might go in there and stay by him. Courtenay is as

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much of a baby as Edmund, nearly. If they came to kill Harry, they should kill me first. That would be fair."

He meant that, as his father's fears had been the cause of Lord Montague's death and Harry's captivity, it would be only just, in his eyes, if he might be killed or be a captive with his cousin. His ideas of revenge, his purpose of taking up the work his uncle the Cardinal had dreamed of—bringing back the old faith, and seeing a loyal Catholic on the throne—had gone before the actual danger in which his cousin lived. He had no right to be free and safe whilst Harry and Courtenay were shut up there, in fear of death. It would be years before he was a man and could do anything, and in all those years must Harry be there in terror, and Courtenay wait vainly for his mother to get him out?

He did not know his father when he came to them next day. His months of suffering, shame, and remorse had made a young man old. His hair was grey, his eyes bent on the ground, and his face lined, haggard, and colourless. They were a sad, silent party as they travelled down to Lordington, to find the house cold and empty, as the King's men had left it. They were very poor, for the King had taken everything but this one place and such money as belonged to Lady Pole herself. They had only their two servants, and Sir Geoffrey had no heart to help in any way or to suggest anything for their comfort. He sat alone in his own room, or walked at dusk over the fields. He shunned the highroad and avoided the village.

"Go with him," Lady Pole said to Arthur one

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day. "I fear he will come to some mishap, for he does not look where he walks."

Arthur went every day after that. But his father did not seem to observe him. If, as happened but rarely, people met them, they walked wide of Sir Geoffrey, even if they had been old friends, and no one saluted him. Arthur knew that in the village they spoke of him as "the man who had sold his brother," and that their name had become a byword.

One day a letter came for Sir Geoffrey Pole, and his wife brought it to him as he was starting out for his walk, Arthur at his heels. She made him open it and read it, holding his arm. Arthur saw Sir Geoffrey start and the letter flutter to the ground. Shaking off his wife's hands, he covered his ears from her words, and hurried down the path, shaking and staggering.

"Go after him," she said to Arthur, "and bring him back to me."

Arthur ran, but Sir Geoffrey would not turn. For the first time he took the highroad to Chichester, and Arthur could hardly keep up with him, though he ran most of the four or five miles into the town. His father went straight down to the ships, heeding no one, though many stared at him, and some called after him, and Arthur, pale and panting, followed him hard. Once he lost him in a crowd of sailors and shipmasters, and ran from group to group, finally running right into Sir Geoffrey, who had turned back. It seemed that he had been aware of Arthur's presence, for he caught him by the shoulders and began to speak.

"Go home to your mother and tell her I am gone,"

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he said. "Here is a Flemish corn-boat, and they have bargained to take me over. Tell her I am gone."

"Where ? Where ?" Arthur cried, as Sir Geoffrey swung round.

His father called back : "To my brother."

Arthur struggled after him through the crowd, only to see him, a speck in a boat, going out to the ships at anchor.

Slowly, with bent head and weary legs, he made his way back to Lordington with his strange news. His mother heard it with dry eyes, gazing silently into the fire.

"Why has he gone ?" asked the boy.

She started, and roused herself.

"They have killed his mother," she said—"they have killed her, and he has gone. He has said to me he must have Reginald's pardon, or let Reginald kill him, for Montague's death. And now—there is their mother, too."

Arthur clenched his hands. "And Harry ?" he asked.

She did not hear.

"What of Harry ?" he said, catching her hands and turning her to him.

"Nothing. No news of Harry," was the answer.

The other children had not come back to Lordington at the time of their father's going. He had been so ill and the household so unhappy that Lady Pole had decided to keep them away as long as she could. But now they came home—Tom, Geoffrey, Henry, and the five little girls. They made a large family to

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feed and clothe out of Lady Pole's small income. 'Tom was in despair. To him it was terrible to have no pony, no servants, no company. He shrank from the neighbours' rudeness or coldness. He complained of their food and fare, in confidence, to Arthur, but before their mother and the younger ones both boys kept silent. 'Tom saw that she was struggling against fearful difficulties alone. Arthur, with his greater knowledge of what she, his father, and his cousins had to bear, was occupied with thoughts of how he could help his mother now, his cousin later, and be revenged at last. Lady Pole, for want of an older confidant, feeling him wiser beyond his age than anyone else would have thought possible, turned to him in all her dilemmas, and he was the first to hear of their first relief.

She had a letter from that great personage, her brother-in-law, Cardinal Pole. He told her how Sir Geoffrey had come to him at Rome, broken with sickness and shame, and asked his pardon, offering his life for their mother's and brother's, whom, in his weakness, he had betrayed. The Cardinal had taken him up and kissed him, having pity on his shame and grief, remembering he had never been strong and calm-minded, like himself and Montague. He had sent him to his own friend, the Bishop of Liège, where he would be safe from the King of England's wrath. Sir Geoffrey had left the country without his Dread Lord's leave, and in doing so had committed a treason, but in the Bishop's house he could not be touched. Cardinal Pole had made him an allowance, and would also send money for his sister-

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in-law's wants ; also, his blessing, and sorrow for her sorrow, assuring her that he would support her and her children as long as he lived.

She cried over that letter as she had not been able to cry for weariness and grief when her husband went away.

"That is a good man," she whispered. "God will bless him always. If he helps us, we shall not starve."

Reginald Pole kept his word faithfully. Money was paid to Lady Pole regularly by his agents, so that, though still poor, they were able to live in her house at Lordington.

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the wainscotted room at Lordington Manor, where Tom and Arthur had once heard the disastrous news brought by their mother from London, all the family were gathered, except Arthur, in the December, two years after Queen Mary came to the throne.

Tom was married, and his wife was there ; and one or two of the sisters were married, and were there with their husbands. They were all waiting, as Tom and Arthur had waited, for someone coming from London. The room had been fitted as a bedchamber, with a great

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bed and cupboard, with silver cups. A chair with crimson cushions was drawn up before the fire, a footstool before it, a carpet beneath it. What was left of former grandeur in Lordington Manor had been gathered into this one room, the warmest and sunniest in the house. Poverty was there, too, for unkind eyes to see, and the dress of the family generally was little better than that of the neighbouring yeomen. The married daughters had a better air, a jewel or two ; but Lady Pole's coif and ruff were of the plainest. Even Tom, the heir, had no silver buckles or rosettes, no slashes to his homespun suit. And the youngest boy, Edmund, was in fustian, neat and clean as his mother could make him.

He was the most excited of the group, dodging behind his sisters' hoops and farthingales, to get some sort of view of the doorway, his mouth a little open, his eyes as round as saucers. There was very little talking. Lady Pole nervously smoothed the counterpane. Tom occasionally kicked the logs. The ladies bridled in their stiff neck-ruffs, and Geoffrey, the handsomest of the sons, peered at himself in a mirror now and then.

"Horses !" cried Tom suddenly, and leaped into the gallery.

His brothers followed ; the ladies fluttered to the stair-head, and grouped again round Lady Pole, who clasped and unclasped her hands nervously. Edmund craned over the balustrade. He had been well drilled in his duties, but the time for them was not yet. He saw the great door flung open, a glare of torches, a

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steam from horses, and heard voices of men, gruff with cold and weariness. Then he heard a pretty sound of jingling, and in the strong light by the door saw a white mule, with crimson trappings, and someone kneeling at its stirrup. Tom's broad figure spoiled his view for a moment, and when next he could see there were his three brothers inside the closed door, holding torches, and between them and the stair-foot there was a group of strangers—a tall figure in a square scarlet cap, from whom a servant was taking a long cloak; another servant carrying a bag; and a bent, pale gentleman, with white hair and downcast eyes.

At a little distance, very erect, as if offended, in a dress of blue and silver, richly embroidered and slashed, stood a young man with red-gold hair and a clean-shaven face, fingering his sword.

Edmund looked at him the most; indeed, he was gazing so fixedly that it was only a sisterly push and murmur that brought him to his senses. The ladies had gone down on their knees on the landing-place, for the figure in the scarlet cap had come up the few shallow steps, and was lifting his hand in blessing. Edmund kneeled hastily, very red. But through the balustrade he caught the eye of the young man in blue and silver, who was kneeling just below on the stairs. When he got up, Edmund flattened himself against the wall, in a row with his sisters and brothers, and saw the figures of the bent gentleman with the white hair and the one in the scarlet cap pass into the chamber.

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And now was the time for his duties. His mother gave him a tray, with a cup of spiced wine and a cake of white bread, and bade him carry it in to the Lord Cardinal. It would not have struck anyone that the figure in the chair was a particularly lordly one. But Edmund had been taught always to regard his uncle, Reginald Pole, the Cardinal, with reverence as a Prince of the world and of the Church, and as his benefactor, the protector of his father, but for whose bounty he and his family would have starved in former times, to whose friendship and support they all looked now.

It was twenty years since Reginald Pole had been driven from his country by the acts of Henry the Eighth. He was the most learned, pious, and noble Englishman of his time, and, by his birth, the most important. From his birth their mothers had destined him to be the husband of the Princess Mary—she the daughter of the Queen Katharine, and he the son of the Countess of Salisbury, the last of the Plantagenets. Fate had decreed otherwise. The Princess and he had not seen each other since he left England. So long as her father had lived he could not return, unless he had come with an army, as he had intended to do at the time of that Rising called the “Pilgrimage of Grace.” The young King Edward the Sixth had not bidden him come home. And now that he had come, at Queen Mary’s desire, to help her with his counsels, she was married to the Spaniard, King Philip, and the Cardinal was worn with ill-health, his studies, and his duties.

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But, tired and delicate as he looked, he did not seem so old and fragile as his younger brother ; for that white-haired man, who was a stranger to little Edmund, was the man who had fled overseas from Chichester, to return now to England and children, who had grown up and married without knowing him. He had been in London for nearly two years, and had not come down to Lordington until his brother brought him now. He leaned on the Cardinal's chair, and looked in a puzzled, dazed way at the young men and women who called him father, and saluted him shyly. He kept shaking his white head and looking wistfully at his wife. Only when Edmund came forward with his tray his face brightened. He watched him kneel to the Cardinal, and when his service was done and the tray put aside, he patted the boy's head.

"Arthur," he said, smiling, "I remember you."

The Cardinal whispered to Lady Pole, and Edmund found himself left alone of the family with the Cardinal, his father and mother, and the young man in blue.

"It is too much for him to see so many," said the Cardinal gently, and he nodded kindly to the others, as they curtsied and bowed in the doorway. His father was holding him, or Edmund would have followed.

"Arthur," Sir Geoffrey repeated, "you are just the same—not grown an inch."

Edmund, laughing shyly, was about to correct him, but the Cardinal stopped him.

"Sh !" he whispered, leaning to the boy. "You

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are the age your brother was when he last saw him. Your father is ill. Let him think what he will. Let be." Turning to the young man in blue, he said curtly : " Sir, set your father a chair."

Edmund found himself between his father's knees as he sat down, and, though he was still amused at the error, held his tongue.

" He is very like what Arthur was at his age," said his mother softly.

" I trust," the Cardinal observed sternly, his eyes on the young man, " that when he comes to Arthur's present age there may be no resemblance, save in looks."

Edmund turned. Was that his brother Arthur ? Three new relatives in one evening ! He had forgotten his second brother, who for the past ten years had been seeking his fortune, and was now a gentleman about the Court, attached to the household of Lord Hastings, their cousin. He gazed at the splendid young gentleman with added interest.

Lady Pole sighed. Arthur shrugged, French fashion.

" My lord," said he, " you will believe second-hand reports instead of my plain word. I am a loyal subject of the Queen, but I would she had married Your Grace instead of the Spaniard."

" That was impossible," said the Cardinal stiffly.

" Then she might have married me." Arthur spoke lightly, but defiantly.

" Sir, you are foolish—foolish. Go, now, and leave me to talk with your parents. Take the boy."

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Edmund was willing enough to go with the attractive person with the clear, high-coloured face, undaunted eyes, and beautiful clothes. His father had fallen into a doze, and did not notice his going.

"So you are little Mun," said Arthur, turning him round on the landing—"and too much like me."

"I could not well be that, sir," said Edmund promptly, lost in admiration, playing with the silver sword-knot.

"Lost! lost! if you liken me as you grow older."

"I wish I may. Why did he speak so to you?"

"Why did the Lord Cardinal's Grace, the Pope's Legate, and Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury, speak so, sir? Because he is a Prince and a Prelate, and privileged."

Edmund was already worshipping the new hero with the sword. His reverence for their uncle and protector went overboard. There was a middle-aged sick person in a black frock and a red sash; and here was a gay young person, with a sword and flashing appointments. One was his august uncle, the other was an unknown but evidently delightful young gallant. Be the quarrel what it might between them, he decided that his uncle was in the wrong.

Lordington Manor was inconveniently crowded on that one night of the Cardinal's visit, when all the family had come to be presented to him and to their father. Beds and all luxuries were scarce, and, to his intense delight, Edmund found that this resplendent elder brother was to share his room.

"At the age when I resembled you so strongly,"

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said Arthur, unbuckling his belt, "I slept here with Tom, in your very bed."

"Yes, I've heard," he said, thinking the better of his room that Arthur remembered it.

His brother looked about, and stood for a moment under the crucifix in the window. He laughed oddly, throwing up his head.

"What is it?" Edmund asked.

Arthur pointed. "When I was of the age that you are now, I swore on that to put a Catholic ruler on the throne of England, to bring back the old faith, to be the greatest man of my age, Duke of Clarence, as our great-grandfather was, and to make the name of Pole once more the most honourable, the most respected, the greatest name in England."

Edmund sat up on the pillow, pulling the bed-clothes round him. "Why did you not, then?" he inquired. "I am sure—I'm very sure you could."

Arthur laughed again. "Well, we have a Catholic Sovereign on the throne, and a Spaniard beside her. And for our name, His Grace the Cardinal has made it all we can desire. He hates me, and my mother fears for me; but I have done nothing—nothing. And I am nobody. Just Arthur Pole—a blade all look askance at—a restless, tearing blade, with hungry Plantagenet eyes and a too high spirit for my degree."

Arthur was talking to himself as much as to his listener. The old surroundings had sent his mind back to his boyhood and the great things he had planned.

"Yes," he said, putting the fire together with his

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foot ; “ and other things I planned that I have never accomplished. Tom has been asking for news—the news of our unlucky House.”

Edmund hopped out of bed and came to warm himself at the fire. Arthur threw his cloak round him.

“ When you were a baby you and I used to go to the Tower of London once a month.”

“ I ? ” Edmund cried.

Arthur told him of their stay in London on their father’s account. Edmund knew nothing of those old troubles. He understood that their father was banished by the King Henry the Eighth for some cruel reason. He knew his father had been in the Tower once, but not that he, himself had been within those melancholy walls.

“ Yes, you have been,” his brother told him. “ I carried you myself—a lusty weight.”

“ To see our father ? ”

“ Our mother used to see him. You and I went into the Tower Gardens, and you played with a cousin of ours, Edward Courtenay.” Arthur drew up a stool.

“ What was he doing ? Visiting his poor father, too ? ”

“ Nay ; they had cut off his poor father’s head. And him they shut up there alone for fifteen years.”

“ For fifteen years ! And did he die ? ”

“ No. A pity he did not ! ” Arthur spoke scornfully. “ They killed his heart. He has gone overseas, disgraced. He played with you very kindly as a child.”

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He looked at his young brother, and, meeting his eyes, full of intense admiration, smiled, and pulled him nearer. "There was our cousin Harry, also a prisoner."

"I have heard Tom speak of him. Where is he?"

Edmund had curled round by his brother's knee, and Arthur noticed the grace and suppleness of his movements. He thought, if he had been like this boy at his age, he must have been a very handsome, taking child. He now looked strangely sad. He ran his fingers through his brother's hair, gazing in the fire.

"We never knew what happened all the years. No one would ask; no one would say. When the Queen came to the Tower in state, she let free the prisoners there, and I saw Courtenay, like a sun-god. But Harry was not there. I prayed leave to search. But there was no one near his age, nor like him. I sought all over, but he was not there. In the records were some notes about his table and Courtenay's on their first going in. And then there were only notes of Courtenay's, and never Harry's name."

"Did he—could he have escaped?"

Arthur shook his head.

"Did they cut off his head? They did our Uncle Montague's, my mother says."

"No—there would have been a record—no."

"Then how?"

Arthur shivered. The fire had sunk down, and the shadow of their bed lay black behind them. He

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remembered vividly the Tower Gardens, and how the shadows had crept over Harry, and over him, and little Edmund, whilst Courtenay was catching butterflies in the sun. "He is catching butterflies still," he thought.

"Come, get to bed, Mun," he added aloud. "I vowed to avenge Harry, but I have not done so."

"Do it now," said Mun eagerly, "and I will help you. I shall soon be a man."

"There is no one to be revenged on," Arthur complained. "We have a Catholic Queen and a more than Catholic King, and our pious and noble uncle will bring back the holy monks and nuns. There is no work for me, so long," he added softly, "as this Queen reigns."

"Will she not make us, as they say we once were, rich and great?" Edmund asked. "I have heard say Tom should be a duke, and Geoffrey an earl, and Henry, too. And surely they would give you some fine title. They say there be many lands that should by rights be ours."

"So there are. But I defy any queen to make our Tom a duke. He likes better to keep low and out of sight. Maybe he is wise. For the others, my Lord Cardinal takes kindest to Geoffrey, because he is our father's namesake. He will get him a knight-hood, perchance. He will do something for all but poor Arthur." He laughed, and threw his shoes at the wall.

"Why? Why not you?"

"My dear, would you worm out all my secrets?"

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And what if you go and tell them to my uncle, and all that I say ? ”

Edmund protested indignantly. “ I would die first. I will take nothing from him. I am for you.” He almost cried.

Arthur recommended him to go to sleep, and assured him that he trusted him perfectly, but would not burden his poor little conscience with any of his sins.

The secret of the Cardinal’s dislike of him was that Arthur had grown up a reckless and restless man. The Cardinal believed him to have been associated with one of his cousins of the Buckingham family, Thomas Stafford, son of the Cardinal’s sister Ursula. This young man had hated the Spanish marriage of the Queen—as many an Englishman had hated it—and hated it still. He had gone to the Cardinal and told him openly of his plan to make the little Mary, Queen of Scotland and France, the Sovereign of England, rather than submit to the Spaniard and the Inquisition, which all good Englishmen loathed. The Cardinal, loyal to the daughter of his mother’s old friend, the cousin whose husband he might have been, turned the rash young man out of doors, and bade him never come near him again. Rightly or wrongly, he believed Arthur Pole to have at least sympathised with the hare-brained scheme.

The Cardinal only spent the one night at Lordington, and left Sir Geoffrey Pole there, to the care of his wife. To her he had given assurance of help to all her sons except Arthur, whom she loved the most.

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Arthur would give no promises to his uncle, would submit to no rule for his conduct.

"He has a proud spirit and a stiff neck," said the Cardinal. "I pray God he amends his way."

"He has a very good heart," said Lady Pole. "But since he went, as a boy, to the Tower, he has kept himself a stranger to me. He loves me better, I believe, than all my sons, and yet I do not know now what is in his mind."

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ARTHUR did not escort their uncle the Cardinal back to London. Geoffrey and Henry went. The sisters dispersed to their own homes: Tom and his wife remained at Lordington, and Arthur stayed there for a few days. Their father resumed his long walks or sat at his wife's side by the fire, heeding no one but her.

Edmund was sure there never had been and never would be so splendid a person in the world as his brother Arthur, no one so hardly used. All the family had been excited and anxious about the Cardinal's visit and what their protector might do for each. In Edmund's mind the Cardinal-Legate and Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury sank into insignificance—nay,

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into disgrace. He was too young to appreciate all his uncle had suffered, all that his generosity had done for their father and themselves. The Cardinal disapproved of Edmund's hero, and made him no promise of aid or advancement. Geoffrey and Henry and their sisters' husbands were all to be assisted and put forward. Tom was contented with his farming and hunting at Lordington, where he acted as his mother's steward, his father's representative. The Cardinal guessed shrewdly that the young man was safer and happier in the country than exposed to the schemings and temptations of the Court. Geoffrey, with his strong will and fine person, was just the man to make his mark in the Queen's household, and Henry would attract the learned, for he was scholarly and gentle. Finer in person than Geoffrey, stronger and prouder in spirit, resembling his uncle in power of mind and high ideals, Arthur repelled the Cardinal by a certain lightness that defied his efforts, that spurned his excellent advice. The Cardinal did not understand that under that flippant air there hid a painful soreness, a bitter memory of his father's shame, a pity for his trouble, a memory of Harry lost within the shadows of the Tower ; of his old grandmother's cruel death ; and a fierce, unsatisfied, restless craving to do something to make his father's name be honoured, to avenge those other wrongs. Arthur Pole had the King-maker's spirit. He chafed under disaster, in inaction. With his single sword he would have set up and supported a Sovereign for England, and won back for his father the honour he had lost.

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When he left Lordington, Edmund found the place extremely dull—dull as a day when the sun has gone behind a cloud. He made his mother tell him of Arthur's boyhood, and, in imitation of his brother, he took to accompanying his father on his lonely walks. Sir Geoffrey seldom noticed him, but when he did he called him Arthur, and that pleased the boy. Sir Geoffrey would see no one, though, now that times had changed and men knew he had his great brother's support, people made proffers of friendship, pitying him. But he had met with so many rebuffs abroad, with so much merited contempt and unnecessary scorn, that he shrank from everybody but the chaplain his brother sent him, and his wife. As the months passed, he grew weaker and more fragile, less inclined to go out. He sat for hours by his wife's side, his hand in hers. She saw that he was fading out of life, that his troubles and his long days of repentance would soon be done.

In November, two years after his return to Lordington, he died. Once again the whole family gathered for his funeral. Arthur was the first to come from London.

"I bring you more bad news," he said to his mother. "The Queen is dead, and the Cardinal only lived a few hours after her."

"I knew that they were ailing," she said in her patient tones. "They are all gone, then, all three—Geoffrey, and Reginald, and the Princess Reginald should have wed."

After the funeral the family talked of their affairs,

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wondering how the Queen's death and the new Queen's coming would affect their fortunes. Geoffrey had been knighted, and was betrothed to a young lady of fortune. Henry was contented with his books and learned friends.

"Your uncle told and assured me," said their mother, "that each of you should have provision in his will. Nor need you fear but that it will be so. He was not a man to change his mind. He has always been better than his word."

Then Arthur laughed. "He could not well have been worse to me. Be sure he has left me nothing."

Lady Pole stroked his sleeve. "Perhaps he may—perhaps he may. Did I not tell you he was ever better than his word?"

"But never changed his mind! But I am very well, mother. Our cousin Hastings does not let me serve for nothing. He treats me very well—so well that I have something to ask of you before I go."

"Ask, then."

"When we are alone."

But when they might have been alone he called Edmund to him.

"Mother," he said, "give me this boy. You have Tom, and Tom has his head in his kennels and hayricks, and his heart is his wife's. Geoffrey's got a knighthood and a bride in prospect, and Henry has his books. What have I? Edmund loves me and I him. Let me take him to our cousin and make a man of him. You have nothing here for him to look to, and Tom will not want him in his way."

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Edmund clutched his brother. It was easy to see what he desired. She looked at them both. Edmund was over fourteen, and tall for his age. They stood before her, with arms entwined, and they had a strangely strong likeness to each other and to her husband's mother, who had been Plantagenet.

"Will you take my baby, Arthur?" she said sadly.

"And give him back to you an earl at least. Who knows, madam? We have now a young Queen. We will offer her our swords and hearts. Two Plantagenets, two good-looking lads, like me and Edmund, should make our fortunes, eh?"

She laughed, with proud tears in her eyes.

"Will you keep him from harm? He is so young."

Arthur promised. Though the rest of the family thought the idea imprudent, she gave her consent at last. Arthur was her best-loved son, and, though he had seemed a trifler and an idler now for years, she had a singular confidence in his real goodness, and she had the wisdom to perceive that his love for his brother and his care for him might sober Arthur and bring his life to some firm purpose yet.

She watched them ride away with some tears, but hopefully. Arthur was in fine cloth and a cloak richly furred; Edmund in plain frieze and serge, but he looked his brother's equal, and rode gracefully.

"I wonder, Mun, when we shall see old Lord-ington again." It was Arthur's face, not Edmund's, that was sad.

"Who cares?" the boy cried gaily. "What ails you?"

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Arthur shivered, drawing up his furs.

“Oh, it is the shadows—the shadows of the trees. When we get out of them I shall be glad. I *bate* all shadows. They creep across our hearts.”

He struck in his spurs and galloped.

In London Edmund was soon turned into a gallant figure. Lord Hastings, their young and handsome cousin, gave him a good welcome. This young man's mother was sister to that Harry whose unknown fate oppressed and troubled Arthur's mind, he who had looked over his shoulder by day and lain awake at night. She had been Queen Mary's favourite lady and constant companion and the Cardinal's favourite niece. In the late Court she had been known as “Lady Clarence,” in affectionate recognition of her father's right to the old Dukedom. She was a widow now, and living with her son. She took Edmund's face between her hands, and, kissing him, said he was “another Arthur,” and could not have pleased him more.

Arthur professed to believe that the young Queen, Elizabeth, would turn graciously to her young kinsman, and that he and Edmund must figure handsomely at her Court. He took his young brother there as soon as the tailors had made him fit, and the Queen noticed them, inquiring of Lord Hastings who they were.

“My cousins, Madam, the Cardinal's nephews.”

“Was there never but one Cardinal?” the Queen inquired, in real, or well-feigned ignorance.

“The late Cardinal - Archbishop Pole, Madam. These be Arthur and Edmund Pole.”

“You mention their uncle. Why not their father?”

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"Their father is dead also, Madam—Sir Geoffrey Pole, of Lordington."

Looking at the brothers, she checked something she was about to say, either because Arthur's blue eyes flamed suddenly and she disliked them, or because Edmund's face flushed, and she was moved at it.

"You are welcome, sirs," she said, but did not give her hand.

"We are come to offer our services and lives, if Your Grace will accept them," Arthur said, kneeling.

"We thank you, sir," she answered, and passed on.

Arthur was up in a second. He had been insulted. That was not the way in which a Plantagenet should be received by a Tudor. From a distance, over her shoulder, the Queen gave a second look at Edmund, whose fair young face above his ruff and black velvet coat had, maybe, pleased her.

Lord Hastings urged Arthur to be patient. No doubt the new Queen must go warily, sifting friends from foes. Arthur scowled. He kept away from Court for awhile, then went again, and received no notice from the Queen. Through the Secretary of State, Cecil, he made application for posts in the Household for himself and Edmund. They were refused.

"What think you of that?" he asked Lord Hastings.

"That you must wait awhile. Be patient."

Arthur waited months—a year, and then applied again. He was refused.

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"Well?" he asked his cousin.

That young man frowned this time.

"Well, I will tell you, cousin. This new Queen is all for the 'new learning,' as they call it, and the new nobility. Dudley—Dudley—Robert, whose old father set up and ruined young Jane Grey—is going to be first favourite. Heavens, man! His grandfather was a dishonest lawyer. She is going to be a Protestant ruler. The changes her father and brother began are going forward merrily. The old ways our fathers loved, that your uncles loved, are cast away. My mother is not of her Court. You are not of her Household. We are Catholic, and——"

"Well—well, cousin?"

"She has heard it from Cecil, I suppose. Howsoever heard, she's heard it."

"Heard what?"

"That you were at heart with poor Tom Stafford when he threw up his cap and lost the silly head under it for the Queen of Scots."

"Tom hated the Spanish marriage, and so did I, and so did you, and so did our holy uncle, the Cardinal, though he turned poor Tom out of doors for saying so."

"Well, maybe. But there you have it."

Arthur made a grimace, and then grew graver.

"She suspects you," said his cousin. "She only saw the Cardinal once in her life, and cordially detested him. She does not love such Catholic Catholics as the Poles."

Arthur got up and went out.

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He took his way through the streets half-unconsciously towards the Tower, then crossed the river and went down by the wharves and watched the shipping, glancing now and then at the grim, grey walls. How many of his own race had perished inside those old walls? With what agonies, what fortitude, what fear? There, on the hill, his Uncle Montague had made his noble and courageous end. Somewhere within the courts his grandmother, with the brave grey eyes, alone, unsupported by priest or friend, had been cruelly and privately slain. She, a Princess of England, a woman, and old, without a trial, without a scaffold, had been called out to die a traitor's death. The King could fix no crime, no guilt, on that just and steadfast woman, but he had those about him who could help him to his wicked ends. He sent his Minister, Cromwell, to her country-seat, and bade him bring back some proof of her complicity in the Rising called the "Pilgrimage of Grace," or else come back no more. Cromwell came back, bringing for proof a flag that it was said the lady had worked for her kinsmen the Nortons to carry in the field, bearing their well-known arms—"The Cross and the Five Wounds our Lord did bear." In vain men said that Cromwell had borrowed it from one who had taken it from Norton; the King called it proof of guilt, and condemned her to a traitor's end.

"I am no traitor, nor none of my House were traitors," she answered them haughtily when they bade her come out to die. "If you would kill me, take me, if you dare."

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Seeing no scaffold, no priest, she refused to kneel. They killed her standing, daughter of Kings and King-makers, of Plantagenets and Nevilles, and her grandson's blood boiled as he thought of it—the act of a Tudor King. And here to-day a Tudor and a Queen, that tyrant's daughter, refused his service and slighted that old blood that tingled in his veins. With bent head and clenched hands he wandered up and down, crossing the river and returning, thinking with a heart too full, a patience quite outworn.

A man came up and touched his arm.

“ Mr. Arthur Pole, of Lordington ? ” he asked.

A few more words were said, and Arthur followed him. That night when Edmund went to bed his brother was still out. On the two following days he stayed away, and for some time to come was frequently absent, excited, and constrained. Edmund wondered, and was jealous of the many engagements that occupied his brother's time and thoughts. And soon he had another cause for jealousy. Arthur told him he was about to marry the Lady Mary Percy, the Earl of Northumberland's sister. The wedding was a gay one, and well attended. Arthur Pole gained friends and importance by it. Edmund thought the lady very well and pretty, but grudged her Arthur's time and love. She seemed to him an unnecessary interloper. However, the Lady Mary was not the sole cause of Arthur's preoccupation. The great Northern House of Percy were not his only friends.

One evening he fetched Edmund to the room Lord Hastings had given him for his private use, and

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there he found Lord Hastings himself, their sister Katherine's husband, Anthony Fortescue, a favourite of the late Cardinal's, his friend William Kynnersley, and two strange gentlemen.

"This is my brother Edmund," Arthur said, and the strangers rose and bowed.

Supper was spread, and all sat down to table. Edmund observed that all there paid him more than usual attention. One of the two strangers, whom they addressed as "Father Prestal," though he was not dressed as a priest or monk, especially regarded him with embarrassing intensity. Once he caught this person signifying, as it seemed to him, approval of himself to Arthur, and Arthur smiled, and the other stranger nodded.

When all were gone, he turned to his brother.

"Who were those two?" he demanded. "And why did they stare at me as though judging my points, about to award me a prize?"

"Why, so they were, and so they are!" Arthur clapped his shoulder. He was excited, jubilant. "A fine prize they have awarded you—a Queen for bride, a Crown to wear."

"Is the Queen going to marry me?" Edmund stammered. "What are you talking of?"

"I will tell you, lad. This Queen does not love us, our old faith—anything we love. But," he drew his brother nearer, "she is to die within the year. Why, how you leap! I did not say that we were going to slay her."

"No, no," Edmund said quickly. "I did not

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truly think that. But you are so strange. How can it be, then, that she will——”

“It is foretold. ’Tis written in the stars. Her horoscope is cast. I have it here.” He touched his doublet. “It matters not to us how, or when, or where; but this is certain truth: within the year she will be lying in her grave, and then the Queen of Scotland will be our rightful Queen.” Arthur held his brother off and looked him up and down, smiling in his puzzled face. “Oh, young White Rose, I am too old, and married happily, but you—you are that lady’s very age.”

“What lady’s age? Oh, what are you speaking of?”

“The Queen of Scots, the Princess Mary Stuart, widow—but just widowed—of the King of France. She shall be three times crowned Queen—’tis written in the stars. Father Prestal has cast her fate as well as Elizabeth’s. This year Elizabeth will die. What one Mary tried to save she broke, but this second Mary shall restore.”

Sitting late over the fire, Arthur Pole told his young brother the wonderful things the man Prestal, who was, he said, a good priest, and their kinsman, had unfolded to him. Prestal, it seemed, had long been watching the young Poles. He had assisted Arthur in his long-concealed wish to marry the Lady Mary Percy. In marrying her he had won a place amongst the old Roman Catholic families in the North, and they had been led by Father Prestal to receive him on account of his princely birth, poor as he was, and slighted by

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the Queen. Now, the Queen's death was prophesied within the year. It was Court gossip. The country was hearing it. The Queen herself was said to have heard the rumour, and trembled at it. All men's minds were turned to her rightful successor, Mary Stuart, grand-daughter of Henry the Eighth's sister Margaret. She was the next heir. She was Catholic. All Catholics were for her. No true Englishman would have loved to see the French King King-Consort of England, but that unlucky young man had just died. All men agreed she should take a husband out of England, of equal blood, English of the English. They had had enough of foreigners.

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where," said Arthur, "can they look for higher blood than here, or better right to reign as King in England, or a fairer man?" He touched his brother's knee. "You are the chosen, Edmund, and our plan is this:—Mary of Scotland is still in France, but when the moment comes she must have Englishmen about

her. There be fifteen men of good birth in our party, all young, and keen, and Catholic. We are to go over

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presently to Flanders, thence to France, one or two together privately, and you and I the first."

"But does this lady know, and want us? And are no great men assisting us?"

"Be sure, she knows. Her uncles, the Duke and the Cardinal of Guise, are expecting us. The French Ambassador here knows of our plan, and approves it privately. My wife's relations, her brother Northumberland especially, are eager for the work. Hastings, of course, is lending money. Will not our mother say I have made a fine fortune for her baby? When she sees you crowned in Westminster, will she not forget our bitter shame? Will not our father's spirit rest, seeing his sons give new lustre to his name?"

"But why not you for King? What for you?"

"I am married. I wedded where I loved.. For me, Your Majesties may make me Duke of Clarence, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury." He stood up. "And then I shall have done it, after all, in spite of my lost time. Our uncle the Cardinal made me bitter with his coldness and contempt, because he insisted I was with Tom Stafford in his silly plan. He shall see—if the blessed dead can see—that it is I who will take up his work and stop this rush of change. What he and that unlucky Princess, our late Queen, have left unfinished I will do. What the Pilgrimage of Grace was to our Uncle Montague this scheme shall be to me, a holy thing, not for revenge, not for love of self; yours be the glory and the crown. My sword shall be for God and for our father's faith. I will set a

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Catholic ruler on the throne, as I swore to do so long ago a little foolish boy."

After that night the brothers were noticed as going very finely clad. Edmund's dress, especially, was remarked, for be the stuff of what hue soever, somewhere, on cloak or doublet, in hat or glove, a white rose with a golden heart was woven, or stitched, or embroidered conspicuously. Money seemed plentiful, and the number of horses and servants was increased. Foreign ambassadors gave them some attention, especially the French and Spanish gentlemen. Their presence was sought; they entertained, and the town house of Lord Hastings was almost a rival to the Palace. Arthur was much occupied, but he did not trouble his young brother's head with business.

"Your work," he said, "is to perfect yourself in every grace, in every art for winning men. Dance, ride, feast, be good to all. Things are going well; that is all it need concern my little King to know. Do men and women turn to look at you? Does some unseen hand toss you a white rose as you ride by? Do people bless you in the streets?"

"Yes," said Edmund, flushed and proud. "I wish our mother knew of it."

"She shall know soon. We have many more friends now than when first I spoke to you. All the North is with us, and many will welcome us in France. And when I bring my young Queen and her King-Consort back through Wales to England"—Arthur's eyes glowed—"some will say, 'God bless Arthur Pole,' and that will be enough."

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Some days later Edmund stopped his brother in Lord Hastings's private room. "Is it not time for us to go?" he asked anxiously. "We dance and dress ourselves, and more and more people stare at us and bow, and call us Princes and White Roses—the last White Roses now Cousin Courtenay's gone. But, Arthur——"

He looked over his shoulder. Arthur started. So Harry had looked in the gardens of the Tower.

"Edmund, are you afraid?" he asked.

"Afraid? No. How dare you, brother!"

Arthur begged pardon quickly, affectionately.

"But you are anxious about something? Something troubles you, Mun?"

"Well, it seems so strange that we should be allowed to plan and plot here under the Queen's nose, under Cecil's very subtle eye. Tony Fortescue said he had discussed the whole thing with the French Ambassador. So many seem to know."

"But you forget. You say 'plan and plot.' We plan no treason against the Queen. She will be dead before we come again to England. Our doings are nought to anyone. We keep our real plans secret, truly. We are not aiming either at the Queen's life or State."

Edmund seemed reassured. "Only," he said, "when the time comes I shall be very glad. I love these days and the kindness people seem to have for us, but——"

Arthur nodded. "It will be very soon," he said.

A few days later he showed his brother two suits



"Arthur showed his brother two suits of Armour."

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of armour, finely wrought, swords, and daggers, and other harness.

“These things are going into a boat, to be stowed away until we come. To-morrow evening we go to the Dolphin Tavern on Bankside. The boat will be waiting. Are you ready, King Edmund? The time is come.”

Cloaked and muffled, the brothers walked through the streets in the dusk of the early spring evening to the Dolphin Tavern, near St. Mary's Church, close on the river, and opposite the Tower. They lay there until dawn, when they went down to the wharf, where their boat was moored. They hailed, and were answered, and gripped each other's hands. The water made a little washing sound; lights paling in the dawn, glinted mistily in the river. Edmund chanced to look back, and his hand grew cold in his brother's. Arthur shivered as he felt the fingers stiffen.

“Edmund!” he whispered. “What?”

“In the Queen's name,” said a voice behind him, “Arthur Pole and Edmund Pole, I arrest you.”

He saw guards and lanterns, heard voices and the rocking of their boat as the Queen's men sprang into it. When the sun rose on the river, he and Edmund were imprisoned in the shadows of the Tower.

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“Moonshine in Water”



brothers were together for a few minutes within the Tower. Edmund, stunned by the suddenness of their arrest, the enormity of the blow that Fate had dealt them, just when they seemed so near the realisation of their hopes, could not think at all. He was breathless, as if he had been running, and shaking from head to foot.

Arthur's quick mind travelled faster. He saw death before them, not for their acts, but for the construction their enemies would put upon their acts. This, then, was what he had brought his mother's baby to—a traitor's death. It seemed to him that he had always been unlucky, but in this unfortunate beyond all the rest. He knew he had had a greater share of his mother's love and more of her confidence than any of her other children, ever since that day, years ago, when he had guessed her trouble and asked leave to come with her to London. But in the intermediate years he had been no help or comfort to her—rather the opposite, indeed, for he alone had made her anxious by his restlessness; he alone had never earned their uncle the Cardinal's favour; he alone had been omitted from his uncle's will. Thinking of her now, he remembered

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her long patience, her deep love for her husband. He recalled the look which she had always had for poor Sir Geoffrey, the loyalty she had given him in spite of outside comments, the affection he had never lost. She had always borne in mind his natural weakness, and that, for shame and horror at the thing he had been forced to do, he would have killed himself. She never forgot how deeply he had repented of his sin. Whoever else had blamed, she had not. She had comforted him as one whom his mother comforteth. The words, as they came to Arthur's mind, awoke a new train of reasoning. As she had loved and pardoned their father, would she not console and love her son ? She had been glad to have her husband alive, though covered with the world's contempt. Would she not also be glad to have her son back at the same cost now ?

The guards were about to part them, when, as though merely to embrace him, Arthur drew his brother close to him.

“ Mun, when they question you, tell all you know,” he whispered. “ Remember, 'twas all my doing. Do you understand ? Say you will tell them everything, laying all on me, if they will spare your life.”

In a few minutes Edmund found himself locked up alone in a chilly, draughty chamber, without bed or fireplace, and with an unglazed window. There was a bench by the wall, and he sat down on it, for his shaking legs would hold him up no longer.

So that was the opinion Arthur had of him ! His brother did not really love him, had not respected nor esteemed him all the time. If he had, he could not

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have made him this suggestion. He would not have ventured to make it to any of their friends. Anger added to the shock made him tremble more than ever.

"If I am racked to pieces first, then perhaps he'll see."

Presently he rolled his cloak into a pillow, lay down on the bench, and fell asleep. He was wakened by the Lieutenant of the Tower, who summoned him to attend in the inquiry chamber, where no less a person than Mr. Secretary Cecil was waiting, with others, to question him. Here again, Edmund was indignant to discover, these gentlemen took it for granted that he would be quite ready to tell them a good deal. Seeing that he hung back and answered very shortly, Mr. Secretary told him quite kindly that the Queen's Grace was inclined to be indulgent on account of his youth and royal blood, so that, if he were wise, he would answer them fully about this foolish business. Edmund looked him in the eyes haughtily.

"I am at a loss, sir," said he. "I do not take your meaning."

"Your father's son should be sharper at it," said one. But Mr. Secretary hushed him.

Edmund's face had grown red, his eyes had fallen now. Inherited disgrace was on him. He could not treat their suggestion that he should turn Queen's evidence with all the scorn he felt, without reflecting on his father's act, without seeming to blacken his father's weakness by his own contempt. To all their questions he refused an answer, except a distinct denial when they said he and his brother had intended to kill the

“Moonshine in Water”

Queen. Her death had been foretold. They had had no purpose against her life. They had had no intention of rebelling against her rule. He was eventually taken back to his room, very hungry, and raging inwardly. Why, he questioned, because he happened to be young, and the youngest of his family, should these men conclude that he would be a coward and a traitor to his friends? He had heard, since he grew up, how his father's courage had failed in the time of temptation. Arthur, at least, should not have thrown their father's weakness at him. Why should he be supposed to fear as his father had feared, any more than Arthur? His brother's words had wounded him to the heart. He could not forgive them nor understand them.

He lay all that day and night in his unfurnished chamber, with a very poor dinner and supper, and no change of clothes. On the next morning he was taken down and questioned as before, and would answer nothing but to deny any intention on their part to murder or imprison the Queen. Every day he was asked the same questions in different forms by different people, and maintained each time his silence, except on that one thing. He denied that either he or his brother were traitors to the Queen. He observed, as time went on, that their friends' names were known. He was asked about Prestal the astrologer, Fortescue, Kynnersley, and the others. He admitted that Tony Fortescue was his sister Katherine's husband, and that he had been steward to their uncle the Cardinal.

“That is a notable piece of information,” he said to himself, “seeing they knew it already.”

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He remarked, also, that threats had begun to creep into these interrogations. It was pointed out to him that there were ways of making people speak. He made no boastful answer. He remained silent, and prayed he might die silent, if it came to that, so that Arthur might see he was a man. Promises alternated with the threats, and Edmund could see plainly that they were getting tired of his obstinacy.

But before abandoning him as hopeless, his tormentors had a ruse to play. On the next occasion they opened the business briskly by telling him that all the conspirators were in their hands and doomed to death. He could hurt no one by his answers now. His brother, Arthur Pole, had confessed.

For a moment Edmund was deceived. The room grew dark. He caught at the table for support. But, as his vision cleared, he chanced to hear a chuckle, and to see the eagerness with which a clerk dipped his pen, prepared to write. It struck him that there would have been no eagerness to hear his testimony if all their friends were doomed to death and Arthur had confessed. They would not have been anxious to hear him. He stammered a little, but got some words out in a moment. "If that is so, sirs, there is nothing left for me to tell you."

In spite of all they could argue to the contrary, he stuck to that.

"Nay, sirs, you know it all. Why should I tease your ears again with it?"

"There may have been something that you know

“Moonshine in Water”

that they knew not—some detail you can help us with,” one urged.

“Oh no, good sir! I am so young. No one would confide a secret to my care, be very sure.”

“I perceive, Edmund Pole,” said Cecil sternly, “that you are bent on losing your head about this foolish business—moonshine in water. Be wiser. Have a care.”

But Edmund, who had in one sense kept his head well in this business, was unmoved by the Secretary’s solemnity, the threats of one, or the taunts of another. Within a week he was informed that he was to be tried for his life in two days’ time. Then he made a request for some clothes to be sent him, soap and water, and a barber. These things were allowed him. His own servant brought the clothes packed for the journey to France, and stayed to wait on him. Blue and silver had been his favourite wear since he had first seen Arthur in it at Lordington. In blue satin, embroidered with silver roses, red-heeled shoes with silver-lace rosettes, with a standing ruff of Honiton lace, and a cloak of blue lined with cloth of silver, Edmund Pole went out to his trial at Westminster. He found his brother in the court, dressed sombrely in black velvet, his clean-shaven face pale and lined with anxiety and weariness. They embraced before the guards, but as they were marched out, Edmund looked coldly at his brother. Arthur would have taken his hand, but Edmund drew it away.

“No, sir,” he said.

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“What is it, Mun? You need have no fear of me.”

“Fear? No! Pray why, sir, should I have fear of you?”

Arthur looked away, then back at him, kindly still. “You go gaily, brother. When you are free, carry my love to our mother, and tell her it was I who brought you so near a traitor’s death. Tell her ’tis I whom she must try to forgive.”

“When I am free!” Edmund repeated. Then he demanded angrily: “Why should I be freed? Did they tell you I had confessed to save myself?”

“Yes.”

“And did you believe it?”

“Yes. Did I not bid you do it?”

“So you did. I did not give you leave to betray us all. They told me you had confessed.”

“That I had?” Arthur’s eyes blazed on the speaker.

“And why not you as well as I?”

They had gone some way through the staring crowds, some hooting, others pitying, before Arthur spoke again.

“Our mother would have loved you just the same.”

“And would you?”

Arthur hesitated. Then, “No,” he said, and added: “It was for our mother’s sake I bade you save yourself.”

“She has all the others,” Edmund said.

“You are the youngest.”

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“Geoffrey has a baby. She will forget us.”

“No ; she will remember me because I took you from her—I who knew to what I’d taken you.”

Edmund’s anger had gone. When they stood before their judges, it was seen that their arms were linked, that Arthur leant on Edmund’s shoulder when he spoke. They were of one mind, one heart. They did not blame any of their friends, but based their defence upon the fact that the Queen’s death had been written in the stars, that the prophecy was common talk. They would not, they affirmed, have joined in any plot to kill the Queen. Their only intention in leaving England without her permission was that they might go without remark or any disturbance of the peace. They had desired to be the first amongst those who should defend and protect the young successor to her throne, who was amongst Frenchmen and enemies of England. As to the idea that Edmund should marry the Queen of Scots and be King-Consort, Arthur said, without desiring to boast, that all men knew the Poles were of an ancient House, royal as the Queen’s, and that their father’s brother had been well accounted as suitor for the Queen’s late sister at one time. Touching his own claim to be Duke of Clarence, it was a good claim, and not traitorous, seeing his great-grandfather had borne that title. His uncle, Lord Montague, being dead, and his son put out of sight or slain, his father’s sons were the next legal heirs, as well as to the earldoms of Warwick and Salisbury. His elder brother, Thomas, had no desire for such things, therefore he, Arthur

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Pole, was the right man to inherit the Plantagenets' titles and the Nevilles' of that branch.

They were then asked if they had not intended, supposing their scheme successful, to change the religion and faith of England.

"To change it? No," said Arthur boldly. "I know of but one religion and one faith—that that all our fathers lived and died in."

They were asked if they had any reason to urge why the Queen should pardon them, and Arthur answered that if they had offended the Queen they would ask Her Grace's pardon on their knees. Consciously they had not done, nor intended to do, Her Grace a wrong. They had asked nothing better than to serve her, and, twice or three times, through her Ministers, had laid their swords and their lives at her feet, and been refused. Even there, once more, he said it for them both, so long as Her Grace's life was spared, he and his brother would remain Her Grace's faithful, honest subjects and servants.

Their judges found them guilty, and condemned them to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, their heads to be set on spikes on London Bridge.

They were taken back by water to the Tower, and went in by the Traitor's Gate. When they were to be parted, Arthur took Edmund's hands.

"Good-bye, brother, till we meet in Heaven. To-day we have retrieved our father's honour and preserved our own."

Edmund was shut up once more in his desolate room and left in peace, but Arthur had another ordeal

“Moonshine in Water”

to undergo. Between that day and his execution he had to see his young wife and say farewell. And who should be admitted to him with her but his brother Tom. The brothers had grown apart since their childhood at Lordington—the one a gallant about town, the other a country squire. But now Tom had come to see his brother, to help him if he could, and found that he could not.

“Our mother would have come, but she could not travel,” he explained. “She is sick with grief.”

“Ay, for little Edmund,” Arthur said.

Tom shook his head. “For thee. Thou wert ever her best-loved. So I am come. But”—he began to cry openly—“there is nought to be done that I can see.”

“Why, Tom, what a kindly heart you’ve got, lad ! See here ! There’s something I want doing. Do this for me :—take my Mary home to your wife Mary, and ask her to befriend her and stand by her through all. Her kindred will forget her now.”

That Tom promised he would do his best to bring about, and must have succeeded, for after Tom was dead his widow, Mary, acted on behalf of Arthur’s Mary, also dead, administering under her will as her friend.

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Pilgrims of Grace



days after their trial and condemnation Edmund was taken from his prison across the court to one of the towers, and up a winding stair to a room on the first floor, where he found his brother. He thought instantly that this was their execution-day, and was angry that he had not been told in

time to prepare for it, vexed that he had not had a barber again and clean linen, so that he might have died like a Christian and a gentleman. The Lieutenant of the Tower followed him into the room.

“Sirs,” he said, “you have to thank our merciful Queen for her clemency. Her Grace has not yet signed any warrant for a traitor’s death, and will not in your case. The sentence is repealed. You are not to die, but to be held here for your lives.” His eyes rested upon Edmund. “Your youth touches Her Majesty. She has great pity for your folly. Henceforth this is your prison, and you are to be together, that you may have the solace of each other’s company.”

Edmund’s joy was unrestrained, his thanks ardent and sincere; Arthur’s came more slowly. Death rather than captivity would have been his choice.

Pilgrims of Grace

But Edmund showed him when they were alone that he was foolish to feel like that.

“For if the Queen is to die within the year,” said he, “we shall not suffer very long. You will be Duke of Clarence yet, and I be King-Consort of the Scottish Queen.”

Arthur could not find it in his heart to put forward any darker view. He pretended to be cheered. It seemed that Edmund and he had the upper part of this tower to themselves, a chamber each, one above the other, containing a bed, a table, a chair, and chimney.

“This is better than where I was before,” said Edmund. “What is this place called, think you?” He looked about the walls. “We seem to follow a goodly company. Here are names by dozens on the walls.”

“It is the Beauchamp Tower. Oh yes, we should feel at home here.” Arthur laughed grimly. “Here Richard the Second shut up our ancestor Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and——” Arthur broke off. “Look here! look here!” He pointed. “Edmund, these are—yes! the Pilgrims of Grace. Look on this piece of wall! ‘Ingram Percy, 1537.’ He must have hacked it with his knife. He was brother of Tom Percy, who carried the banner of St. Cuthbert in that rising—both kinsmen of my wife’s. ‘William Bulmer,’ ‘Ralph Bulmer;’ ay, and see here! ‘Adam Sedbar Abbas Jorevall.’ That is the Abbot of Jervaulx. He had Abbot Thirsk of Fountains with him. These are the men who would have had our Uncle Reginald come home and marry the Princess, and bring the King back to the true faith. These

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brave priests, these knights and gentlemen—if their spirits come hither to their place of suffering—we should count good friends and guardians, and they——”

He stopped abruptly. Would the spirits of those simple, hard-hitting Border knights, those iron-hearted Yorkshire monks, call them friends, sons of the very man who had sold their leaders’ lives, his brother’s, his mother’s lives, to save his own ?

Edmund did not notice him. He was making fresh discoveries amongst the names hacked, scratched, or elegantly carved upon the walls.

“What is this ?” he asked. “See ! Above Abbot Sedbergh’s, ‘J. A. N. E. Jane.’ Who was she, Arthur ?”

Arthur came to look. “Jane ?” he repeated. He could not think who she could have been. But on the following day when they were dining he remembered something.

“I will tell you,” said he, rising, knife in hand. “That is Jane Grey, the Nine Days’ Queen.”

“Was she lodged here ?”

“No, but her young husband, Guildford Dudley, was. He must have cut it there.”

Arthur cut his own name in the stone in the manner in which it was often spelt in those days, “Arthur Poole,” and over it “Mary.”

Edmund got his knife, and would have cut his name.

“Decorate your own chamber, lad,” said Arthur. “This will be overfull. Let those who come after know where you lay, too.”

So Edmund cut his name upstairs, and on his way

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down found that he could see a piece of the river, with the ships and shore, through a slit in the wall on the stairs.

He called his brother. Arthur gave one look and went back into his room. But Edmund sat there until dark.

"Do you know what you have been looking at?" Arthur asked him at supper.

"The Thames, the boats, the sky, the houses, and a church opposite."

"You were looking at the very spot where we were caught. That was St. Mary's Church."

"Oh," said Edmund rather blankly.

The fact did not prevent him from spending most of his time on the stairs, that narrow slit framing all he could see of life and freedom. All other things about him told of death, captivity, the grave. The two young Poles had come back to the dark house of dying of so many of their princely and unhappy race.

Arthur was the melancholy one of the two. His spirit had gone from the very first. The sight of the river, of the place where their boat had been, where he had felt the arresting hand upon his shoulder, were to him unbearable. He would not join his brother on the stairs. He railed at him for mentioning it, when Edmund begged him to come and join him there. One day his deep gloom broke and flamed into sudden fury.

"They should have killed me and had done!" he cried. "This is far worse than death. It is a hundred thousand daily deaths. It will go on for ever till we be dried-up old bones of men."

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“Nay, nay!” Edmund faltered. “If the Queen dies within the year——”

“How much more, then, of your cursed year is left?”

Edmund shrank back from the pent-up passion in his brother's tones. It came to him with a shock that Arthur had given up believing in the prophecy, that he was not looking forward to a change of Queens and liberty for them. The awfulness of their fate if Queen Elizabeth did not die came over the younger brother in all its horror for the first time. He went up to his own room and lay down on his bed. He had been looking upon their condition as a temporary affair, to be borne good-humouredly and bravely. But if his brother was not taking the matter so he must be all wrong. It was summer still, but their chambers were not overwarm. They had no hangings, no floor-coverings. In winter they would have a fire, but only in one room, probably, and perhaps a few rushes on their floors. Rich prisoners furnished their own rooms. Rich friends sent presents of meat, and wine, and other comforts. Warders were bribed, and even the Lieutenant could be approached, so that he gave favoured captives many privileges. But these two Princes had no money at their own disposal, no great houses from which to get furnishings, warm coverings, and plate. All their friends had forgotten them, seemingly; no money came to them from anyone, no delicacies from outside; no one interested their keepers in them. An allowance was made by the Treasury for the prisoners' table, but Edmund thought it must be a very small one, to judge by the food. Noblemen

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were permitted to keep two menservants apiece. They had only one to serve them both, and he was a stranger and very negligent. Edmund began to realise that, as they had lain there some months, and no one had sent them a present or a letter, so the longer they stayed there the less likely were such things to appear. They would be forgotten. They would be alive and dead. Arthur's wife had a small fortune, but he supposed she would find it barely necessary for herself. He had had a legacy from his uncle, the Cardinal, but it was forfeit to the Crown. His mother—none knew better than he—had nothing to spare in bribes and nothing to give in comforts. These truths were what had been troubling Arthur, then. He was older, and knew by past experience the meaning of imprisonment in the Tower. He had been in its shadows before. He knew that captivity for life for two unfriended youths was worse than early and cruel death. Edmund remembered hearing Arthur say that the Tower had killed Courtenay's heart, so that, although he was at length released, he was only the semblance of a man, a beautiful image, worthless.

That night Edmund did not go down to supper, and, lost in his own sad thoughts, Arthur never missed him. In the succeeding months he did not observe the utter change that came over him. He supposed that Edmund was contented on the stairs, watching the shipping and the clouds—the sights that maddened him. Filled with bitter thoughts of his lost wife, his unsuccessful life with its high purpose, forgotten for many years, and come now to nothing but “moon-

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shine in water," and the horror of the future, with its slow-creeping, empty years, he left his young brother to himself.

Winter came upon them, but it was some time before it was considered necessary to give these prisoners fire and lights at night, and then, as Edmund's instinct had foretold, there was only one fire, in Arthur's room. Perforce he sat there when the cold was unbearable on the stairs, and so it came about that one day Arthur happened to notice him at last. Edmund was then ill with depression and the cold. He sat over the fire, shivering and dumb, shrinking away when Arthur spoke to him, and going up to bed early as if to escape from his regard.

Arthur also went to bed, but lay awake, staring where the fire lighted up with a sudden flash the jagged, rude letters on the walls. Now Ingram Percy's name shone clearly; now the Abbot's, and above it "Jane." He remembered how, when, with Queen Mary's leave, he had searched the whole Tower for Harry, years ago, he had come on young Guildford Dudley weeping in this very room, and his brother Ambrose in the room above. He had then looked upon the Dudleys as adventurers and upstarts, whose fate was well deserved, but to-night all imprisoned youth appealed to him—young, and with a younger brother overhead.

"What a happy day my death-day will be!" he thought.

The fire shot up in a tongue of flame, and the names of the Pilgrims of Grace were illuminated

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vividly. And his own father had lost his honour in the eyes of these brave men. They had lain here ; they had gone to bitter death. His father had lived out his days a traitor to his friends. It was worse than death to Arthur to think his long young life was to be spent with these names about him, these remembrances, on every hand. It had seemed the cruellest detail of his fate that he should be shut in with these.

The fire went out, and left the room dark and very cold. But Edmund's would be colder. As the thought came into his mind he was ashamed.

"If only one fire is allowed, he must lie here with me. What else is left to me but to take care of him ? I brought him here."

Not by any great achievement, not even by a brave end, was he to retrieve his father's honour, lost in the eyes of the men whose names were cut upon his prison walls. But yet he challenged the spirits of the Border knights, the Abbots of Jervaulx and Fountains, to see if Sir Geoffrey Pole's son was a craven and dishonoured. They had all died, and bravely. Let them see his harder suffering, gone through decently, at least, in self-forgetfulness. Let the price be paid by the son for what the father took. All that his father shrank from bearing manfully Arthur Pole would endure to the end beneath the names—the very eyes, it seemed to his imagination—of the sufferers in the Pilgrimage of Grace.

In the morning, as soon as the fire was lighted, he went up to his brother's room and brought him down

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to it. Their clothes and a few books had been sent to them. He wrapped Edmund in his furs; he got out the books for him. Before dinner-time Edmund's reserve had gone; the band of ice that had seemed to hold his heart had thawed. The brothers were of one mind again; "they had solace in each other's company." Arthur put aside his anguish of mind; he gave up every moment to his brother; he overcame his distaste to it, and sat for hours on the stairs, and whilst Edmund watched the shipping, Arthur cut his name deeply in the stone.

The year went out—many a year went out—yet the Queen reigned, and Mary of Scotland lost her Crown; but, in spite of the lives and deaths of many men who loved her, she never came to reign in England—never came to deliver these two young men. They never heard any news. They heard guns firing for victories and alarms, bells toll or ring for births and deaths. They heard the tread of many feet, the distant clang of doors and bolts, and knew the Tower was being filled with many prisoners. They did not know that Percys, Nevilles, Nortons, sons, brothers, kinsmen of the Pilgrims of Grace, had again risen for their old faith in the North. The Percys' crescent, the Nevilles' bull, and the banner of the Nortons, "The Cross and the Five Wounds our Lord did bear," were flying for Mary Stuart, as before for Mary Tudor and Reginald Pole. The rooms of the Tower were soon choked with prisoners, and the block was set on Tower Hill. The Queen signed many a warrant for a traitor's death. Brave men with the old names cut

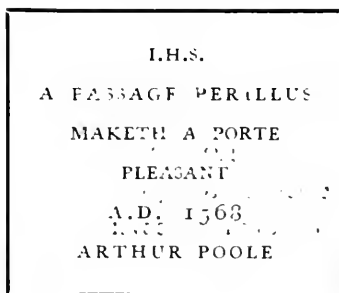
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on the Beauchamp Tower walls came into the shadows, as their forebears had come, and few escaped alive.

Arthur saw the shadows grow in his young brother's eyes, saw health fade from his cheeks and the brightness from his hair. No word reached them of friends or kindred. Their servant was changed, and the new man knew nothing of them or their past. No one had any interest in them ; they had become

“ But shadowy phantom folk,
With dim forgotten names.”

In warm weather they sat all day by the slit on the stairs, and watched those few inches of the world without, and in the nights they sat there watching the stars. Arthur looked forward always to his death-day as to his happiest day, and many years after he went in, a prisoner, he put the thought of his going out, free, into words, and cut it in the stone, there by the opening. Edmund was talking dreamily of the ships going out to sea or coming safely home, after storm and tempest, to the haven where they would be, and Arthur, to show a little skill, took the letter of their name and the letters of another Name and cut all his thoughts in words, with a deep border round them :—



The Place of Shadows

Slowly the shadows would creep over their hearts, over their memories. They would forget why they were there. Perhaps, but for the cutting of their names, they would have forgotten, as their warders did forget, who and what they were. Slowly but surely their young lives would set towards their appointed end. On some unrecorded day or night Arthur Pole would finish his "Passage Perillus," and Edmund precede or follow him out of the gloom and captivity they must endure—

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK AND THE SHADOWS FLEE
AWAY."

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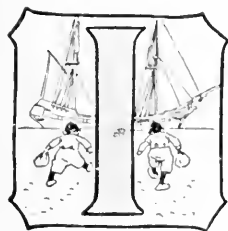
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